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2 BIG FASHION FEATURES • ENLARGED ART GRAVURE SUPPLEMENT • FREE FASHION SUPPLEMENT

HITLER PUTS *The Girls IN* Fancy CLOTHES

And It's a Fashion That They're Liking More and More!

Hitler's new race of girls in Germany, Eton-cropped, sturdily-built, no lipstick, wearing heavy brown shoes, and with boundless energy, are vividly described by a special observer in this article obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly.

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AS dawn breaks over the flat, dull Brandenburg plain, not far from Berlin, forty-one girls stand at the salute as the Swastika flag is hoisted to the top of the flagstaff.

These girls are among the fore-runners of the German women's labor service. By seven o'clock most of them will be working on the little farms that surround their camp. They will do the lighter work in the fields, kitchens, cattle houses.

Yet many of these girls will be the future doctors, lawyers, and teachers of Hitler's new Germany.

In the camp I saw near Nauen, of the forty girls only twelve were not volunteers. These twelve are going to the university to follow some profession, so they must do their share of labor service whether they like it or not.

All Girls in Camps

SCATTERED over Germany are now 12,000 girls in these camps. In principle every German girl must do duty in them for a period of six months. Next year, I was told, they hope to put the principle into practice, put all Germany's girls in uniform.

The girls, who are mixed from all parts of Germany in each camp so that the Germans of all provinces shall get to know and understand each other, get a week-end furlough once a month.

The volunteers in the camp I visited at Nauen were a mixed crowd. There

was a little blonde typist from Berlin up to her elbows in soup-suds washing clothes, vigorously rubbing them against the scrubbing-board.

I asked her what her hands are going to look like after this rough work. She thought that a good joke.

Wringing the clothes was another office worker from Berlin. The leader came from Westphalia.

The jobs are given in rotation, so while some are doing duty at the camp the others are working on the farms.

"It's an Honor"

CAMP is hardly the right word. Their home is an old-fashioned building built by King Frederick William I to teach the Brandenburg women how to make butter. "The Butter Academy" he called it.

It's a long, low building with white walls laced with brown wooden strips. As you enter, a door on the right leads you to the office of the leader.

She clicks the heels of her heavy brown shoes, throws out her arm in a rigid Hitler salute, cries "Heil Hitler!" She is about twenty-five. Eton-cropped, sturdily-built. No trace of make-up. She talks rapidly and well in a slightly hoarse Dietrich voice.

Leading a section of women's labor service is to be her life's work. Is she happy? Yes. "It is an honor to serve the new Germany."

You go into the dining-room. Long, low, bare, but extraordinarily clean. Long, bare tables scrubbed until they shine. Rough crockery glistening in the half light coming through the small windows.

Next door is the kitchen, where an



THE ENTHUSIASM OF YOUTH is being exploited by Hitler. Next year it is hoped to put all girls in uniforms.

appetising one-pot meal is being prepared under the direction of a hard-featured, yet curiously beautiful, girl from East Prussia.

She, like the leader, wears a green coat and skirt, white blouse, brown socks and heavy shoes. On her arm the swastika set in waving corn is embroidered, the badge of the women's labor service. At her throat the same emblem set in a metal brooch, the sign of good conduct.

How do they look? Pretty good, even if you prefer girls made up. Fresh air, early to bed and early to rise may have something to do with it, for they get up at 5.30 a.m. and "lights out" is at nine.

Honorary Salary

THEY look good even when you see them marching in groups of three or four as they return from their work in the evening.

Already they have a touch of the deliberate walk of the peasant, putting each foot firmly on the ground. Some of them, those working in the fields, wear thick trousers to keep out the cold.

For money they get 20 pfennigs a day, about 4d. or 5d., though they stress that it is a purely "honorary salary." They don't like the phrase "pocket money." "It is an honor to serve the country."

There must be something in that for them, because among the volunteers are the daughters of peasants, who must know that working on the land is no picnic.

But is all this necessary? For the new German farming system of "Blood and Soil" it is.

Under the Nazi regime hereditary farms must now pass to the actual heir—that is the first son—and must remain undivided. Germany has about 200,000 of these.

So the other sons must find land. How do they manage? They cut up the big estates. Then there are five million acres of bogs and swamps that can be reclaimed, and this is what the 200,000 men of the labor service are doing.

When they finish reclaiming a stretch of country, the peasant, with most of the money loaned at favorable rates by the Government, comes in.

Hitler's Hypnotism

MAKE no mistake, whatever you and I may think about the Hitler regime there's no doubt that the vast masses of German youth are all for it, writes this special observer.

You can see it as one of the girls traces her finger lovingly over the signature of Hitler on his signed portrait in the dining hall.

Nor do you have to be a frenzied Nazi to appreciate some of the reasons for that. Order, dear to the German spirit, is in the youth camps.

And to help the peasant's wife Hitler puts the girls in uniform.

To one of these farms the leader from the camp took me. The strong tanned peasant woman told me that four years ago they had seven cows, now they have sixteen. In another stable they had a fine litter of pigs. Behind the homestead lay the land where they grew corn, potatoes, and sugar beet.

And when you think of this being duplicated all over Germany you understand why officials in Berlin admit that on a minimum basis Germany now produces enough wheat, potatoes and sugar beet for 90 per cent. of the population.

The idea is that these small farms, which eventually become the property of the peasant, should produce enough for a man, wife, and two children, and a small surplus.

Proud—If Not Happy

ARE these peasants happy? All I know is that the one I talked to is proud of her possessions.

But not prouder of her share in the nation's work than the small, plump, blonde labor service girl who was washing up when I was there.

From the kitchen she will return with the others to attend lessons on politics, education, agriculture, and sociology, so when they go back to their homes these typists, office-workers, shop assistants, professional women-to-be and peasant girls are educated in the things the Nazi State thinks important.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Broomfield.

Young Australian Honored

A YOUNG Australian, Miss Joan Henry, of Melbourne, has started off on what promises to be a successful and unusual career. At the suggestion of London University, she is visiting different parts of the world, learning the native dances, then writing them up and illustrating them in color, to be submitted for the purposes of an important published collection of national dances which the University proposes to publish. She has already visited Africa and South America.



—Burnett.

Famous Artist

HANS HEYSEN, world-renowned artist, lives in a lovely old home at Ambleside, S.A., among his beloved gum-trees. His pictures are to be seen in all the leading Australian galleries.

Mr. Heyesen, who was nine times winner of the Wynne prize at Sydney, has done much for Australian art. When he was last abroad, he was commissioned by the S.A. Art Gallery, to purchase pictures by overseas artists for the Adelaide gallery.



—Morris Luke.

First Woman Secretary

THE Anthropological Society of New South Wales has a woman secretary for the first time in its history. She is Miss Elsie Brammell, assistant ethnologist at the Australian Museum.

Miss Brammell is a member of the society's council, and was a delegate to the conference for the Advancement of Science held in New Zealand recently.

For Glamorous skin Loveliness



Bewitching... Magical.....Alluring
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PLAYMATES BANNED for the "QUINS"

Ten Years' Isolation is Penalty For Being Unique

By Air Mail from Our New York Office

The world-famous Dionne quintuplets will not be allowed to mingle with other children until they are ten years of age.

Dr. Dafoe, their physician, has caused a violent new controversy about the "Quins" with this announcement that they will virtually be shut away from other playmates.

OTHER experienced medical authorities and psychologists doubt the wisdom of this isolation.

It conflicts with a scientific theory that children gain immunity from many diseases by mingling with those who have had the diseases, as happens with ordinary children who are allowed to play with others of similar age.

Before his death recently, Dr. Alfred Adler, famous psychologist and originator of the term "inferiority complex," said that the "Quins" must be separated and live normal lives for their own good.

Hygienic Party

HIS opinions are being quoted against Dr. Dafoe's decision to keep the "Quins" together, isolated from direct contact with the world.

The "Quins" third birthday party, as an example, was a strictly hygienic affair.

Their five elder brothers and sisters, who had to eat most of the birthday cake, were obliged to wear white cotton hospital gowns over their everyday clothes.

It is not generally known that all

the babies are named Marie, the full names of each being:

Marie Reine Alma Dionne.
Emilie Marie Jeanne Dionne.
Cecile Marie Emilie Dionne.
Annette Lillian Marie Dionne.
Yvonne Edouille Marie Dionne.

In the nursery each is known by its first name.

Emilie and Marie each have 17 teeth, the others 16. They can now brush their own teeth, comb their own hair and feed and dress themselves completely.

Yvonne is the most lively and venturesome. She regards herself as the "mother" of the rest. Marie is quiet and musical; Cecile loves mirrors and red colors.

They recognise their own pictures and can readily pick themselves out of groups. Although they cannot talk much, they dance round dances, and can carry a measure or two of tunes.

The future of the children is secure financially. Each should be worth at least £250,000 if and when she reaches 18.

The half-million visitors who called to see the babies last year are expected to grow to 750,000 this year, which will considerably enhance the Dionne fortune.

At present the children are gay and

sociable among themselves. They share their joys and comfort one another when in trouble.

Isolated from other children, their society, as yet, is pleasantly varied among themselves.

But Dr. Adler pointed to the dangers of this upbringing, and advocated their separation.

"The Quintuplets, being clothed alike, and being brought up alike, may consciously or unconsciously attempt to capitalise their similarity," he said.

"But under the skin there will be important mental and psychic differences."

"One of the five will assume leadership. Two or three may band themselves together against the others; four conspiring together may isolate one."

Fear of Monotony

THE little rivalries of their daily routine will leave their mark on each ego.

"They should find playmates outside; they should have frequent contacts with their brothers and elder sisters, and as little fuss as pos-

sible should be made about the fact that they are quintuplets."

Psychologically, the separation from their family is not an asset for the Quintuplets. The difference in status between the Quintuplets and their family tends to create psychic tensions.

"The Dionnes are the poor relations of the rich Quintuplets. The conflict between parental authority and the authority of their guardians may also induce emotional disturbances at some future time."

"Constantly guarded by policemen and nurses, the Quintuplets will miss much freedom. They have no privacy, no opportunity to follow their own bent, to make their own discoveries or share in the life around them."

"The monotonous association imposed upon the five little girls will rest upon them heavily as they develop. It will lead to irritation and to alienations."

"If we are to consider the happiness of the children, it would seem advisable to destroy the uniqueness of their position and to make them forget that they are quintuplets."

"It may be conducive to their

Quintuplets in Inches and Lbs.

Cecile 34½ in. tall, 31 lb. weight
Annette 34 in. tall, 31½ lb. weight
Yvonne 34 in. tall, 30½ lb. weight
Emilie 34 in. tall, 30 lb. weight
Marie 34 in. tall, 27 lb. weight

When they were born the "Quins" together weighed 11½ lbs., and their average height was 9 inches.



FIVE little
Dionnes, who
must play alone.



DR. DAFOE, with a bag of fan-mail for the "Quins." Letters will be their only means of contact with other children for ten years at least.

MARRIAGE TANGLE of

BRENT-HOWARTH

Was Mexican Ceremony a Legal Contract?

By Cable from Our Special Correspondent in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD, Sunday.

George Brent's suit for the annulment of his marriage with Jocelyn Howarth (now known on the films as Constance Worth) is not an ordinary divorce case.

The point raised by Brent is whether the marriage was a legal marriage at all.

The decision of the court will probably depend on the knowledge, or lack of knowledge, of either of the parties as to the legal position when the ceremony took place.

THE interpretation of the Mexican law under which the marriage was solemnised is awaited eagerly, not only by Hollywood and film followers generally, but all over the United States.

If Brent secures the annulment which he is seeking on the ground that the witnesses to the ceremony were not competent witnesses under Mexican law, it will mean that there was no marriage.

Therefore, Joy Howarth will not have been legally his wife at any time, and consequently will not be entitled to recover anything from the man who

has not been her legal husband.

But a prominent lawyer who knows neither of the parties and has no interest in the case has informed me that there is likely to be an interesting development.

He says that if Joy Howarth defends the action, as she has stated she will, and is able to prove that Brent knew from the beginning that the marriage was illegal while she was honestly of the opinion that the ceremony was a genuine one, it is extremely unlikely that the court will grant the annulment.

The civil marriage ceremony in Mexico has certain definite stipulations which might make illegal a marriage contracted by parties from another country.

Mexican law requires that there be

four witnesses to the marriage, and such witnesses must be members of the family of either the bride or groom.

If this is impossible the next closest relatives are required as witnesses.

This question of establishing identity is considered a very important one in the marriage ceremony.

Divorced persons are also required to produce a divorce certificate. (Brent had previously been married to Ruth Chatterton.)

The explanation of many Americans marrying in Mexico is that the law in California demands three months' notice of intention to marry. Consequently parties who wish to avoid this delay cross the border, where no such provision applies.

Won't Take a Penny

UNDER the Community Property Law of California, half the property of a husband belongs to his wife and vice versa, so that if a divorce is sought the act demands that a property settlement be made by the court if there has been no previous mutual agreement.

In addition to this, if Joy Howarth sues for a divorce, she is entitled to claim alimony, but she informed me that she does not intend to take a penny of Brent's money.

The law, as it exists at present, allows her to sign away all claims to Brent's property if she so desires.

George Brent, who was born in Ireland, has announced his intention of applying for American citizenship.

His wife's nationality does not change with the marriage as both are British subjects.

Even if the marriage had taken place after Brent's change of nationality, his wife would not automatically become an American, but could take out the necessary papers if she so desired.



Genuine PROOF

"I have reduced 20 lbs. since I married, and I am just delighted with it."

Mrs. Bedford, W. N.E.

"I have reduced 10 lbs. in 2 weeks."

Mrs. Matthews, B. N.W.

"I have never felt better in my life. I have written to one of my friends about your wonderful treatment."

Mrs. Barker, A. Vic.

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HELEN SIMPSON Attacks High Cost of MARRIED LIFE

Important Factor in Trend Towards Smaller Families, Contends Famous Novelist

"Governments can do a great deal to send the birth-rate up if they want to, simply by making it financially easier for people to marry."

Miss Helen Simpson, the famous Australian novelist, expressed that view to *The Australian Women's Weekly* in a special interview in Melbourne, where she is staying for a fortnight of her Australian tour.

Heavy taxes, the economic insecurity of life and fear of war, she contends, are the three chief factors for the world-wide tendency towards smaller families.

"THERE is a lot of talk about the declining birth-rate, but at present, in England, marriage is actually penalised by the system of taxing wives' and husbands' incomes together," she said.

"My husband and I recently calculated that it costs him £200 a year in taxes to keep a wife.

"If we had not gone through a marriage ceremony, we would both be better off finan-

cially, and therefore could afford to have more children.

"England is very short-sighted in discouraging the middle-class people to marry, for they are the very people who should have children. They are the responsible people who have a stake in the country.

"It seems to me that only the people living at the expense of the country are having the families.

"Also, you have got to make a world an attractive place to live in before people will consent to bring children into it.

"It has got to be free from the fear of war.

"It has got to be free from the fear of worklessness.

"Unless you do that, even the measures being taken in Germany, for example, to encourage large families will fail.

"Actually, the response to Hitler's programme of large families has been very disappointing.

"People are not going to bring children into a world that offers nothing but disaster for the future.

Her Daughter

"I AM quite ignorant of the position in Australia. However, I do propose to inform myself before I leave, because in such a country as this it is more important to increase the population it has by natural means than by immigration.

"If you want people to love a country, you must do your best to contrive that they shall be born in it.

"But if you must consider immigration, then, in my opinion, Kingsley Fairbridge with his schools went the best way to solving it.

"I have only one child myself. Clemence, aged 8, is typically Australian. I haven't seen anything quite like her in England, but there are plenty like her here. At present she is only interested in horses.

"Women's careers may or may not contribute to the diminution in families according to the countries they have their careers and children in," she added.

"A woman can and does have both



Miss Helen Simpson. —Women's Weekly photo.

in Russia, because it is the accepted thing that children and work are of equal value to the State.

"This is also the case in Sweden, where a wife is able to get several months' leave from her work to have a baby.

"But Sweden seems to have taken all that is best out of modern life, while retaining all that is beautiful of the ancient customs. For instance, you will see a farmer going about his work in the same way as has been done for centuries, but he will have electric light in the cow shed.

"In England, on the other hand, they have the habit, in the Government services at any rate, of dismissing women who marry.

"Do I consider that big families have a part in modern life? Well, the architects don't permit it."

Miss Simpson was interviewed before her sitting-room fire in a Melbourne hotel, her headquarters for a fortnight, while she renews old friendships and works for her broadcasting talks for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Tall, tweed-clad, forthright but gracious, a reliable person with a sense of humor, such are the impressions one gathers of her.

Helen Simpson, who in private life is Mrs. Denis Browne, wife of Dr.

Denis Browne, is particularly interested in ancient and modern cookery. One of her talks is on "The Cook in History."

She already knew about *The Australian Women's Weekly* £500 Recipe competition. Commenting on the value of fresh food, she said:

Expert on Cookery

"I AM delighted to find again the taste of fresh food. I lose it altogether on shipboard, and almost altogether in London, where we never eat anything anywhere near the time of plucking or killing.

"Vegetables have usually been 48 hours in Covent Garden market before we get them, and fish has probably been caught for a month.

"I haven't tasted anything like the celery I had in Adelaide for years—in fact, not since my last visit to Australia."

Her latest book, "Under Capricorn," an Australian novel, will arrive in Australia next month.

Later she will proceed to America for a lecturing tour, and will meet her husband in San Francisco.

Helen Simpson and husband have known each other since she was ten and he was sixteen. They met in Sydney, and Denis went to Sydney University with her brother. They were married in England after the war.

ALEC'S REPORT

Alec was a normal, bright, healthy boy. His parents thought he was destined to do great things. Then suddenly...

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUNG MARSHALL, HAS HE GIVEN UP WORK AND DECIDED ON A LIFE OF LEISURE?

SEEMS LIKE IT—CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT AFTER THE SHOW HE PUT UP LAST TERM.

THIS REPORT IS SNOOKING. I MUST SAY I'M EXTREMELY DISAPPOINTED. HE COULD DO LIKE THIS A SCHOLARSHIP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION.

HE HADN'T BEEN VERY WELL THIS TERM, I THINK WE SHOULD SEE THE DOCTOR ABOUT HIM.

END OF NEXT TERM

HELLO, ALEC—THERE'S A SMART NEW BIRD YOU'RE COLLECT!

YES, DAD GAVE IT TO ME FOR DOING SO WELL IN THE END-OF-TERM EXAM. UNCLE

I FEEL CHAPS—LOOK HOW LOW MARSHALL IS!

HORLICK'S SEEMS POPULAR WITH ALEC—DOING HIM GOOD TOO.

I TOLD YOU THERE WAS NOTHING REALLY WRONG WITH HIM. DOCTOR DUTY HE'S JUST OUTSTANDING HIS STRENGTH.

SCHOOLDAYS, they say, are the happiest days of one's life. Schooldays are certainly the *busiest* days of a child's life. Why? Because during schooldays children are working, playing and growing.

Besides the extraordinary amount of energy they use up over work and games, extra energy is used up in growing. Horlick's gives children nourishment in just the right form. It builds them up and helps them grow.

See that your child has his Horlick's regularly at mid-morning and at suppertime. Prices from 1/6—economy size, 2/9. Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.

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SUCH RECIPES As These Must WIN RENOWN!
We're Giving £500 to Find Them

What are the foods that will make for a longer and happier life?

THEY are not the fads of a day. They are the homely dishes that, year in, year out, are included in the recipes in almost every home.

Even the very rich, satiated with and weary of feasts of highly flavored food, often sigh, "Oh, for a meal as mother used to cook it."

But what are the recipes mother uses? They deserve more fame and renown. And that's what they'll get through *The Australian Women's Weekly* £500 recipe competition.

These simple, homely, practical recipes have the best chance of winning prizes in the £500 contest—and the extra weekly awards that we make each week.

A batch of winners in the latter division is announced this week in our Homemaker Section.

Do your guests say: "Oh, Mrs. Blank, what a lovely cake. Could I

have the recipe?" If so, that's the recipe you should send to *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

Someone is going to win £100 for such a cake recipe, and there's no reason why it shouldn't be you.

Anyway, send it along and let the recipe judges of *The Australian Women's Weekly* decide.

Similarly, if you have a favorite recipe for jam, sweets, or economical dinner, post them also. There's a first prize of £50 in each of these sections.

After all, it costs nothing to enter every section of this wonderfully generous competition. Enter now and enter often! That's the slogan.

Just write out your recipe, add your name and address, attach an entry coupon and post it to us.

Full rules, conditions, prize list, and entry coupons on Page 5 of our Homemaker Section.

WAR GAME

The jungle is no place for a Navy flier—but three of them dropped in unexpectedly

Illustrated by
WYNNE W
DAVIES



THE Fleet had arranged with the Army to play a joint war game, wherein the mission of the Fleet was to destroy the Panama Canal, that of the Army to defend it.

Now, when playing a war game, active service conditions must be simulated, which, doubtless, is why the Admiral simulated the most amazing ignorance of the Pacific approaches to the Canal Zone. Of course, under such conditions, a bright, effulgent beam of knowledge must be obtained to dispel the darkness of ignorance. From time immemorial this has been a task assigned to selected enlisted men and junior lieutenants.

Admirals and generals are warned, in Regulations, to assume that the enemy will always act with discretion. The Admiral had the airplane carrier Concord with him on the Atlantic side, lying at sea out of range of the most powerful guns. He could have loosed a flock of pursuit planes to harry the Canal Zone troops with small fragmentation bombs and machine-gun fire, aided by a couple of bombers and torpedo-carrying VT seaplanes, with orders to sweep across the Canal Zone from Atlantic to Pacific and back again. However, the theoretical losses would have been too heavy a price to pay, considering the number of planes and of anti-aircraft guns the Army could muster. Then, too, if all the planes from the Concord left her, the carrier's protection would be inadequate should the Army send a fleet of bombers to attack her.

Through a simulated spy the Admiral received simulated information that the town of David, on David Bay, on the Pacific side of Panama and north of the Isthmus, was vulnerable and that a landing force, sent from the Pacific Fleet, should be able to capture it and push on to the canal. In order to verify this information, the Admiral despatched the Concord to Chiriqui Lagoon, which is well up towards the Costa Rican border; upon arrival there she was to send two VT seaplanes across country to David Bay for the purpose of taking photographs. The instant the photographs were taken the planes were to return to the Concord via the route they had flown over the mountains to David Bay.

For reasons best known to himself the captain commanding the Concord elected to detail for this photographic reconnaissance Lieutenant Junior Grade, Thomas Damon and Hamilton Fithian. Because these two were inseparable pals they were known in the Navy as Damon and Pythias, Mr. Fithian's name lending itself somewhat readily to the change. Upon reading their orders, which directed them to take off at 1.30 p.m. that day, Damon and Pythias called on the Old Man for a discussion of some details the latter appeared to have overlooked when issuing the written order.

"REFERRING to this order, sir," Pythias began. "The reconnaissance is, of course, a part of the war game we're playing?"

"Certainly, Mr. Fithian. Right in those files. I have enough aerial photographs of David Bay to choke a hippopotamus. Unfortunately, they were taken while the Concord was in Pacific waters—so they will not do for the present momentous occasion. The Admiral has, following the customary tradition, arranged this war game primarily for the training of the Navy personnel; and you and Mr. Damon have never had any training flying from Chiriqui Lagoon to David Bay and back again. So that lack is to be corrected. Of course, if the Admiral had ever been a flier he'd have more sympathy for you boys. And I dare say he has never considered seriously the Sierra de Chiriqui. He doesn't know that it splits Panama longi-

A Complete Short Story

— By —
PETER B. KYNE

tudinally down the middle, that it's between 9000 and 10,000 feet high, and that it is, practically, perpetually shrouded in clouds for the last 2000 or 3000 feet."

"At that point the skipper decided to close the interview. 'Better get your luncheon, young gentlemen,' he advised. 'You take off at one-thirty. By the way, you will make altitude of 4000 feet before leaving the vicinity of the Concord, which will be a test for your motors and ensure sufficient altitude for the passes, in case you decide not to fly right over the hump. And remember, this is a war game—you're not to open up with your radio unless an emergency arises.'"

The pair departed sadly, to search out their mechanics and explain the details to them. The mechanics would check the ships carefully, see to it that they were gassed and oiled, the motors warmed, and the ships sent up on deck at 1.30.

At 12.45 Mr. Damon finished his luncheon and went to his stateroom to write a letter. To him here came presently his mechanic, Boden. Mr. Damon glanced up cheerfully and smiled. He was very fond of Boden, because Boden was not only a superlative aerial motor mechanic, but also an intelligent, loyal, cheerful fellow. Between the officers who fly Army and Navy planes and the mechanics who keep the ships fit to fly there usually exists a remarkable degree of camaraderie, respect, and affection. Boden had been Mr. Damon's mechanic for two years; he always spoke of Mr. Damon as "my lieutenant." Another reason why Mr. Damon liked Boden was because Boden could fly. He had learned in a civilian aviation school and had joined the Navy in the hope that he might be able to wangle an assignment to the Naval Flying School at Pensacola. A good rating, plus flying pay, would make him somebody among enlisted men.

WITHOUT further ado Boden commenced pulling out drawers, from which he withdrew four quart bottles of rum, four cartons of cigarettes, and three pairs of woolen socks. He got Mr. Damon's hunting boots out of a locker, thrust a bottle of rum down each boot, wrapped the other two bottles in Mr. Damon's leathern windbreaker and disappeared. He returned and took two heavy woolen blankets out of the locker.

"Don't forget your service pistol and ammunition, sir," he reminded his lieutenant. "We should have in the ship two good, sharp machetes, sir, but we can't obtain them. But I was in the wardroom once, sir, and noticed quite a display of Oriental weapons on the wall. There were two fine Filipino bolos. They'll do."

"I'll borrow the bolos, Boden. Anything else?"

"There is no quinine in the medical kit. You might get a can of it from the medical officer. Taking off in ten minutes, sir."

When the excellent Boden had departed Mr. Fithian entered uninvited and sat down on the bunk. "That destroyer that slid in an hour ago had mail, Tommy," he announced.

"And you received a letter?"

"Yes. I asked for mail for you, but there was none."

Tommy Damon looked up at his friend and saw distress in the latter's face. So he said: "If it's some bad news you want to share with me, my son, I'm here."



Fithian was trying to save his pal for the girl they both loved.

"Kid," replied Pythias, "some plain talk between us is necessary. You and I, by some extraordinary freak of nature, are of about the same height, weight, and complexion; in fact, we look so much alike people are always asking if we're brothers. Our dispositions are similar."

He grinned a grin of vast embarrassment. "I suppose we couldn't help it if we fell for the same girl."

"We both operated in the open," Damon defended. "Fair field and no favor. That, of course, was understood."

"So we have never discussed it," Ham Fithian continued.

"An unprofitable subject to discuss—and a bit painful, old-timer. Well, you win. You always did have the edge on me."

"You're an ass, Tommy. I popped the question just before we left the

West Coast and she couldn't give me an answer. Said she had to have time to consider. She told me she was rather certain her best chance at happiness lay in marrying you or me, but she wasn't at all certain which one. She was quite distressed over the situation."

"I could unfold an identical tale, old-timer. Two months have passed and I'm still unanswered. You've had yours, eh?"

"I certainly have. I've been scratched in this race, which means you've been installed the favorite. She's tops in girls, boy. I congratulate you."

"Thanks. I always thought so, but I don't think it quite so earnestly now that she's given you the boot."

He picked up his flying helmet and stuffed two packages of cigarettes and a lighter in his pocket. He went on to the wardroom, stripped the two Filipino bolos off the wall, and went up on deck.

A crane picked the VT and their crews up, swung them outboard and set them gently in the drink. Mr. Damon pressed the self-starter button, and the hot motor commenced

her strident muttering; he gave her the gun and they taxied up the lagoon and took off. Ham Fithian followed immediately. They were up 1000 feet when Boden poked Damon from behind; when he glanced back Boden pointed to Ham Fithian's plane 500 feet above them.

When Damon was up 4000 feet, he headed for the Sierra de Chiriqui, still climbing; presently, when he was up 7500 he realised he had reached his maximum ceiling. Off to the west and away above him he caught the glint of sunlight shining on something above the clouds that draped the frowning brows of Chiriqui. So he knew that was Ham Fithian going straight over the top.

They rounded the edge of the ridge they had been following; five miles farther south they found another valley, and turned into that. This, also, threatened to develop into a blind alley but, just as Mr. Damon was about to turn back, Boden prodded him and pointed to a break in the ridge, cutting off at right angles to their course.

Although this side canyon was but little wider than the wing span, Mr. Damon could see sunlight down it a long way off, so into it he went, not realising that the sunlight was streaming down through a rift in the clouds.

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Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

Continuing Our
Brilliant Serial of
Love and Adventure

Counterfeit Coin

By ...
DORNFORD YATES

Characters in the Story

RICHARD EXON, an Englishman, and his friend, John Herrick, stumble on a strange mystery in the Castle of Brief in Austria.

Count Ferdinand and his son, Percy, are plotting to rob Lady Caroline Virgil of a great inheritance.

Lady Caroline finds her life in danger. A plot to kill her fails, thanks to Exon, who rescues her from the hands of the plotters and takes her to Raven out of harm's way.

Herrick is with him and takes up his story of the rescue. Now read on:



Caroline was there sitting before me waiting for me to wake up.



"I WAS wondering where you were and whether to follow the track or go back to the Rolls," said Herrick, "when I saw the woman approaching between the trees. She was blowed and out of breath and went by at a shambling run, and when she got to the car she swung the door wide open and then stood biting her nails and staring the way she had come."

"Presently along comes the chauffeur, sweating great drops, with a coil of rebellious wire, and going as fast as he knew."

"Where is she?" he cries. "Have you got her?"

"The woman lets out a gasp."

"Me?" she bleats. "Max has got her. He sent me on."

"Max hasn't got her," cries the chauffeur, and the woman goes white as a sheet.

"The next moment, up comes Max, with his eyes bulging out of his head."

"When they told him she wasn't there he threw the best part of a fit before my eyes. Then they all ran back in a bunch, like so many frantic beasts, to where she ought to have been. Less than two minutes elapsed before they came stumbling back, all three disputing hoarsely and, naturally, blaming each other for what had occurred."

Bang opposite where I was lying the woman fell upon Max and scratched his face to glory before the chauffeur was able to pull her off. Then she fell down in a heap and burst into tears, and Max did his best to kick her till the chauffeur landed a good one and knocked him down. But for him they'd have been there now, for he was the only one that wasn't beside himself.

"D'you want to be taken?" he hissed. "That cursed horse is back in the stables by now, and in two minutes' time the hue and cry will be raised. And if we're to be found, we're done. That Jew will show us no mercy—he'll lead the pack, and he'll hound us into prison for twenty years."

"That brought the others up to their feet and into the car, and thirty seconds later the latter was out of my sight."

"Well, there you are. We know the whole truth of the matter from first to last, and, thanks to your enterprise, we have in our hands the remarkably beautiful subject of their activities. As I said two days ago, you're one of Fortune's pets; but you know how to use your luck—I'll give you that. It would never have entered my head to carry the lady off."

"Of course it would," said I.

"No, it wouldn't," said Herrick. "I might have rescued her, but after that I should have taken her home." He glanced at his watch. "It's eight o'clock now, and she'll probably sleep till lunch. D'you propose to tell her the truth this afternoon?"

"About her father? Why not?"

"Very good," said Herrick. "And then?"

I got to my feet.

"I'M going to suggest that she stays here. It's clear that Brief isn't safe. If she is to come by her rights, we've got to get Percy down. And we've stolen a march on him—if she doesn't go back. You see, he'll think that his bullies carried her off. There's nothing to show that they failed. And they're not likely to tell him—from what you say."

Herrick stared and stared.

At length:

"Young man," he said, "if you go on like this you'll be translated or something before your time. Such wisdom is not of this world. Talk about taking Time by the forelock—why, if you go on like this, the poor old chap'll be bald."

"This was absurd, and I said so. One day your brain will work, and the next it will not. The astonishing luck I had had had whetted my wits, and I saw the obvious plainly, instead of passing it by. But I could see nothing more. And I had an uneasy feeling that we were going too fast. Before we had entered the field we had proved our utmost suspicions, had misled Percy Virgil and won the charge of the lady whom we had hoped to help—a handsome enough beginning, as anyone must have allowed. But peer as I would, I could not see how to go on. And the fairest

advantage is useless unless you can follow it up."

Here Brenda came to say that our breakfast was served, and Herrick took occasion to tell her that no one must know that Lady Caroline Virgil was now at the farm.

"She has said so already," said Brenda. "No one will know."

"D'you think she's all right?" said I. "I mean, she was shaken up."

Brenda smiled.

"You need have no fear," she said. "Mother gave her one of her similes, and when she wakes she'll be perfectly well—" She hesitated. "But mother says that she will not know how she came here and will remember nothing that happened after her fall."

"Good Heavens!" said I. And then, "But how can she tell?"

"From the look in her eyes," said Brenda. "She walked and talked, but she was not keeping a copy of what went on. That part of her brain was not working, so mother says." She smiled again. "But that is of no account. You can show her your copy, you see—and I will tell her that she may believe what it says."

We had finished lunch, but Lady Caroline Virgil was still asleep, so, since we were both of us tired, Herrick withdrew to his chamber and I went down to the meadows, to take some rest.

The spot was peaceful. A gentle stream was lacing the sunlit fields, which neighboring woods made into a private park; oak and elm and chestnut rose from the springing turf, and cows were contentedly grazing the clean-cut shadows they threw; on the other side of the water, three well-grown limes were spreading a fragrant tent, and there I lay down, to consider the comfortable prospect and relish the agreeable music the birds and the insects made.

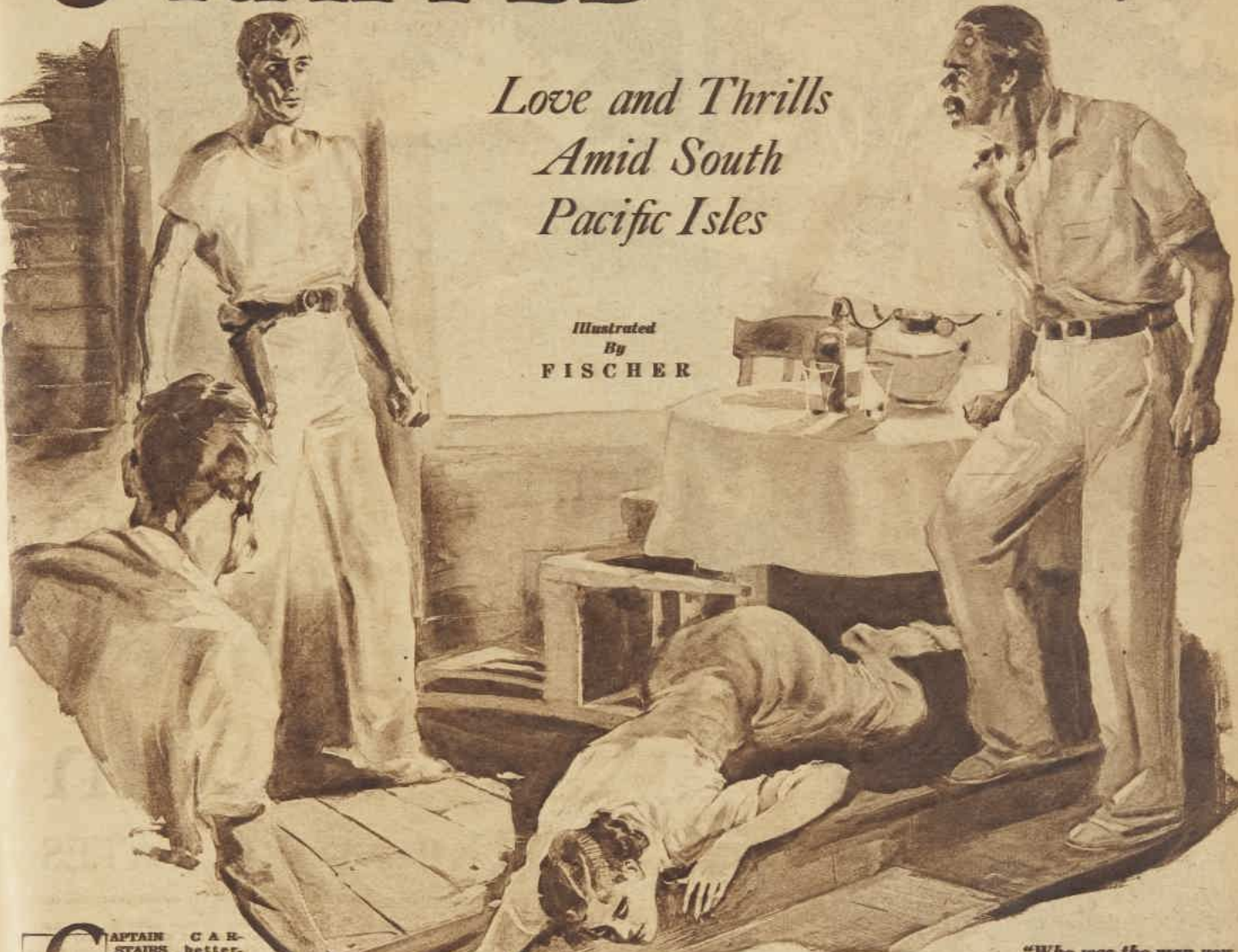
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TRAPPED

By Albert Richard WETJEN

*Love and Thrills
Amid South
Pacific Isles*

Illustrated
By
FISCHER



CAPTAIN CAR-
STAINS, better-
known through all
the Islands as Wal-
laby Jim, was smok-
ing a final cheroot
on the poop deck of
his barque Kestrel
when it happened. It
was late; the night
was very dark, and
it was uncomfortably hot. The
Kestrel, under all plain sail, was
slipping languidly round the
southern tip of the Louisville Archi-
pelago, with the loom of Russell
Island to starboard, heading for
the greater Sudest Island, where
Wallaby had to make a final call be-
fore heading back to Brisbane. It
was Wallaby's habit, every six months
or so, to make a tour of his many
trading posts and plantations, not
only as an inspection trip, but also
to pick up the more valuable items
his men had garnered from half the
South Pacific, and which his schooner
captains did not care to have on
board while they combed the Islands,
sometimes for a year or more.

This present cruise had been even
more satisfactory than usual. Wal-
laby was reflecting, as he leaned back
against his weather taffrail, clad only
in duck pants and a cotton singlet,
and he smoked his cheroot with the
calm satisfaction of a man at peace
with the world and whose affairs
are going well.

He had the cheroot about half-
finished, when his mate came on
deck, a lean, saw-toothed man,
almost as tall as Wallaby him-
self, and wiry enough, but without
the master's spread of shoulder and
the deliberate grace that always re-
minded men of a panther. He re-
mained at the head of the cabin
scuttle for a moment, staring to-
wards the dark-hidden island, and
then, giving a nervous fitch to his

belt, he came
to where
Wallaby was
leaning.
"You need
n o t have
bothered to
turn o u t,"
Walters said Wallaby pleasantly.
"I'll keep the watch until dawn. I
don't feel like sleep."

Walters coughed and ran the back
of his hand across his mouth.
"Yeah, I know," he said harshly.
"It's too hot."

The mate stooped then, as if to
adjust one of his rope-soled canvas
shoes, and the next thing Wallaby
knew was that savage hands had
gripped his ankles, jerked him up
and back, and he was falling head
first into the water. He was too as-
tonished to call out. He even retained
hold of his cheroot as he went un-
der, and he went deep.

By the time he had instinctively
fought to the surface again, the
stern light of the Kestrel was a
hundred feet away and receding
every moment. He choked out salt
water and shouted, and even as he
did so he heard, faint against the
wind, the voice of Walters shouting
too, or rather roaring some order
forward. Obviously to drown any
sound Wallaby might make.

Another few minutes and the Kes-
trei was too far away for Wallaby
to be heard, and he subsided with a
strangled oath. It would be a joke
if the Islands knew, except it wasn't

a joke—Wallaby Jim being caught
off guard. The straightest and fast-
est shot in the south, the cool ad-
venturer of a score of desperate un-
dertakings, the man who had wrested
a million and more from the welter
of savagery, fever and death that
men called the Islands. Pitched
overboard and disposed of as quickly
and as easily as a greenhorn on a
homing sealer with the crew on
shore.

He trod water automatically until
he had regained his calmness and
mentally adjusted himself to his
changed condition. He discovered
he still retained hold of his sodden
cheroot and he flung the limp mess
away. Then doubling in the warm
sea, while the lax swells lifted him
and dropped him, he rolled his duck
pants to the knees so they would be
less hindrance. He tightened his
belt, carefully studied the few stars
that were showing, and started a
long, slow side-stroke towards Ros-
sell Island.

WALLABY thought
of many things as he slid through
the phosphorescent sea. A little
about his chances, a little about
sharks, a little about old wounds
which he knew would bother him
before long. But mostly he thought
about Walters, his mate, and the
effrontery of the man in attacking
him. Well, that could be figured
out later. The main thing now was
to save himself.

Walters, of course, must have felt
pretty safe in throwing the Kestrel's
master overboard as he had. Other-
wise he would have slugged him

*"Who was the man you
picked up this morning?"
raved Carson, "was it Wallaby Jim?" But Myrna
had fainted.*

first, or doped him. But it was
reasonable for Walters to suppose
that Wallaby could not swim five
or six miles to shore, and the odds
were all that if he did manage that
and the sharks didn't get him, then
he would be smashed to pieces in the
welter of the iron reefs. Yes, Wal-
ters could feel pretty safe, Wallaby
thought. But it was a rotten way
to go out, after all he had been
through. Rotten. He might last
until dawn. He might not. He set
his jaw and concentrated on his
swimming.

Two things saved Wallaby Jim
that night and morning. The first
was that about an hour before dawn,
when he was rapidly tiring, he ran
full into a floating barnacle-covered
log, still with branches at one end;
toppled over in some storm and
washed down some mysterious river.
He grasped it thankfully, unmin-
dful of the sucker fish adhering to
it and the multitude of sea vermin
that infested its length. He man-
aged to hoist himself up and wedge
himself in the branches, and then
he half-slept for a while.

He was jarred back to conscious-
ness again by the distinct slapping
of a sail, and raising himself up he
saw the flood tide had carried the
log close in towards Russell
and there, not fifty yards away,
was the white hull of a little gig just
going about. He yelled. The three
occupants of the gig, two young
Kanakas women and a white girl,
stared at him pop-eyed, and then
with a quick gesture the white girl

WETJEN,
the author of this
story, is the world-
famous magazine
story writer, who
recently visited
Australia and the
South Seas for local
color—and here it is

jammed the tiller over and the gig
headed towards him.

She was a sensible girl. She asked
no questions until after Wallaby had
drunk the milk of two green coconuts
and eaten a thick slab of cold pork
pressed between slices of home-made
bread. Then she said:

"Were you adrift long?"

"Overnight," said Wallaby grimly.

"Lucky for me you came along."

"Oh, Tara and Manui . . . they're
my personal girls . . . often go fish-
ing with me early." She indicated
a dozen or more big red snapper
lying on the bottom boards. "I sup-
pose," she eyed him steadily, even
if a little nervously, with haunted
blue eyes. "I suppose you're from the
Kestrel?"

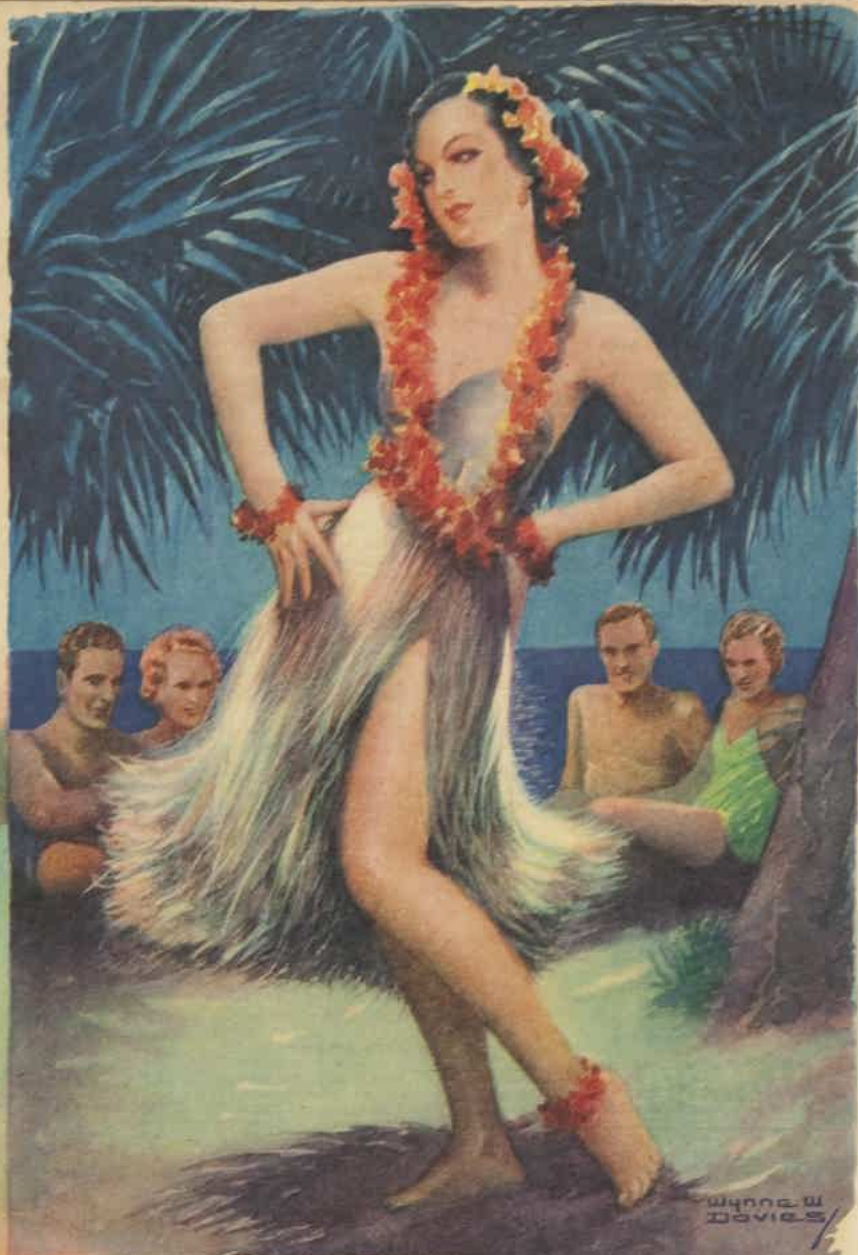
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Complete Short Story

FRIENDS Soon FORGET

Nothing remains the same. Jane discovered that, when she came back to the tropics from London

Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES



JANE leaned over the rail of the ship, watching the water. Already the first fair blue of it was beginning to fade in streaks, and ahead the sea had a muddy look upon which the white foam sat like soap-suds, and to seasoned travellers this muddy look means that Rangoon is just ahead. Although no sign of its low, jungly shore is seen through the heat haze, the experienced nose can sniff the aroma of its bazaar, wafted out to meet the travellers far, far at sea—

Rangoon and home lay ahead for Jane.

a warm smell of spiced mud and frangipani and garlic and jasmine. Jane sniffed it, and a smile spread all over her pretty face. It was like coming alive again, after being dead—well, let us say partially dead—for three years. Three long years had elapsed since Jane was leader of the Brighter Rangoon Set, and turned all their hours to gladness.

Three long years since the Senior Ladies gathered together in conclave, and said the whole thing was

perfectly disgraceful and "I am surprised her mother allows her to go on like that."

"Well, we were pretty good ahead," mused Jane, remembering. But what fun it all was. And now, she was going back and the old gay, carefree atmosphere awaited her. Forgotten was London town, so much too full of girls, all pretty, all trying to earn their living, ninety per cent. of them trying to go on the stage and not particularly friendly to anybody else trying to go on the stage. Here was the lightship. The jolly old lightship riding the smooth waters, bobbing up and down like a large unlikely duck.

"Oh, you sweet love," said Jane, and she kissed her hand to it. A lump came to her throat, for she could not help remembering the last time she passed it, homeward bound, so full of ambition about making a career for herself at home. The messages, the telegrams there had been. Buggins, dear old Buggins, who had come down with the pilot, had gone over the side with tears running down his cheeks. He was a bit temperamental, having a French mother. What fun it would be, seeing old Buggins again, seeing all the chaps again.

"There will never be anyone else like you, Jane," they had told her when she left. "Things will be dead without you. We shall all expire from boredom."

"I'll soon wake them up again," thought Jane. She was so happy she could have danced. How sweet they had all been to her. One man in a very senior position had written a whole column in the paper about her headed: "Jane."

"When she has gone," he said, "we shall turn to our work, aware suddenly of our approaching middle-age, our recurring years, for Jane will not be there any longer to help us to forget. You always enjoyed

Alison danced like the spirit of the Southern Seas.

yourself at Jane's parties. She was like a bright flame. She made us young because she was so gloriously alive. There can never be another Jane."

It was signed "Agatha." The darling. It was Cyril Blotterby. He was a judge of the High Court, but he had paid his house-rent monthly by writing little things for the papers. He threw them off very easily in his spare time, between judgments, and it was generally known his real life work was a novel that he was engaged upon. But time went by, and nothing was ever heard of the novel, and Cyril just went on throwing off those little things easily, and the editor of the local paper was glad to have them, for goodness knows it was difficult to find anything to fill a paper with, day after day, in Rangoon.

By Dorothy BLACK

How glad they would be to see her back again.

Clins on land, staring down at the water, which was now a rich brown, Jane recalled them all, those Bright Young People who, with her help, had enlivened Rangoon three years ago. Dear old Buggins, Crawford, Mickie Masters, Aigle Adair, Ken MacMunn, all the lads of the village.

Most of them had made love to her quite passionately, but in those days it had been really rather useless because they none of them had a bean. Nice young men with loving hearts are inevitably poor, and

she could never have fancied Cyril, who was really the only eligible bachelor in the Bright Young Set in those days, always excepting Dannie Donovan. She could not have fancied Cyril, even if he had asked her, for he was a bit seasoned.

Even his position did not help to get him off. How funny he had been, trying to join in their plays, pretending he wasn't shocked. When they had a snowball fight with cream buns, how Cyril had tried to pretend he liked it, but really he was furious when one burst in his hair.

"We were a bit good ahead for him," thought Jane, and that brought her to Dannie Donovan. She remembered several things about Dannie Donovan. He was a tall, serious young man, whose horn-rimmed glasses gave him an owlish look, and he was the only one of their set who smoked a pipe. When he wasn't smoking it he just bit it, and it made him seem much older than anyone else. He had very bushy black eyebrows, and why he was in the set at all nobody knew for he wasn't particularly young, and he wasn't at all bright. It was more that he just came when it suited him and nobody knew how to keep him out. For one thing, he had private means and was useful for borrowing from. Jane used to say he was like something that came in to the lamp on a wet night when you left the door open.

The other thing she remembered about Dannie Donovan was that he had made love to her with varying degrees of passion, but Dannie was the only one who seemed to mean business.

Please turn to Page 14



His lips said "Darling"
but his breath said

"STALE DRINK"

THAT glass of beer has ruined your night. How can you carry on a conversation when you are worrying about your breath? Don't worry, slip a May Breath into your mouth and clear your breath in a minute.

May Breath non-scented tablets are good for you, they're antiseptic. Carry a tin with you always—they take up very little space—and avoid offensive breath.



MAY BREATH

CLEAR YOUR BREATH

1/- a tin at all Chemists

M1373 B



THE picture doesn't do her skin full justice. Only by actually seeing it with your own eyes, by touching it with your own hands, could you know the silky loveliness and radiant freshness of this skin cared for with Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

What Wright's does for baby's tender skin it can also do for yours. Its mildly antiseptic lather gets deep down into the pores, removing every trace of dirt and danger. It leaves your skin soft, supple, and aglow with radiant freshness.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

Real Life Stories

Terrifying Experience

IN the early hours of one morning last year the police brought me word my husband was dying in a city hospital 300 miles away.

Leaving my four little children with a kind friend, I chartered an aeroplane, the trip being two hours by plane.

Being an open plane, I was strapped in it.

Through an accident in taking off the plane could not rise higher than the trees. After desperately trying, the pilot endeavored to land, but failed to clear a fence, and crash through it, breaking the propeller and tearing off one wing as the plane stopped.

The petrol-tank above me burst, showering me with 30 gallons of petrol.

My first cry was: "Fire! Let me out!" The pilot quickly released me, and how thankful I was to feel the ground under my feet.

My thoughts were with my dying husband, and the only transport then was a 72-mile trip by service car to the nearest train, which would not get me to the hospital until six the next morning.

A friend of my husband's came to my aid, taking me in his car, doing the trip in nine hours.

I had a few hours with my dear husband before he passed away next day.

Many months have passed, but I still feel the shock of that crash. How near I, too, was to death.

11/1/- to Mrs. B. M. Byrne, Hill St., Bega, N.S.W.

Quaint Happening

THIS quaint "accident" happened some years ago, but mention of it never fails to raise a grin in our family.

Our house-cow had escaped, and my sister and I were sent in search of her.

Driving along behind our quiet old pony, we decided to follow a narrow bush track.

Suddenly, at a very awkward turn, we found our path blocked by some bullocks. They were resting, and one huge, gaunt thing had possession of the centre of that very narrow road.

We shouted, and brandished a whip at him, but he merely eyed us lazily and chewed his cud.

"I'll shift him," said my sister, and proceeded to drive very close indeed to his huge bulk.

He shifted all right. With a scared bellow he lurched to his feet, not away from us, but right under our sulky.

We clung to each other in sheer panic as the vehicle commenced to heave, roll, and rock under us. We couldn't get out because of the acute angle and the fact that it was never still and so high off the ground.

Despite our predicament we commenced to laugh. Weak with mirth and the effort of keeping our seats, we couldn't coo-ee very loudly for help.

Fortunately our horse was quiet and the harness strong.

Help was at hand, however. A man, sleeper-cutting nearby, heard us, and soon helped us out, and the sulky was heaved off the struggling, terrified beast.

I'll never forget the way our rescuer laughed.

5/- to Miss Cora Lee, Calais P.O., vi Hillside, Vic.

Quick Wit

I WAS 16 at the time and staying in the country on holidays.

My friend and I decided to walk to town, a distance of a mile or so, to pick up the mail. The road to town was very narrow, and was bordered on one side by a steep mountain and on the other side by a sapling fence that gave warning of a drop into a river.

Making towards the bend of the road, we heard a terrible noise, like thunder, and the next instant a team of bullocks driven by drovers came rushing madly around the bend, filling the whole road and travelling at a terrific pace.

We were panic-stricken. We could not run up the mountainside, as it was like a wall where the road had been cut through, so we ducked under the fence which had only a foot-hold, and hung on as tightly as we could.

I will never forget the awful sensation as we closed our eyes and felt the mad beasts' bodies brush the skin off our fingers as they thundered

Now—Tell Your Best Story

MEMORABLE incidents in the lives of readers are told on this page every week.

All are invited to contribute. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned—it may have been about your childhood, schooldays, work or home life.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week, and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

past. We expected the ground to crumble under our feet any minute.

After they had passed we just looked at one another, thinking what a lucky escape we had had from being trampled to death.

5/- to Mrs. W. Rathbone, 53 Bruce St., Bexley, N.S.W.

Pioneer's Ordeal

IN 1907 my parents came from Victoria to New South Wales. They had four children, myself, aged ten years, and three younger. We travelled in a tilted cart.

One day when we were camped for the midday meal a misfortune befell us. Our only horse died suddenly.

My father decided to go back to a small village we had passed that morning and try to buy a horse there.

Before leaving, he erected a small tent as a shelter for us. As the day advanced we could see a storm brewing. My mother, nervous and frightened, busied herself trying to make things secure for the night.

As night fell the storm broke over us. The wind blew a gale, the rain came down in a solid sheet of water, while the terrific claps of thunder, vivid and constant flashes of lightning, with trees crashing all around us, made a night of terror which I have never forgotten.

My mother sat on a box in the tent with three children clasped in her arms, and all through that night of

terror I stood with my arms around her trying in a childish way to comfort her.

Very soon our tent was in ribbons—blown by the gale and torn by falling pieces of timber which we expected every moment would fall on us.

By a miracle we escaped, but when daylight came we saw that a tree had fallen on the cart.

All through my life, when we have had a violent thunderstorm, I have lived again the terrors of that night. 5/- to Mrs. W. Green, 33 Bridge St., Waratah, N.S.W.

Skeleton As Cargo

MY father was a carrier with a horse team in the days before the railway line made its appearance out west.

He and my mother, two small brothers and myself travelled with him, one trip when he had an unusual cargo.

A professor found the skeleton of a man off the beaten track, put it into a box, and asked my father to take it to Toowoomba, which my father did.

We children were too young to be scared, but I often think my mother was an unusual type of woman not to be nervous to travel with a skeleton.

My father had to leave us on our own some nights, too, as he had to stay out with his horses in case they strayed.

My mother's reward for being so brave was a new black velvet dress.

5/- to Mrs. R. Clarke, Kelvinhemph, via Oakley, Qld.

Poor Goldfish

WHEN a tiny girl of four summers, I went to stay with my auntie in the country. She had for her pets a bowl of goldfish, also a few fowls.

One day she asked me to feed the latter, at the same time giving me a small box of something for the fish. I managed her last request, but was at a loss to know just what to give the fowls.

The only thing I could think of was to give them the fish.

I had great trouble in catching them, but, however, managed it, and in great excitement ran up to my auntie saying, my word! those fowls do love fish.

For auntie was dumfounded and ran in haste to the glass bowl, only to find out what I had said was true. She cried bitterly for a while, and then couldn't help laughing, for I had never seen goldfish or fowls before.

She did not scold me, but the incident stands out very vividly in my childhood recollections.

5/- to Mrs. G. Thurlow, 48 Edward St., Merewether, N.S.W.

Fire on a Ship

MY most memorable moment came last year when the Orient liner, Ormonde, caught fire off the Australian coast.

It was a grim moment when we were ordered to don the lifebelts and proceed to our muster stations.

The boats were lowered and for a terrifying half-hour we stood ready to step into them.

When the fire was under control we steamed ahead in an effort to reach Sydney. The flames gained fresh impetus, our fears increased, a gale sprang up; so the vessel hastened to Twofold Bay.

A special fire brigade raced from Sydney and succeeded in quelling the outbreak.

The following day we entered Sydney Heads and berthed in the harbor. The terror and anxiety now over, my most memorable moment was when my feet felt the solidity of land!

5/- to H. B. Bailey, The Oaks, Camden, N.S.W.

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invisible...



true skin tones
of special beauty

Powder shades for every type—carefully blended to give a clear, soft look even in the brightest light!

Pond's Powder is so fine and even, it spreads smooth and invisible—never shows up harsh, "powdery". Each shade is carefully worked out to lend special beauty to a different type of skin. Find the one that gives enchantment to your skin. Pond's Powder clings smooth and fresh looking for hours.

POND'S Face Powder

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will brighten
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night is
AMAMI
night!

Blondes: and brown haired girls should use Amami No. 1. This prepares the natural fair colors of the hair and emphasizes the beautiful brown tones.

Brunettes: should use Amami No. 2, which creates the right proportion of pure Egyptian Henna to bring out the natural gloss which makes dark hair so attractive. Containing Lemon Balm and Rosemary Tea

An Editorial

AUGUST 7, 1937

FASHION—LONG
MAY SHE REIGN!

WHAT a dull world it would be without Fashion!

In a nudist society, not only our bodies but our personalities would be stark, without that comforting adornment in which we now can wrap them.

Or if we wore clothes merely for warmth and decency without thought of appearance, we should be more drab than the sparrows—and less cheerful.

And even if we sought adornment, each in her own way, without exchanging ideas or following a general trend, humanity would lack a very fine mode of self-expression.

The mode in dress is a striking and sensitive reflection of the mood of a period.

And fashion is a wonderful stimulant. To be smartly dressed—even if inexpensively—is one of the best cures for the blues and one of the best ways of acquiring confidence to face the world.

Fashion builds up a bond between all women. Sisters under their skins they may be, but they feel more like sisters if they can see in each other's clothes outward evidence of an inward community of taste.

Once fashions were for great ladies only—then only for the rich or the would-be rich.

Now every woman, however poor, chooses whatever clothes she can afford by the same standards as the smartest women in the world.

THERE'S an international aspect, too. Surely there is less chance of blind hate and more chance of understanding and reasonable contact between people who dress alike than between nations which look to each other like groups of outlandish barbarians.

Besides, fashion as it is to-day is a medium for the expression of ideas—many of them very brilliant and beautiful ideas. Good clothes not only beautify our faces and figures—they enliven our minds.

Here's to Fashion—without it the world would be far less civilised.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Freak Fashion

EVERY woman was interested by the report that Mrs. Morton Downey, wife of the American radio star, arrived in England wearing "scandal stockings" at 30/- a pair, which last only a day.

Luxuries of this sort are merely freaks of fashion, and not the sort of thing that really appeals to the average woman. What she seeks is something that is really smart, but which will wear.

Glamor in the Air

THERE'S no glamor in the job of air-hostess, according to the airline proprietors who are daily employing more girls in this typically modern job.

They point out the rigid restrictions on dress, behaviour, and attitude. But if smiling through the long miles, through the busy days, through the anxious hours when storm and danger darken the sky is not a job with glamor, tell us one!

A School for Cooks

EXPERTS in several

States have approved the idea of an Australian school for cooks. The scheme, of course, applies to professional chefs rather than to housewives.

But housewives should favor it. For experience has shown that good cooking in any country is the joint product of brilliant professionalism and sound, sensible home methods.

No one can really live happily on a diet composed exclusively of the elaborate products of restaurant artists. But these craftsmen, with their limitless facilities, do contribute ideas that the good home cook can and must translate into practical catering to ordinary appetites. The one thing that is unforgeable is allegedly expert cooking that is the product of inferior training.

LYRIC OF LIFE

AFTER LONG YEARS

BETWEEN the pages of this book I pressed
A flower's petals; they are shrivelled dry,
Stiff and unliving that were once caressed
By eager hands in years too long gone by.

Here is their dust, here is the dust of dreams
Once brave with youth and steeped in sentiment,
Turbulent as the wild young mountain streams
Until they reach the slow ways of content.

This dust that was a flower meant to me
A night in youth, in years remembered yet,
And ardor that has lost its memory
And lips that age has taught me to forget.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Shall We Dance

A REVIVAL of folk dancing—or should we say an introduction of folk-dancing—is under way in various centres in Australia.

This is one of the wisest cultural developments we have made. It should do more to enrich and brighten the lives and minds of the mass of people than all the "high-brow" movements that start and prove sterile.

Dancing is a true art, but it is a simple one, coming from the heart and from the natural sense of rhythm and gaiety.

Australia has no peasantry—an excellent thing socially. But there is no reason why the simple and very beautiful dances of the peasants of the world should not lend a little color to the somewhat hard, practical outlines of our communal life.



FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE to Alice Springs. Two interesting letters were received this week by The Australian Women's Weekly. The first, from the Private Secretary to King George VI, states that he has been commanded by His Majesty "to thank the Editor for the Coronation issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. The other, by a coincidence, also refers to the Coronation issue, and is from Mrs. B. Simmonds, of Alice Springs, enclosing a snapshot which is reproduced above. It is of her son, Bobbie, aged 31 years, taken with the Coronation issue which, she says, they all enjoyed. "I have never missed procuring a copy of the paper since the first edition," she writes, "and am not likely to while such a delightful and entertaining book is to be had."

Native Fatalism

ONE of the saddest things about the Rabaul volcanic eruptions was the heavy loss of life among the natives. The official estimate is 424 dead, as against two Europeans and one Chinese.

When the first reports were issued giving the loss of life as negligible, a woman of Rabaul in a first-hand story of the disaster, which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly, challenged the figures.

Knowing how the native mind reacts, she forecast a heavy death-roll.

Latest figures have borne out this contention that the natives have a fate complex, and, unlike the whites, do not struggle against the apparently inevitable.

When Stars Set Gracefully

MARLENE DIETRICH says she does not plan to retire yet. A woman film star, she says, has an expectation of fifteen years of successful work.

How much more sensible is this attitude than that of the equally successful stage star of an earlier day, who invariably tried to keep on appealing to her "dear public" until they howled her down or, worse still, simply stayed away.

Commercialism in dramatic entertainment, though it has much to answer for, has at least produced a consciousness of the practical importance of what the public wants.

Handsome
King May
Visit Us!

Although King Leopold of Belgium will not come to Australia next year, plans are now under consideration for a visit later on.

Australia would gladly welcome a visit from this man, who has been described as Europe's handsomest and most tragic King.

AS a Prince of thirteen he saw Belgium ravaged by the war. Romantically married at 23, he became King at 32, when his father fell to death in a tragic mountains accident.

Eighteen months later he and Belgium were bereaved again. His lovely Queen Astrid was killed when a car, driven by the King, overturned.

As Royal matrimonial market prizes are becoming scarce, and princes and princesses are finding their choice more and more restricted, it was not long before matchmakers were talking of another marriage for the widower King. These rumors were officially denied. The King still mourns Astrid.

Leopold was born at Brussels on November 3, 1901. A soldier by profession, he received his training with a "promotion" of young officers at the Ecole Militaire in Brussels.

It is said that Leopold underwent the same Spartan training as the youthful blue bloods of Belgium, even including getting out of his narrow iron bed at 5.30 and dining off economical bread of a rich dark mud color.

At the outbreak of the war, when King Albert personally led the Belgian army in the forlorn attempt to stem the German advance, Leopold was in England at Eton.

Persistently he sought to join the colors, and at last his father allowed him to cross the Channel and join the Belgian army.

So at the age of 13, the heir to the throne of Belgium was enlisted as a private and spent a year filling sandbags behind the front lines.

When Belgium was over-run by the German armies, the youthful Leopold was packed back to school at Eton. He later rejoined his father at the front and marched with the victorious troops.

After the Armistice he returned to Eton, and later toured abroad.

When as Duke of Brabant he was a schoolboy at Eton, he was good at English and had at French, so various English papers have recorded.

He was a good footballer and got his "House colors," so his English popularity stood in no hazard. At one time he "fagged" for the Duke of Gloucester.

He is the first English schoolboy who ever became a European monarch.

Royal Romance

IN 1924 he married Princess Astrid, daughter of Prince Oscar Charles, brother of the King of Sweden.

The civil ceremony of marriage between the Prince of Brabant and the Royal Princess of Sweden took place in the Throne Room of the Royal Palace of Stockholm.

Princess Astrid was regarded as one of Europe's most eligible princesses and before Leopold won her hand it was even rumored that she might become the bride of England's Edward.

Of dark complexion, this charming brunette fell in love with Leopold, as he did with her, and one of the supposedly few real love matches among royal people was made.

A happy mother, a woman of the world, and a lovely inspiration in society, photographed everywhere for the smartness of her clothes, she was at once a dutiful wife and a devotee of all simple things.

King Leopold's romance, which promised to compensate so much for earlier sorrows, ended on a note more tragic than any previous incident, when the Royal car crashed at Lake Lucerne and Queen Astrid was killed.

The three little children of Astrid and Leopold live at the Chateau of Laeken.

Princess Josephine Charlotte, of Belgium, is now 10 years old, Baudoin, Duke of Brabant, is 7, and Albert, Prince of Liege, is 3.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



IF YOU'D Look Smart ... BE ORIGINAL!



L. W. Lower Strikes a New Note on the New Fashions

There's quite a hubbub in the fashion department at the moment on account of the new spring fashions. I am practically run off my feet answering inquiries and advising on styles and materials.

Costumes on tailored lines will be very popular this season. I understand that they are to have a slight fullness towards the middle. This means that you can let your head go on the eels.

AN exasperatingly chic effect is obtained with the hat on model 1724 on page eight of the Pattern Supplement. It may be used either as a hat or an ash-tray. It may also be used as a blanch-mange mould. An egg-whisk stuck on the side gives it that

modern touch, at the same time adding to its usefulness. It may be described as a general utility hat. Worn upside down it looks just as good.

The dirndl is something excruciatingly new. It is a Swiss peasant frock with, I am told, a full skirt. The Swiss peasants are always full. It

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

is just too ravishing for parties where modelling is going on.

Bedingotes are still popular although it is hard to tell why. They are smelly animals at the best of times.

Peter Pan collars are going to be much worn. Named after the well-known horse, they give that racy effect without making one look too much like a horse.

Hats are bucking up wonderfully. They may be trimmed with flowers, fruit, butterflies or vegetables. With the fruit trimmings a couple of artificial grubs added give an astonishingly redoubtable effect.

With regard to the fruit and vegetables, it is advisable to practise a little restraint. Pumpkins, vegetable marrow, cabbages, bananas, and potatoes, mashed or otherwise, should all be used sparingly, otherwise one is inclined to become lumpy-sided and it is somewhat difficult to preserve a good carriage when staggering along under a load of vegetables.

Did I tell you that skirts are to be shorter? Evening frocks are also to be shorter. This doesn't mean that you can turn up to a ball in kilts, but the ankles may be shown.

How To Cut Patterns

A PERFECTLY devastating street frock made of coin-spot canvas in green with string pockets and billiard-chalk facings is something quite new. A scoring-board hung across the back completes the effect, although it is not necessary and might appear ostentatious. Restraint is the keynote.

Large floral patterns will also be popular. A small watering-can pinned on the bodice gives a stunningly spring-like effect, and if blood and bone dust is used as a cosmetic one strikes that garden-ish note so essential at garden parties.

Now about making your own frocks from patterns. The main thing to do is to keep your block.

I understand that there is no prize for putting the various bits together as the designers never thought of that. However, anyone with acumen, perseverance, care and sufficient thought should find little difficulty, although it would be better if the person making the frock were also clairvoyant.

The best way to go about it is to spread the material on the floor, place the patterns on top and then cut. One then has two frocks, one cut out of the material and the other cut out of the linoleum.

It must be definitely understood that the designer is not responsible for anyone who goes mad trying to find out which piece goes where when the frock is being put together.

A little advice to husbands would not be amiss. KEEP WELL OUT OF THE WAY. A woman making a frock for herself is best left strictly alone.

One may say, "That's nice material." One might even add, "It ought to look real well when you get it made up—if ever."

You add the last bit under your

L. W. LOWER is fashion-minded at the moment, and is here shown considering his mode for the spring by a contemplation of the fashions he has graced in the past.

breath. But say nothing more.
If a woman friend should call to see the wife it is fairly safe to get out and go for a walk. You might just as well not be there. They won't even know you're gone.
"What lovely material!"
"Yes, I got it for one and elevenpence three-farthings a yard at Raggo's. They're having a sale. You ought to go. I'm not sure whether this piece goes here . . . or there. Do you think it belongs to the sleeve?"
"Let me have a look, dear."
By this time, if the husband has any sense, he is well up the street and still going.
And above all, my lad, when she at last puts it on, ADMIRE IT! Say, "My word, it does look smart!"
"Don't you think it looks a bit inclined to hang down at the sides?"
"Certainly not!"
"I think I should have allowed a little more at the waist."
"I think you've made a remarkably good job of it. I didn't know you were so clever, my precious."
That way lies peace. Never mind about your conscience. And don't snigger at the hat she gets to go with the frock. Or the shoes to match the hat. Or the new handbag she had to buy to go with the shoes.
FORK OUT AND SHUT UP!

Who would think
that she'd
Just had
the 'FLU

TO-DAY she's herself again—a picture of health and vitality. Yet 'flu left her as it leaves all of us — depressed, unable to sleep, without appetite or energy. Why not do as she did? Start at once with a course of Bile Beans and speed up your recovery.

These fine vegetable pills tone up the digestive organs, enrich the blood and remove those poisons which invariably remain in the system after 'flu. Thus, Bile Beans clear the way for a safe and speedy return to perfect health.

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"Following influenza, I couldn't get my health back. I became heavy, weak and was as depressed as I often felt like having a good cry. I was in bed for days. But Bile Beans were wonderful. They built me up splendidly, and made a bright, cheerful woman of me."
—Mrs. E. Russell.

"I was dependent, run-down and sleepless after an attack of influenza. I became alarmed at my low state of health. I can't be too grateful to Bile Beans for so thoroughly toning me up. I haven't felt better for many a year."
—Miss L. Sharp.

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WATCH how vigorous and full of energy the children grow when you give them a spoonful of Saunders' Malt Extract after every meal. It's only to be expected, too, for Saunders' Malt Extract supplies those nourishing vitamins and minerals so essential to glowing health. And Saunders' Malt Extract saves the children from many digestive complaints because it helps the assimilation of other foods.

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Make Dull Teeth look Sparkling White

TRUST YOUR DENTIST
— he says use Kolynos



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Dentists recommend Kolynos Dental Cream because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching

action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Use only half-an-inch of KOLYNOS, the proved antiseptic and germicidal tooth paste, on a dry brush—and for two minutes! Your mouth will immediately feel cleaner and fresher and your teeth will glisten and sparkle. Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

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TRAPPED

Continued from Page 7

FOR one of the few times in his life Wallaby Jim was distinctly shocked. He stared at the girl and his jaw fell.

"The Kestrel," he managed at last. "How did you know?"

She laughed shakily. "I'm so glad. I . . . we came out this morning really to see . . . that is I hoped there might be a chance."

Wallaby bent frowning, picked up the heavy bush knife lying by the green coconuts, slashed the top off one and drank again.

"May I ask you are?" he inquired, wiping his lips.

"Myrna Lawrence," she said. "My stepfather runs the Carson trading-post at Brills Inlet over there." She nodded at the near coast. "You . . . you must be . . ."

"Captain Carstairs," he gravely agreed. "Wallaby Jim."

"Wallaby Jim," she said in a strained voice. "I'm glad. I thought perhaps he would have shot you or stunned you before throwing you overboard."

"Who?"

"Why, Mr. Walters. He's . . . he and my stepfather are partners. I don't know quite how, nor in what. Not in the trading-post. That is supposed to belong to me. It was my father's and he left it to me. But when my mother married again, she shuddered and stopped. 'I think I'm glad she died. He's a devil. He won't let me go away. He runs everything.'"

Wallaby beat down the natural craving for a cheroot and considered.

"I think I'm beginning to see the light, Miss Lawrence," he said at last. "Your stepfather, Carson, and this Walters are partners. This was all planned. Even to getting rid of me here."

She nodded, keeping the gig tacking back and forth while they talked, as if she realised things must be settled before they landed.

"I used to hear them planning it months ago. Months ago. It was so cold-blooded. I've known they've done other things, too, but I couldn't stop them. I couldn't stop them this time, but I thought I'd come out and cruise around a while and see if a miracle might have happened and you were still alive."

Wallaby nodded and leaned forward to press her hand.

"Haven't you any other relatives you could have written to or got word to, so they could take you away, or at least get this trading-post business straightened out?"

She shook her head.

"There's no one. Only," she flushed a little, "the Captain of the trading schooner Tamarack, and my stepfather had forbidden him to anchor in Brills Inlet any more, after he found out we were thinking of getting married."

WALLABY smiled grimly and his grey eyes became twin slits of ice.

"I seem to have fallen into something interesting," he observed drily. "And I like interesting things. What did they plan to do with my second mate and crew, and what are they going to do with the Kestrel?"

She bit her lip.

"I believe the crew was to be landed ashore and captured and sold to the hill natives. You know what that means. The Kestrel must be in Brills Inlet by now. Walters used to be a forger, and he's going to fix up the proper papers, saying you sold the ship to him. Then he's going to sell her and sell the cargo somewhere. I'm not certain of the details."

Wallaby frowned. "I wonder why they didn't arrange to get rid of me before the Kestrel got this far," he mused. She shook her head.

"I don't know. Perhaps they thought there would be trouble with your second mate and the men. But your disappearing here would give Walters an excuse to anchor in Brills Inlet. There would be no excuse otherwise, and I heard Walters telling my stepfather once that your crew would probably be hard to handle, unless things looked just right."

Wallaby nodded.

"Most of the men have been with me for years," he agreed drily. "And since my disappearance probably wouldn't have been discovered until the steward came to call me this morning, Walters counted on having the Kestrel almost at the Inlet by that time, the men thinking it was

by my orders. Well, we'll attend to all that."

She watched him with eyes that were suddenly bright and hard.

"What do you intend to do, Captain Carstairs?"

"Land me some place ashore near the trading-post, but out of sight," he said decisively. "Behave as though you knew nothing about me, but when you have a chance, smuggle me out a cartridge-belt and gun. Leave the rest to me."

"It won't be easy," she warned him. "Besides Mr. Walters and my stepfather, there's a half-caste Chinaman named Lanton who helps with the post work and . . . other things. I'm frightened of him. He flogs his women sometimes, and you can hear them screaming . . ."

She shuddered and stopped. "You think you can do anything against the three of them? Your crew won't be able to help, because it's all arranged for them to be shut up as soon as the Kestrel is in. She must be in now."

"I'll handle things," the white man promised grimly.

On the verandah of the Carson bungalow at Brills Inlet, three men sat drinking in the cool of the young morning. There was Carson, a massive, dark, pock-marked man, still in his pyjamas at this early hour. His assistant, Lanton, a half-caste Chinaman, sat on one side of him, thin, vicious and hairless, naked to the waist. Walters, mate of the Kestrel, sprawled scowling in a long cane chair some distance away, and angrily swirled his gin round his glass. There had been some heated words.

"I tell you it wasn't necessary," he protested. "No white man could live through that surf, even if he did make the five or six miles to shore through the sharks. A Kanaka maybe . . . but a white man, no!"

"YOU ought to have stunned him or shot him first, anyway," Carson swore. "There's no sense in taking chances."

"If I'd tried to stun him or if I'd shot him, there'd have been an alarm. You don't know that crew. They think Wallaby Jim's about the next thing to Napoleon or something."

"The fact probably is, you were scared of him," Carson sneered. "Too scared to make a pass or try a gun."

The half-caste shrugged and looked up, his beady eyes glittering. "Why so concerned about one man?" he demanded. "Even if he is Wallaby Jim. There's three of us, and we've got a dozen boys."

Carson glowered at him. "It's all right for you to talk, Lanton," he blazed. "You've never met the devil! I have!"

Walters grunted a moody assent. He stood up and shook himself irritably. "Let's forget it. I tell you Wallaby's gone. We've got the Kestrel anchored in the inlet here; we've got the crew in the stockade there," he jerked his head towards a heavily fenced patch of ground round which armed native guards patrolled. "To-night the hill chiefs come down and we unload. Kill two birds with one stone. Get rid of awkward witnesses and cash in on the sale."

Lanton laughed a little.

"What do we care about the crew?" And he added, carefully, with a sidelong glance at Carson, "It's the girl that worries me."

Carson jerked up and stared at him.

"Meaning what?"

"She knows too much. She guesses a lot more. Twice you've had trouble with her, keeping her from running away with that young captain of the Tamarack."

Carson swore.

"I put a stop to that," he said grimly. "A couple of the boys and me went over him properly last time he came here and we got him alone. And I told him if he came again I'd flog the hide of Myrna." He brooded a moment. "I'll tame that little devil yet," he added then.

Lanton laughed, half-smilingly. "You'd better marry her first."

"That'll all be taken care of as soon as this deal's finished. We'll be fixed for life with what we've already got cached away. I've got a buyer for the post in Samarai, a friend of mine who ain't too particular."

Walters hitched at his cartridge-belt and began to walk nervously back and forth.

"I suppose I've got to forge papers for that deal too?" he said petulantly. Carson nodded.

Please turn to Page 30

EYE STRAIN!
corrected
WITHOUT GLASSES

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WEAK EYES:
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SHORT SIGHT:
LONG SIGHT:
SQUINT:
and other forms of
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...and how is she easy to identify?

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WIFE (to husband): You like that hat and I like this one, so I had better take both just to please you.



THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR: Why didn't I make sure that giraffe was dead before I swallowed him?



JUDGE: What, you here again? Aren't you ashamed to be seen here?

BILL: Oh, no! What's good enough for you is good enough for me.



"We had a burglar break into our house last night."
"Did he get anything?"
"I'll say he did; the wife thought it was me."



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Address
1/8/37.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

VISITOR: Who's the most enterprising man in town?
Native: You'd better ask somebody else. I never talk about myself.

"DARLING, I think marriages were made in Heaven."
"Yes, and if all men were as slow as you they'd have to be."

"CURIOUS idea of your son's, collecting old magazines."
"But he's going to be a dentist."

"YES, dear," she said to her friend, over tea, "my husband is the only man who has ever kissed me."
"Really, darling? Er, but, tell me, are you bragging, or complaining?"

"DON'T you think a real friend ought to feel sympathetic when one needs money?"
"I think a good many friends in such cases are touched."

HUSBAND: You are extravagant! That electric fire has been burning upstairs all day.
Wife: Don't worry, dear. It's not ours. I borrowed it from next door.

"LOOK, dear, I bought this device to-day—it's to save labor in the kitchen."
"What kind of labor?"
"Gosh! I forgot to ask!"

"I HEAR you had dancing at your garden party yesterday."
"Yes. One of my party accidentally upset a beehive."



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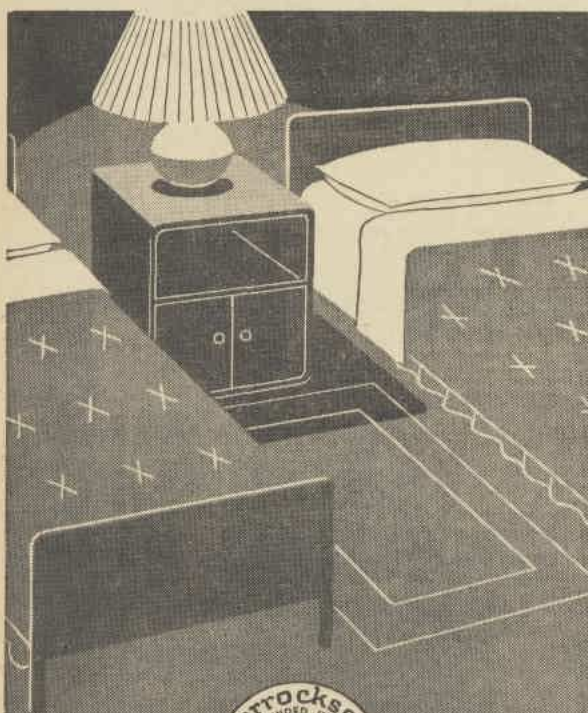
Travel by sea to Cairns for your winter holiday, through the calm lazy seas of the Great Barrier Reef. Cruise among the islands lying like emerald jewels in sheltered waters, with brilliantly coloured coral reefs and virgin tropical jungle. Enjoy swimming in warm blue lagoons—wonderful fishing—beautiful scenery—rich coastal lands, and magnificent mountains. All the pleasures of shipboard life are yours:—Dancing, deck games, swimming, congenial companions, and the quiet unobtrusive service of the ship's staff makes your enjoyment complete.

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FRIENDS Soon FORGET

Continued from Page 8

WHEN he proposed to her it was the greatest shock of her life because Dannie was always regarded by their set as a sort of a joke.

Chin on hand, leaning on the rail, Jane remembered, and, remembering, had to laugh all over again. It was out at the Sailing Club at a moonlight picnic. The moon hung like a decoration over the water, like a gigantic orange Chinese lantern. She found herself sitting on the springboard next to Dannie, and said to herself:

"What on earth am I sitting with this old insect for? In any case, who asked him to the party?"

It hadn't been a very successful party at all, this one. Somebody had brought along a whole lot of the wrong sort of people, quite nice in their way and all that, said Jane, but about as invigorating as a slice of thick bread and butter.

There was a girl called Allison Firth, with a thick fringe and a shy manner, and terrible clothes, and sort of queer Japanese eyes.

She just sat, and giggled, and said "Oh!" and was obviously shocked at some of their jokes, though she pretended not to be. Ken, and Bug-gins, and Mikkie, and Algie went about asking everybody who had brought that kid along, but no one seemed to know.

All this passed through Jane's mind as she sat beside Dannie on the springboard, trailing one brown toe in the water and thinking how dull he was. Presently she said, because the others were an unspeakably long time changing, and there seemed to be nothing else to say:

"A penny for your thoughts, Dannie." Dannie replied with quite alarming directness:

"I was wondering what would be the end of you."

She stared at him, her pretty eyes dilated with surprise. Dannie had never paid her any compliments like the other chaps, but she had always taken it for granted it was more because he was struck quite dumb, and not because he sort of pitied her. It was the last word, being pitied by Dannie.

He took off his glasses and rubbed them with his finger and thumb and, so doing, transformed himself, as if they were some sort of magic gadgets, from a thing that blows in the lamp on a wet night to an elderly uncle, or spiritual pastor, or master or something that thinks it is in a position to preach.

"Yes," said Dannie. "You've had a wonderful time out here. You've got a thoroughly exaggerated idea of your own place in the scheme of things. And now you'll go home, and find the world is full of girls, my love."

SHE said: "I'm not your love, and you are being very disagreeable. As a matter of fact, I am going on the stage."

"Him!" he said. "Of course, Jane, the trouble is, these days, that you girls are all so beastly bright. Men still want to get married, but they don't want to risk fusing the home. It's more attractive when someone else is paying for the current, if you understand me. Ten years ago, girls who came out here always got married."

"Thank you for nothing. That's the last thing I would care to do."

"What else did your parents bring you out for, do you think?"

"Certainly not for that," said Jane tartly, and thought: "What a hearty lie." For only that morning her mother had said, "A pity, dear, you couldn't find someone, and settle down. I'm sure, I had a baby in a pram and one more promised when I was your age."

"I want a career," said Jane, trailing one toe in the water, and looking at the orange decoration of a moon that made a pathway scintillating as ambition across the liquid amber of the water. "I want to do something. I am going to be a famous actress. Mark my words, Dannie, you'll see my picture in the papers one day, and say 'I knew her!'"

"Practically every girl I know is going on the stage," said Dannie. "If every girl who wanted to go on the stage, got on the stage, there wouldn't be anyone left for audience. Poor old Jane! You know,

I'd like to spare you a lot of heart-ache if I could."

"Well, aren't you a wet snail," she said. "Right in the middle of the back."

"No, I'm probably the one real friend you have."

"Heaven preserve me from real friends, then. And, anyhow, you can't have read your paper, or you'd realise I have one more at least."

"Old Chris, you mean? 'She made us feel young. She was like a bright flame. There will never be another Jane. (Signed) Aggagagg.'" He laughed softly. "It's probably true. But, darling, there will be a Pam and a Muriel. And after that several Bettys and a Flora. That is a woman's tragedy. She imagines she is unique, whereas she is only part of a scheme."

She looked at him and her eyes softened suddenly and the corners of her mouth twitched. She understood, now. She had never been very kind to Dannie. Girls weren't. Now he was getting his own back on her. She said, gently:

"And now let's have your solution to all this."

She nestled against him, her bare shoulder touching his, but Dannie did not respond as many would have responded.

"Marry me," he said. "I can give you a home and an object in life, and I am extremely fond of you, Jane. What else do you think would have induced me to hunt with this perfectly impossible pack of young nitwits, all grinning like dogs and

My Favorite Poem

LIFE IS LIKE THAT
By Spencer Hare

Poets are supposed to write
Poems, to show how life is run—
While singers are supposed to
sing
Songs of love, when day is
done—
The clown, I know, should al-
ways be
A fellow full of comedy—
With pantomime * * * nothing
spoken;
Even though his heart be
broken.
But things are mixed, and so we
find
The poet has the singer's mind,
The singer has the clown's
heart * * *
While clowns possess the poet's
art.
Sent in by H.B., Punchbowl,
N.S.W.

running about the city. It was just that I had my eye on you."

"You sweet," she said, nestling against him. "Do go on."

"I could give you a setting, Jane. A woman is like a precious stone. She wants a setting or she is liable to get lost. This carefree life is all very enticing while you're young, but like others, Jane, you won't be young for ever."

She said, with a sudden burst of anger:

"Marry? You? Don't make me laugh, Dannie."

He said, biting his pipe:

"Tell me. Anyone else asked you?"

"I'll tell you nothing whatever."

"That's answer enough for me. They haven't. They've kissed you, and had a lot of fun, and you have all been chaps together. But it isn't the chaps that the chaps want to marry, darling. That's the saddest part, and the chaps never know it in time. Not until they see the chaps going off with another of those quiet little things that can say their 'Duty Towards Their Neighbor' without pausing to draw breath, and knit stockings. For the rest, you all grin like dogs and run about the city."

"Oh," she said, "I'm tired of you and your wisdom, and your good advice all dog-eared at the corners."

She gave him one push and he fell with a plop into the water. The others came running to look, hearing the noise, laughing, about- ing.

"Hello, Jane, have you savaged him?"

"Yes. He had the cheek to pro- pose to me. What do you think of that?"

Please turn to Page 62

LENTHERIC

FOR
LIPSTICKS

Cocktail-proof—lasting—ex- quisitely flattering, these new lipsticks created by the master perfumer, Lenthéric. In six smart shades that you will love.



3/8—REFILLS 2/6

LIPSTICKS

BY

LENTHERIC

FACE POWDER - COLOGNES - PERFUMES
ROUGES - NAIL POLISHES - L.C.

LUNG TROUBLE

AT LAST, A PROVED EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR LUNG, CHEST, AND CATARRHAL TROUBLES

For years now, this is what patients have been reporting from time to time, after using MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION...

Almost immediate relief is felt: The Cough is soon less distressing; Haemorrhages and night sweats cease:

Mucus is brought away easily, gradually diminishes, and finally disappears:

Appetite improves:

Strength is regained:

Able to breathe easily, walk dis- tances, even up hill, without dis- tress:

Disquieting hacking and spitting is stopped:

CASES THAT HAVE PREVIOUSLY TRIED EVERYTHING HAVE BEEN TREATED BY MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION WITH SUCCESS:

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"I am progressing wonderfully. I have no spasm, and the cough is much better thanks to your treatment, and I am also putting on weight. The Doctor gave me a few months to live, but all that is changed now. I am able to sleep at night, my voice is stronger. I am straight instead of bent over. I have a great appetite and am much brighter—and best of all, I have a feeling of getting better. Membrocus has done all that."

ASTHMA

"I think your treatment is wonderful before starting on it I could not sleep at night. Within a week I could lie down and sleep, and the amount of mucus that came away surprised me. It is wonderful to be rid of this dreadful disease."

BRONCHITIS

"I wish to say how pleased I am. After only 8 days' treatment. The cough is much better, and I am able to go to bed without the fear of being awakened through the night."

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Buddys Evening Shoes and Hollywood Revels



16/9

The talk of the dancing world—is "Hildegarde". A spruce satin one-strap sandal in black or white, Cuban heels. Half sizes 2 to 7. Price, 16/9. Also in a T-bar style, with Louis heels, 17/9.

Cleverly designed, and ultra sophisticated is the "Camille" sandal. Half sizes 2 to 7. In gold kid. Price, 29/6. Silver kid. Price, 24/9. Also in red, white or blue calf. Priced at 17/9.



29/6



10/9

Unusual in character, and so bewitching. "Biltmore" shows out in regal black velvet with thin silver kid strip trim. Comfortable to wear, too. Louis heels. 2 to 7. Price, 10/9.



9/11

"The Rebel". A compliment to the lady—and a "string complement" to her gown. Of gold or silver cloth, also black satin or black velvet. High Louis heels. 2 to 7. Price, 9/11.



12/9

"Romance" gives a slender foot a chance to show its grace. An elegant T-bar in green, blue or black velvet with silver kid trim. High covered Louis heels. 2 to 7. Price, 12/9.

● **Business Girls' Luncheon.** It's the week's most popular functional. Delicious lunch, and always somebody of importance as Guest of Honour. Blaxland Galleries at 1 p.m. every Tuesday, and only 1/-.

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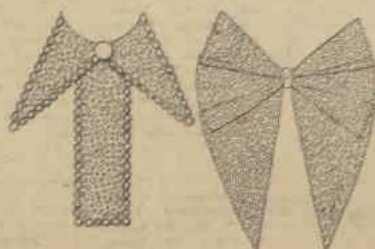
We had hoped to import this belt in time for the Cosmocon but, unfortunately, it arrived too late. Made by a world-famous manufacturer from heavy silk faille, with flaps, etc., on the design. Strong elastic inlets over hips. 14 inches long. 25 to 28 in. Usily, 21/-. Special, 5/6.

Ground Floor, Pitt Street.



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For rejuvenation of that new frock! Crisp, fresh Imported Cotton—will stand heaps of tubbing and wear. White Pique Collar, embroidered eyelets. 5/11. Neat Muslin Collar Jabot in white. Price, 3/11. Snappy! Front fitting collar and tab. Price, 3/11. Eyelined Muslin Bow. Yours for only 3/11.



Exciting, new 'Top-Not' 3/11

The crown of the hour! All the smart women of Paris are wearing them for tennis, golf, skating, yachting, and any other occasion when you want the hair kept smartly in position. Wear well back to disclose hairline... and tilt slightly over right eye. In amber, black, navy, brown, white, cherry, wine, rust, fido, sage, green. On the Third Floor.

82/6 Cutlery Canteen 59/6

A saving of 25/-! Beautifully made and well finished Cabinet containing six table and six dessert knives (mirror polished blades), six of each—silver-plated. "A" quality Table Forks, Dessert Forks, Dessert Spoons, Soup Spoons, Teaspoons.

Ground Floor, New Building.





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AT ALL STORES

WHO ARE WORLD'S Loveliest WOMEN?

**Famous Artist Places
Americans 1
Australians 2**

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our
Special Correspondent in London

James Montgomery Flagg, famous American artist and successor to Harrison Fisher as portrayer of feminine beauty, is paying his first visit to England in twenty-five years.

While he regards American women as the most beautiful in the world, he believes, from a study of conditions, that Australian girls approximate more closely to them than any other race.

WHEN I interviewed this sun-tanned man of sixty, with iron-grey hair, at the Savoy Hotel, he said women hadn't changed much in the last fifty years.

He challenged the generally-accepted dictum that French women were the most attractive.

"While you find beautiful women everywhere, generally speaking, the Anglo-Saxon types are the finest in the world," he said.

"Of these I place Americans first, because probably they are healthier than most. Undoubtedly they look after themselves better."

"The Americans have an ideal of beauty which the majority endeavor to live up to. They dress, make-up and exercise towards this end."

Mr. Flagg said, humorously, that he had been drawing women for fifty years. He started on cats when two

years old, which was good practice for drawing women.

"I do not find them changed either mentally or in their figures since I first started drawing them. Despite fashion externals the eternal feminine remains the same."

Mr. Flagg said he had had no experience of Australian women, but from a study of their conditions he believed they approximated more closely to Americans than any other race.

"While women should pursue the ideal of perfection in dress and make-up, I cannot stand the woman who is always flourishing her powder-puff."

The artist said the average French



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, famous American artist, who considers the Anglo-Saxon types the most beautiful women in the world.

woman was over made-up and too vivacious, and added:

"Tranquillity and poise are most important in a really beautiful woman. Women of to-day should dress in the fashions of to-day which express the ideals of the times."

Mr. Flagg is married and has a daughter, Faith, aged 12.

He said he lives mostly alone because "living alone is the only way for an artist if he wants to work."

Asked to define beauty, Mr. Flagg said: "I wish I could. If so I would do all the writers and poets out of jobs. They have not succeeded in defining the undefinable, so how can I?"

WHAT Is Your PET PHOBIA?

Even Normal People Have Them

Are you normal? Then you have a phobia.

At least, that is the opinion of the psychology department of the Westminster College in America.

A PHOBIA is a fear of something, such as "claustrophobia," fear of confined spaces, such as caves and ship cabins, etc., "bacteriophobia," fear of germs, or "strophobia," fear of lightning, "ophidiophobia," fear of snakes, "acrophobia," fear of high places. These are among the more common phobias.

There are 27 known phobias to choose from, according to the department, so take your pick. If you have more than one, have no fear, because these psychology students say you can have ten and still claim normalcy. If you have all, you are a phobia-maniac.

Obscure and Common
To help you choose your pet phobia they list:

"Triskaidephobia," fear of being the 13th at a dinner or party; "toxiophobia," fear of poisoning; "thanatophobia," fear of death; "taphophobia," fear of being buried alive; "pyrophobia," fear of fire; "pharmacophobia," fear of drugs; "ochlophobia," fear of crowds; "mycophobia," fear of darkness; "geophrophobia," fear of crossing bridges; "ergasiophobia," fear of work; "autophobia," fear of solitude; "anthropophobia," fear of people, and "allurophobia," fear of cats.

The most obscure of all human phobias are "allurophobia," fear of cats; "siderodromophobia," fear of railroads; "neophobia," fear of new things, and "photophobia," fear of light.

If you are addicted with "verbamagophobia"—fear of big words—then how did you read this far?

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THERE'S NEW

LIFE IN EVERY BOTTLE

TOOHEYS OATMEAL STOUT

The Stout in the Stout Bottle

THE SAME PRICE AS ORDINARY STOUT

FASHION PORTFOLIO

FIRST SECTION — DESIGNS BY OUR ARTISTS

August 7, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Page One.



- THE SPRING ENSEMBLE: Natural woollen coat, innocent of buttons and casually held by a scarflike belt. Worn over paisley print dress of navy colors.
- THE SPRING SUIT: Shows the modern feeling in prints. Tiny white aeroplanes in flight over black background. Unusual white pique revers. Halo hat in black straw.
- THE FLORAL EVENING DRESS: Formula for vivid printed satin and crepes, draped bodice and neckline, slim, simple skirt worn with full-length taffeta coat of plain color, either light or dark. Velvet ribbon belt.
- THE BLACK EVENING DRESS: The alternative silhouette for evening. Lace made mysterious with a full flaring overskirt of net.

THE SKETCHES on this page illustrate the day and evening trend which fashion experts believe will be the most popular of the season.

For daytime in early Spring, neat little suits will vie in popularity with ensembles comprising feather-weight woollen coats over printed silk dresses.

Paisley promises to be one of the most popular of the prints, and many novel effects are featured in other prints which have drawn their inspiration from the news and other developments of modern times.

Fashion Parade

The silhouette of the suit is slim and strictly tailored. The basque is very short and very plain, thus differing markedly from the basques of last year. The neckline is higher and generally collarless. Sleeves are slightly emphasised in width at the shoulder-line, but not high or exaggerated. The ensemble silhouette is also slim fitted and only slightly flaring.

Evening frocks show two contrasting trends. One is for the slim, tailored line, and the other for the voluminous skirted model which outlines the figure to the hips and thence attains enormous width. The former is very suited for the many vivid printed fabrics available, where intricate cutting destroys the effect of the pattern. Soft fabrics lend themselves well to the latter type.

MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*



Glamorous Evening Prints

The New Designs are so Dramatic and Colorful that Frocks fashioned of them should be Simple in Cut.

● **FLORAL** tulle — huge orchids printed on the palest grey background—for a simple frock with swirling wing skirt and cleverly-draped décolletage.

● **THIS** dancer frock of cyclamen rose tulle, with a print of pastel floral bouquets in an all-over design giving almost the effect of large spots.

● **DULL-SURFACED** satin printed in stripes of varying jade-green with an overprint of small coral-colored flowers, makes a dramatic gown which features an enormously full skirt with most of the flare at the back.

GLOWING FABRICS *For* SPRING DAYS



ACTUAL pieces of new spring printed fabrics were used by our fashion artist, Petrov, in creating the designs and background for this page.

The completed page was then photographed in natural colors and reproduced by our special colored artgravure process.

The Australian Women's Weekly is the only newspaper in Australia, and the only one in the British Empire, doing this type of work, and the success of the result is a tribute to the skill and artistry of the Australian artists and craftsmen in our organisation.

Fabrics used by Petrov include (from the left), an animal

novelty knoppe, high-grade floral silk and a Paisley design in pure silk. For the background Petrov used:

For the green hills—another novelty knoppe.

For the tree—a geographical pure silk.

The ground is a silk in a design called "Dancing Flowers," and in the foreground is a floral knoppe.

SLEEK LINES for... SHOES

MUCH interest centres in the new spring shoes. Just as frock fashions show more thought and more artistry than in any previous year, so do shoes fall happily into the picture with sleek tailored lines, delightful fabrics and designs specially created to companion vivacious spring frocks.

Our artist, Petrov, has sketched on this page a number of attractive examples of shoes suitable for every type of fashion occasion.



● A SMART GABERDINE OXFORD for afternoon wear. It has perforated suede circles at the side, toe and back. The combination of fabrics is very smart.



● ABOVE: An attractive evening sandal in a gay plaid design, bound and strapped with gold kid.



● WHITE KID SANDAL, edged with red, and with a trim of three red buttons.



● A COURT SHOE of black suede has a tongue in the shape of a curling leaf of satin, edged in gold.



● A BEAUTIFUL SHOE of silver kid has an elaborate mesh front.



● TWO HEIGHTS in leather heels. That above is an interesting stitched Oxford in navy suede. Below it is a light hogan, cross-ribbed.



● A MONK-FRONTED SHOE in navy suede with gilt studs and side lacing.



● TWO "FLATIES" The top is the moccasin type with dark suede over the heel, and the lower one a colored welt with matching laces on rough suede.

SHARTEX

Cool. Crisp. Immaculate

Frocks in this miracle new fabric originated by Spectator SPORTSWEAR look like sharkskin or linen, but being knitted are crease-resisting and easy-to-laundry. They keep their clear beauty no matter how often they are washed. Marvellous in white—see the new colours too—Popcorn, Alpine Blue, Blonde Beige, Festival Green, and Crushed Rose they are guaranteed absolutely fast.

Sold throughout Australia.

Spectator
SPORTSWEAR
created by
LUCAS



TWELVE Questions To TEST YOUR SENSE of DRESS

44 marks—you're a miracle
32 marks—pretty smart
20 marks—about average
Below 20—reform

HERE'S a test to show you whether your clothes sense is good, bad or just medium.

Answer these twelve questions honestly, and give yourself marks.

Each question can earn four marks.

x Indicates that you haven't earned any for that particular question.

And, by the way, if you don't show up well on this marking, every question contains a suggestion to help you to reform.

1 When buying, do you first study fashion news and drawings, decide what will suit you, then plan what you can afford and visit several shops until you find what you want (4), or do you go into one shop only and hurry away with whatever seemed to suit you and was the price you wanted to pay (x)?



2 Are you sure of your own taste (4) or do you allow friends, salesgirls, mannequins to confuse your own judgment (x)?

3 Do you buy methodically with a mind to the completed outfit (4) or frivol away your allowance disproportionately?

No bad marks for the tail end of that question. Sometimes it is clever dressing to go lavish on a hat when the rest of the outfit is inexpensive—makes the whole thing look like rich simplicity.

But even splashes should be planned. Jumpers, shoes, hats can be paying extravagances, but gloves, stockings or belts that cost more than you can afford rarely make up for lost spending.

5 Do you have your hats steamed and fresh bands or trimmings put on when they begin to look tatty (good hat-ters will usually do this free or for a very small charge if you

are a customer) (4) or go on wearing them until they're so shabby you have to get a new one (x)?

6 Do you take an interest in your clothes after the newness has worn off, and make the most of them by trying out different belts, collars, kerchiefs and color contrasts with your dresses and suits (4) or do your clothes gradually disintegrate as you lose the right belt (and substitute one that doesn't really suit), stop bothering to do the neck up carefully, allow the elbows to become baggy . . . and all the little incidents of decline that set into uncared-for clothes (x)?

7 Do you have your shoes cleaned and repaired regularly (4) or let them go until there's a hole in the sole or your ankle begins to list (x)?

8 Do you, with misplaced care, put trees into your high-heeled shoes (x)? (These incline to stretch the tops so that the heels cave under and set your whole carriage out of poise).

9 Do you find and stick to stockings of a shape that fits your ankles well and a shade that suits your legs (4) or do you always leave buying more until you're down to your last ladder and then go to the nearest shop for any one you can get (x)?

10 Do you have your elastic belt or corset washed once a week (4) or go on wearing it until it's so grubby you have to buy another (instead of buying two in the first place) (x)?

11 Do you take as much trouble choosing undies as you do dresses, knowing that their shape and fit if bad can spoil the hang of your clothes (4)?

12 Do you hang your clothes up before you go to bed (4) or do this only when they are new (2), or do you never hang them up (x)?

ARE YOU A Dress Designer's DREAM?

Or are you one of the many women who say when they look at a fashion picture: "All very well, but who's got a figure like that?" If so, this article tells you how to compromise between your figure and your clothes.

FASHIONS change in figures as well as frocks. Fortunately for us, present-day styles follow natural lines; you can suit your clothes to your figure rather than compress or expand yourself to suit your clothes.

Compare your own inches with the average measurements of the ideal woman of 1937—ideal, that is to say, from the point of view of fashion designers and the clothes they create.

She measures 34 inches round the bust, 27 inches round the waist, 35 inches round the hips. She takes 5½ in shoes, 6½ in gloves, and stands easily upright, firmly placed on her two feet. She is between 5 feet 4 and 5 feet 6 inches tall, has long legs, and rather a high waist.

Now get out the tape measure and see how you compare with these figures. Waists probably won't trouble most people; 27 inches is a pretty generous allowance. But your heart may sink at the 35-inch hips.

Remember, though, that the proportions of your figure are almost as important as the actual measurements. You should be able to give the effect of these lines even if you haven't got them.

A LOT depends on the way you stand. No need to hold yourself elegantly but unattractively poised these days.

An easy, upright stance is what you want; the better your balance the better your figure. Stooping shoulders and a flagging back will drop all the lines of your figure, and the best-cut clothes will hang badly.

Then be sure you have the right sort of underclothes. Probably you wear an elastic belt; see that it does the job and holds you firmly. Don't go on wearing it when some of the elastic strands are gone; that's false economy.

Lingerie should be tailored, streamlined; unnecessary frills will make ridges under tight-fitting frocks.

HERE is a typical set of measurements. Miss A differs fairly widely from the perfect shape, but by checking up on her good and bad points she gets away with a good effect.

She is a tall brunette, likes to wear the latest, smartest clothes. Measuring up, she found her waist was 28 inches. Nothing to worry about there. Bust 32 inches—less than the average.

Then when she measured her hips she got a nasty shock—37½ inches—said the tape.

SITTING down to think about it, she realised then why her clothes, smart and expensive, weren't always successful. It wasn't only that her hips were wide; they were right out of proportion with the rest of her measurements. This spoilt the line of her frocks.

So, choosing her clothes, she planned to avoid draped, pleated skirts, big sashes, wide sleeves—anything that would add to her hipline.

Instead she concentrated on frilly blouses, draped bodices, epaulettes, squared shoulders. She also chose wide-brimmed hats in preference to close-fitting caps. All this balanced her silhouette, made her look well-proportioned.

There's no need to be put off buying smart clothes because you think you haven't got the figure for them.

You can always adapt your clothes to give you the slim, straight effect you want.





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doctor . . .

About disinfectants—for personal use, I mean. Surely it is unwise to use strong, staining chemicals that have to be measured so carefully! What is good that is really pleasant as well . . . ?

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SPRING FASHIONS Swing the Rhythm of FROCKING

New Clothes Express Every Aspect of the Swiftly Changing Pattern of Life

By ALICE JACKSON

This is our Spring Fashion Issue.

As you study the many examples of the new mode photographed or sketched in these pages and those of the accompanying pattern supplement, do you not agree that, for years past, designers have been just merely playing around with fashion?

Results of their experiments have been sometimes good, sometimes not so good.

BUT, this year, they have emerged from their workshops, no longer apprentices, but masters of one of the most difficult, most complex, fascinating and helpful of modern arts.

Working with line, fabric, color, personality, and a sensitive alertness for the swiftly-changing pattern of

modern life, they have achieved not one, but a myriad, triumphs.

Once fashion was a kind of snobfest for the rich; to-day it is every woman's business—a most powerful aid to full, happy, and healthy living. Not to make use of it is to stand on the banks, letting the stream of life sweep past you. Too timid to take the plunge. Thinking last year's frock is all right. When, of course, last year's frock was for last year. To-day's frock is for this bright new year of grace.

For what is this spring notable?

First and most important of all for a great advance in good taste. Simplicity and appropriateness have always been the watchwords of the elegantly-dressed woman. So clearly do they hallmark the mode to-day that the woman who toves to put on everything but the kitchen stove is in for a very lonely time—though, if she's a true-blue, dyed-in-the-wool bits-and-piecer, she'll just think everybody's out of step but her!

Of course bits and pieces have their very important place in the fashion scheme, but it's a thoroughly well-disciplined place, cohering firmly with the dressing scheme.

However young and lovely you are, you simply can't get away with that "fallen archness" touch so beloved by the Victoria Regina fans. If you have a frolicsome yearn to be kittenish in your frocking, it must be drowned at birth.

Night and Day

THE whole trend can be summed up in two contrasting words—tailored and theatrical—the former by day, the latter by night. Day clothes simply have to stand up to the acid test of suitability.

In the daytime you are part of the social fabric. The hurry and press of affairs get you. But at night you live your life and you can dramatise yourself as much as you please. Be as changeable as you feel. If you want to "go" dramatic, glamorous, austere, gay, challenging, adventurous, or whatnot, fashion will aid and abet you to the point of scolding you on to living every minute of your nine lives.

NEW fabrics in new weaves. New printings, colors, contrasts, blindings, new ideas of work, of play, every type of activity and every manner of resting. New happenings changing the face of the earth, the sea. New alertness of women.

A new urge to keep pace with the changed rhythm of life—to "swing it," too, sometimes.

So, in this new spring, you must give thought to your dress, hat, shoes, gloves, make-up—to everything that makes the setting of your personality and is so likely to affect the trend of your thinking.

Used intelligently, fashion will help you in your efforts to appear a happy, harmonious part of the pattern of life—not just an odd bit in a maddening jigsaw puzzle.

Practical Help

IN half a million Australian homes, The Australian Women's Weekly is being read to-day. As you turn over its fashion pages, what are you saying about them?

Perhaps you are saying: "Why, I can get a printed jacket like that for my black winter dress—I'll cut the sleeves out and shorten it

Our Cover

THE beautiful spring fashion cover of this issue was done by our artist Petrov, who used actual pieces of new spring fabrics in its composition.

The cover was then photographed by our direct color camera and completed by our special colorgraving process.

The Australian Women's Weekly was the first newspaper in the British Empire and is one of four in the world which has equipment for doing this type of work.

Its success is a great tribute to the Australian artists and craftsmen engaged in its production, and will undoubtedly revolutionise newspaper printing.

a bit—and it'll be frightfully smart for spring!"

"Isn't the Paisley touch snappy! I'll look for a remnant of it while the after-winter sale bargains are still on . . ."

Or, "There's the pattern for me! I just know I could wear stripes like that, and aren't they gay and cheerful? In one of those lovely seersuckers that wash for ever and ever. I can make it in no time, and it'll only cost a song . . ."

We hope you are saying something like that, because, if so, this spring fashion issue is going to be what we planned it—an invaluable practical help to you.

With its help you should be able to start at once to give a spring air to your winter clothes, to plan and budget and buy intelligently for the months ahead. Haphazard buying is always wasteful—as well as being fatal to smart dressing.



THE IMPORTANCE

OF BEING

Stockings

Hein-lines go gaily upwards. Silken-clad legs emerge from their retirement of the past few seasons. Thus, stockings assume a greater importance than they have for years. And because stockings are really important, Lustre should be chosen. So lovely—so shapely—so sheer. Also—it is almost needless to add—so serviceable.

Lustre

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SKIN MADE CLEAR AGAIN . . . READ THIS— Miss Elsie Dix, of Sycamore Street, Leeton, writes:—"Rexona Soap and Ointment have been of particular benefit to me. I had a nasty eruption on my forehead, which was completely cured by Rexona Ointment. I am never without it now."

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YOUTH Will Have ITS HOLIDAY FLING

BEACH PLAY



THE BOYS

THE young man with his hand casually thrust in his pocket is dressed in a sports suit of summer tweed, with a half-belted bi-swing back. Next him is a sixteen-year-old in a double-breasted Palm Beach suit in a light shade of grey. The other two lads feature smart new flannel sports jackets.

THE GIRLS

THE little lass in the sailor suit has chosen creaseproof linen in a maize shade. Her friend with the boyish shingle features the princess type of floral Tobralco. A dainty spotted Swiss muslin makes the charming frock for the small girl who is sitting down. The fourth member of the group wears a printed dress.

Sketches by
FISCHER

Beach and Sun Wear

H EADING for the water with a sailing boat in his hand is a young man in navy gabardine shorts and a basque striped shirt, which is very new and smart. The youngster with the jersey swinging over his shoulder is wearing navy trunks and white terry towelling beach shirt.

Terry is also the fabric which fashions the smart yellow bathing wrap worn by the lad hard by. Next him a sun-worshipper prepares to doff the terry pullover which he has been wearing with striped wool-knit bathing pants.

A DRESSMAKER suit in novelty wool-knit with a royal-blue ground is worn by the girl with her back towards you. The shoulder straps cross through loops at the back and continue round the waist as a sash. Stripes, so fashionable this year, adorn the suntop of the bather who is wearing black swimming trunks.

The maiden who is pensively clasping her knee wears a snappy swim suit in the new chenille knit. It is a two-piece with trunks and suntop. The baby of the party has wool jersey shorts trimmed with ric-rac braid.

Tennis and Sport

T HE girl at the top of the page holding a tennis racquet selects horizontal basque stripes for her cotton shirt. Her shorts have a navy stripe to match the shirt. The girl to whom she is talking is clad in navy cotton gabardine slacks and yellow cotton mesh chukka shirt.

Vertical stripes in seersucker make the three-piece playsuit of the next girl. The stripes are red, copenhagen-blue and green. Padded blue denim is used for the shorts and shirt outfit of the fourth girl. The shirt is trimmed with braid.

H ORIZONTAL stripes again. This time for the young gentleman of leisure who wears them with brown cotton serge shorts, self-belted. The lad in the white outfit has chosen duck slacks and cotton mesh chukka shirt.

Striped cotton slacks are worn by the next lad with a round-necked sweater of cotton mesh. The youngest of the group has a camping suit of grey cotton gabardine.

The variety of types of vacation wear sketched here indicates how fashion creators are now specializing in designing for the younger set.

ADVERTISEMENT

GOOD NEWS!

We've found a really TASTY Cheese in a PACKET!

From earliest times and in all parts of the world, cheese has been one of man's favourite and important foods! Many romantic legends have grown up about the discovery of different kinds of cheeses; and probably none more fascinating than the story of how modern cheese-makers have just perfected a new type of packaged tasty Cheddar that has a creamy texture and smoothness as well as rich, full-bodied flavour.

HERE at last is a Cheddar in a packet with a taste to transport any cheese lover right back to the heart of fresh English fields and wayside inns—an average-priced tasty cheese, in a packet, and within the means of every housewife.

Until recently it was not thought possible to achieve this creamy freshness in any packaged cheese that had to be matured and ripened enough to give it real tastiness.

Indeed, it took intensive research, and all the resources of an enormous modern cheese factory to do it!

Flavour Doesn't Vary

This new tasty cheese in packet form has taken the risk out of buying well-aged cheeses. In future a woman won't have to nibble a bit of this one and a bit of that from the end of the storekeeper's knife before she decides to have "Half a pound of that first one I tasted, please."

This old custom may be picturesque enough, but it's an uncertain method of picking good cheese, to say the least.

Even when she had found one to her liking, it was almost too much, in the past, expecting to get the exact same kind again. Ordinary cut cheeses are bound to vary in texture and flavour; and one of the features housewives praise most about this new tasty Kraft cheese, "Old English," is the way its fine richness never changes. Every packet is consistently tasty!

Tasty Cheddar in a packet is economical to buy and economical to use. There isn't any rind to cut away, and it doesn't get dry or crumbly. It's a smooth, creamy block that cuts cleanly and is always fresh to the last slice.

HARRY THURSTON

Originator of
"OLD BILL"



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YOUNG WIFE BETS BOX OF CIGARS TO NEW HAT



How To Make Husbands Happier REVOLUTIONS IN THE MENU

Mary Leonard, the Kraft Dietitian and a famous Cookery Expert, has organised a campaign to help housewives out of the menu-rut that causes husbands to hunt up all the old excuses for dining out! "Plan cheese dishes for a change two or three times a week," she says, "and you'll soon have your husband voting you the world's very best cook!" Mary Leonard recommends Kraft "Old English" for cheese cooking, because it has an extra strength and tang about it that appeals particularly to all the men.

Mary Leonard broadcasts the latest news from the Kraft Kitchen every week in the Kraft Music Parade, and every eight-ounce packet of Kraft Cheese contains one of her special recipes. Here's one of them for you to try:—

RECIPE FOR GOLDEN MACARONI CHEESE

One cup macaroni, 1lb. Kraft Old English cheese, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce, dash of cayenne, buttered crumbs.

Break macaroni and cook in boiling salted water; drain. Melt cheese in top of double boiler. Gradually add milk, stirring. Add seasonings. Put macaroni in a casserole and pour over sauce, mixing all with a fork. Cover with crumbs or shredded cheese. Bake slowly in moderate oven 15 minutes. Spaghetti, noodles or rice may be substituted for the macaroni.

Even Makes Bachelors Domestic!

The rich flavour and "bite" of the new Kraft "Old English" makes it a splendid cheese to use for cooking.

Housewives who have tried it already are enthusiastic about the extra zest and interest it adds to all cheese dishes. It even tempts gay bachelors to don apron-strings and get busy in the kitchen!

Being in a block form and creamy, the new Kraft "Old English" is much easier to use than ordinary cut cheese, and melts out quickly without lumps or stringiness.

Worst in the World OUR TEETH

Lack of Calcium Blamed

Latest dental statistics reveal the distressing fact that Australians as a nation have the worst teeth in the whole world. Medical authorities hold the calcium deficiency of the average Australian diet largely responsible for this, and are unanimous in stressing the importance of eating plenty of cheese every day; since cheese is made largely of milk and milk is the richest possible source of calcium.

Both children and adults, of course, need a plentiful supply of calcium for building and maintaining strong bones and teeth.

It is interesting to note that Switzerland, where plenty of cheese is eaten, has a fine dental record; whereas Australians, as well as having the worst teeth in the world are very small cheese-eaters, too.

Easy to Digest Too!

Kraft "Old English," like all Kraft Cheeses, has vital food elements necessary for perfect health. It's rich in proteins, energy units, and vitamins, as well as the essential milk minerals, calcium, and phosphorus. It takes over a gallon of good, rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese, and doctors have proved that "Old English" is as digestible as milk itself. Therefore, it is specially good for children.

Next time you want to surprise the family with a cheese that's really tasty and delicious try a packet of this new Kraft "Old English." And always keep a good supply handy—it's getting more and more popular every day.

Surprise

for Mrs. GREENE of "The Wattles"

She thought this was the only way to get a TASTY cheese



If you, too, have always thought that ordinary cut cheeses were the only ones with tastiness and tang, try a packet of the new Kraft "Old English." It's just what the lovers of tasty cheese have waited for so long—a creamy-smooth cheddar with a really satisfying zest and richness, in a convenient foil-wrapped block that keeps fresher, cuts cleanly, cooks more easily! Take home a packet to-night!



More Good News! A new Kraft Cheese to suit every taste!



KRAFT CHEDDAR is deliciously mild and creamy.
... **KRAFT PIMENTO CHEESE** is flavoured with piquant Spanish pimento—a new taste thrill.
... **KRAFT WELSH RAREBIT**, gloriously seasoned and savoury, is all ready to slice and serve as it is or melt on toast or biscuits.

This is How Hollywood is Taking the Beaches at Honolulu!

Our Artist, Wynne Davies, recently returned from America, sketched these styles on Waikiki Beach, the world-famous holiday resort for film stars and the smart set of America. His selection shows beach and sun wear which is assured of being "the tops" for this season.



● **THE LASS** about to dash into the water in the background is wearing a skin-fitting suit of an elastic-knit with a halter neck and sun-baking back.

● **THE PRETTY GIRL** in the plain and spotted outfit is wearing a dress-maker bathing suit of white shark-skin with a trimming band at the neck in polka-dotted red crepe. Her beach coat, which is made of the same crepe, is cleverly gored to fit at the waist and flares from there into roomy fullness. Short, puffed sleeves. The coat is lined throughout in plain red crepe and is reversible.

● **RACING** towards you with her towel in her hand is a happy play-girl clad in a smart dress-maker sun-suit of Caribbean design. It is topped by a coat of the same print, lined with white shark-skin. Note the little puffed sleeves and the high-peaked revers of the coat, which is collarless.

● **HER COMPANION** has chosen a gay gingham suit and coat in brilliant red-and-blue check on a yellow ground. The coat is cut with a wide collar and revers. Her beach sandals repeat the color scheme of the dress.

● **VIEWING THE LANDSCAPE** over a gay beach umbrella is a girl whose swim-suit is of the new white "acetate" jersey. She has added a bolero to match, with gay scarlet flowers appliqued on to the white ground. The hat is of white linen.

● **PROTECTING HER EYES** in glare glasses is a sun-worshipper in a suit of black waterproof satin. Over it she has pulled on a pair of shorts to match. Her hat hard by is of white linen trimmed with a black ribbon band and a couple of black pompons.

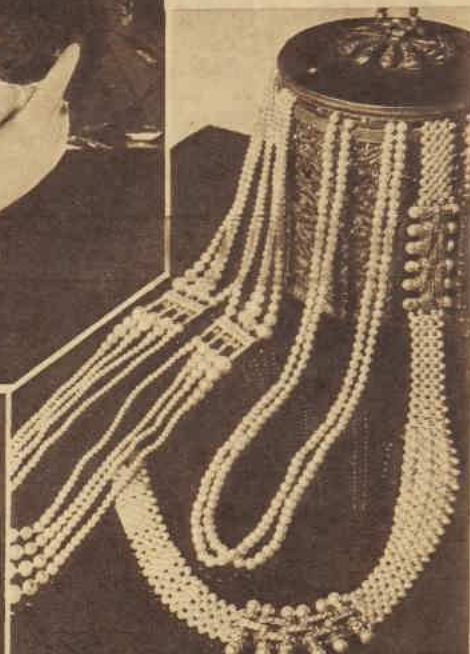
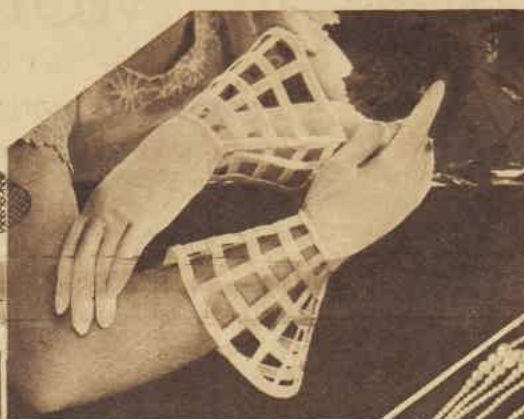
● **THE GIRL** helping herself to a cigarette in the sunshine is wearing a white satin suit in Lastex yarn. It is gaily printed in a West Indian design, and has a sunbaking back.

LINKS in FASHION'S CHAIN

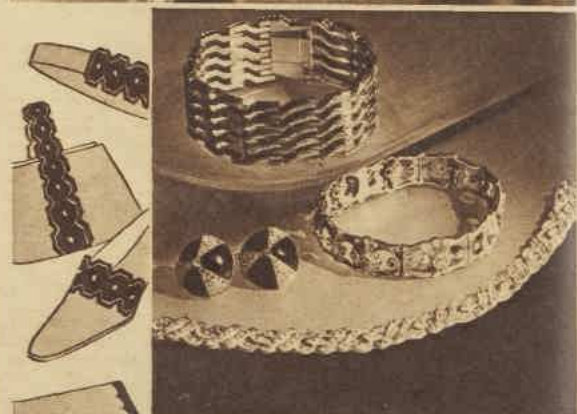
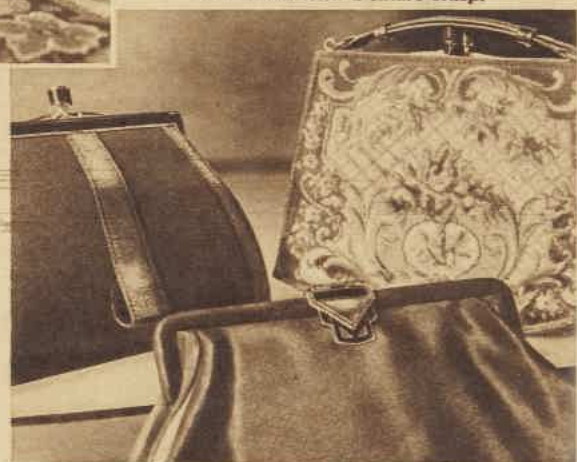


● PICTURED here are attractive, deep-gauntleted gloves of navy kid, allied with navy and white spotted suede. The lattice-work gauntlets of the white gloves in the centre are of fine crin straw. Gloves at right are of soft white leather.

● PETROV has sketched a snappy little black velvet evening brim. The veil forms the crown and flares over the face.



● ARTISTIC PEARL CHAINS for evening wear. Note the new designs. The handbags are carried out in thick corded taffetas and tapestry. They are beautifully made and each is finished with a smart clasp.



● SPARKLING DIAMENTE JEWELLERY set, comprising two bracelets, necklace and earrings.

● PETROV has sketched, at left, a matching bell, handbag and shoes in kid and suede, and a light brogue with a matching handbag.

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NEW SPRING COLOURS! — "Pageant," a lovely sunny gold — "Pomp," a copper with a rosy glow — "Splendour," a beige with a tinge of gold. Ten beautiful new shades!

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HIGHLIGHTS of the SPRING MODE

Practical Points to Bear in Mind
When Planning New Clothes

By The Australian Women's Weekly
PATTERN DESIGNER

Never to my knowledge has fashion offered so
many attractive encouragements to the woman who
likes to make some of her own dresses.

*The feeling for simplicity of line which dominates the mode
makes it really an easy matter for any woman, with an
elementary knowledge of sewing and a little patience, to make
charming, modish frocks at home for the cost of the proverbial
song.*

FABRICS, too, are a great
help. Many of the new
spring prints are so beautifully
patterned in large designs that
intricate cutting would break
the pattern and ruin the effect.

Therefore, the helpful pat-
tern must be expertly cut to
a tailored ideal. It reduces
to a minimum the work of
making a dress.

In this article, I want to call your
attention to important details of the
trend for spring and summer.
Whether you make your own clothes,
or plan them in co-operation with
your dressmaker, these are points you
should bear in mind. You will
find they are the points which will
be stressed throughout the spring and
summer months.

By day the silhouette is slim, but
the straight skirts of last summer
have gone out. So, too, have the
tunics with their retiring small prints
and long sleeves. Skirts for the spring
have a slight swing and a restrained
flare. They are definitely shorter.

Tunics will be replaced with small
jackets, which will be universally
worn both by day and night. Every-
thing imaginable, from the most
fanciful to the simplest, will find a
place in the spring wardrobe.

Contrasting Jackets

THESE jackets can be either
floral or plain. They con-
trast with the frock beneath
which, by the way, is short-
sleeved. Their treatment adds
animation and variety to the
silhouette.

They range from tightly-fitted,
peplum-flared types to Spanish bolero
effects. The peplum-flares are never
exaggerated and often can only be
called flares by courtesy.

These jackets should be worn over
monotone crepe frocks or sheers, or
with dark skirts and light fluffy
blouses.

Vying with jackets in popularity are
these blouses. The most favored
shades for spring wear are blue, in
all tones, a lovely new blossom pink,
beige, white, and, perhaps smartest
of all, grey. This fascinating new
shade is, I believe, the natural color
of raw silk.

Fabrics used for blouses include
linen, printed crepe and pique, plain
Paisley and the new novelty crepes.

Feminine Blouses

YOUR spring tailored suit
will not be so severe as last
year's, for the blouse beneath
will impart a softer and de-
cidedly more feminine touch.
Lace, net and other flimsy,
flattering fabrics are being
made into the most fairy-like
blouse creations for wear with
the spring tailored suit.

Gay bright colors, rivaling nature's
best efforts, will characterize the
spring outfit.

For evening frocks, some overseas
fashion creators are presenting the
short ballerina style, but it is too early
to say whether these will be very
popular in Australia.

We are conservative in our fashion
sense and, personally, I feel that the
short evening gown will not be gener-
ally accepted.

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issue may be obtained on
application to our pattern
department. Write or call
for a self-measurement
form. The price of an
individual pattern is 3/6.
For address see pattern
page.

The most popular style of evening
gown will, I am confident, be that
which reveals the evening shoe. The
romantic full type of skirt which
flares cleverly to the back and swings
is assured of a leading place in the
mode.

For evening, as for day wear, jackets
will be most important. These even-
ing jackets come in brightly patterned
fabrics with large florals or decora-
tive motives. The bolero style will be
first favorite, being both picturesque
and practical, as a bolero jacket can
be worn indoors if you do not wish to
discard it.

One of the new style points in sum-
mer dance frocks is the veiled print
redingote. You will see an example
of this in pattern No. WW1772. This
is a style that is particularly suited
for young people, as there is a crisp
freshness and charm about it that
goes beautifully with youth.

Sports Wear

EACH year sports wear, sunwear and
spectator wear become more im-
portant. This, of course, is because
of the important part leisure is play-
ing in our lives.

It is so necessary to make the most
of our opportunities for relaxation
that designers have concentrated on
creating a variety of practical and
smart outfit for lazy and active
leisure hours.

Shorts will be shorter than ever;
bathing costumes will be a blaze of
color and patterned with floral, ani-
mal and conventional designs that
are most appealing.

Embroideries will add charm and
color to the tennis blouse, the yachting
frock and cruise wear.

For sports and cruise wear, novelty
handkerchiefs and scarves may be
worked in a multitude of ways. Crown-
less turbans and bandeaux made of
pique, Paisley, pleated silk, and very
often in the same material as the
frock, waistband or handkerchief,
will be very popular for all sports.

You will find all these style points
featured in our pattern pages and
pattern supplement.

The Australian Women's Weekly
has a splendid fashion organisation
in all the world's leading fashion
centres, which assists our Australian
designers in their pattern work.

In compiling these pages our aim
has been to give you an authoritative
guide to every important aspect of
the coming mode.



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they're wonderfully sheer—and as clear as her
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FOODS PEOPLE Really LIKE!
Some Well-known Hostesses
Reveal Their Preferences

What foods do people eat?

Interest in the question has been stimulated by The Australian Women's Weekly £500 Recipe Competition.

WELL-KNOWN hostesses who were asked for their favorite recipes displayed a variety of food preferences.

Mrs. A. A. Hall, chataine of Elizabeth Bay House, setting for many brilliant social functions, has selected this elaborate sweet as her favorite recipe:

"We make an eau de nil colored basket of sponge sugar, and on the handle is tied a true-lovers' knot or bunch of flowers as a decoration, also made of sponge sugar. The basket is filled with layers of ice cream and Jarganel pears.

"The top is covered with whipped cream and garnished with strawberries. The Jarganel pears are then placed around the dish on which the basket stands.

"The pears should be peeled whole and the stems left on and stewed with Maraschino cherry juice until they are a nice pink shade.

"This sweet is delicious, most effective, and well worth the effort. It is particularly nice for weddings and formal dinners."

Lobster Tomato

MRS. R. A. EAKIN, wife of Dr. Eakin, is one of Sydney's well-known hostesses who specializes in original supper dishes.

"Lobster tomato soup, served for supper, is one of my most successful dishes," she says.

"Cut a lobster in halves, take out flesh, roll in flour, salt and pepper and pinch of cayenne.

"Put into a casserole dish. Mix half cup of tomato soup and half cup of cream and pour over lobster. Place in oven and cook very slowly for half an hour.

"Served with rolled buttered bread, it is simple, tasty and most popular."

Lady Gordon, prominent in art circles, takes a keen interest in cooking. Her favorite recipe is this chicken en casserole.

"Take a spring chicken, and disjoint. Beat an egg, add salt and pepper and breadcrumbs. Dip the pieces of chicken in egg mixture to cover.

"Place in casserole and cover the contents with rashers of bacon. Put into medium oven and cook for 1½ hours. Serve in casserole, with vegetables in season.



LADY GORDON

Mrs. Harold Dew, wife of Professor Dew, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at the Sydney University, delights in creating unusual dishes.

Her favorite recipe is a savory which has quite a Continental flavor about it.

"Take one tiny pigeon for each person, grate 1 onion, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful of herbs, and fry all in butter.

"Remove from pan, place the pigeons in to brown. Put all into a casserole and pour over port wine to partly cover. Let this come to the boil, then simmer for 2½ to 3 hours. Thicken the gravy and serve each pigeon on either toast or pineapple and pour the gravy over. Decorate with small rolls of bacon.

"Although this appears a very elaborate dish, it is quite inexpensive when something different is required in the way of food."

Miss E. M. Hutton, Victoria's new golf champion, prefers savories to sweet foods, but finds she makes chocolate fudge cake more than anything else because relatives relish it.

Here is her recipe:

One cup sugar, two dessertspoons cocoa, two ounces butter, beat to cream, then add one well-beaten egg, with pinch of salt, add slowly, mixing well as you do it, one small teaspoon carbonate of soda, one large teaspoon cream of tartar, both dissolved in half a cup of milk.



MISS HUTTON, golf star, prefers savories to sweet foods.

Mixture should be in large basin, as it froths up. Add one and a half cups of flour, quarter cup boiling water, with vanilla essence to taste, bake in sandwich tin in fairly hot oven, twelve to fifteen minutes. When cold, fill with cream or chocolate, cover with soft chocolate icing.

Surprise Dishes

DR. DEBORAH BULLER MURPHY, formerly Lady Moulden, who is a connoisseur of food, always has some surprise dish at brilliant parties.

"I consider a good soufflé recipe a valuable asset to any housekeeper," she said, "because it can be used with numerous kinds of fish or vegetables for savory or with jam or fresh fruit for sweets."

"It is a quick dish, too, and a great standby in our house."

Here is the recipe for six people:

Melt two ounces butter in saucepan, blend with it 1½ ounces flour and cook one minute, add sufficient milk to make very thick sauce. Cook about two minutes. Add whatever ingredient you want, oysters, whitebait, lobsters, tomatoes or asparagus for savory, or any kind of fruit for sweet; season accordingly—with pepper, salt, if savory or sugar if sweet.

When cool add yolks of three eggs beaten in separately, then add whipped whites of four eggs.

Bake half-hour in moderate oven. Secret of success: Must be served at once.

Mrs. J. J. Buchanan, one of Brisbane's best-known connoisseurs of food, who is 87 years of age, has a very simple recipe for her favorite—egg cutlets.

Make white sauce by dissolving dessertspoonful butter. Add teaspoonful flour, when smooth, add half-cup milk or stock.

When boiling remove from fire, add four hard-boiled eggs chopped finely, half-cup minced ham, little salt, mix well together.

Take dessertspoonful of mixture, toss in flour, pepper and salt, brush over with egg reduced with milk. Toss in breadcrumbs, form into cutlet shapes, fry in smoking fat till golden brown.

Put in the end of each a small piece of macaroni to represent bone.

Girl Cricketers Get Ready for Home

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

The Australian women's cricket team may have learned a lot about cricket, but otherwise their friends will find them unchanged on their return—except for Nell McLarty.

From being the strong, silent member of the team, Nell has blossomed out as one of its brightest conversationalists.

CONSTANT travelling has necessitated the lightest luggage possible, and the girls left a trail of toy animals and souvenirs all over England.

In many cases considerate landladies and hostesses posted on the souvenirs, but they had to be dumped all over again, so it is likely there will be few souvenirs in their luggage when the girls reach home ports.

Five of the girls will be missing when the team arrives back in the Largs Bay.

Mollie Jegust and Peggy Antonio are staying another month. They will visit Scotland and Northumberland.

Pat Holmes, who has been the life and soul of the party in all its adventures, will be sadly missed on the homeward voyage. She is hoping to obtain a job in a London photographer's studio.

Alicia Walsh, who is a kindergarten instructor, will remain in England until December to study kindergarten methods.

Barbara Peden is staying behind to further her architectural studies, and Alice Wegmann may do some sight-seeing before she sails.

The girl most likely to be first aboard the Largs Bay is Hazel Pritchard. She has enjoyed the trip, but is anxious to be home again as she is going to be married in January.



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6/5/10/6	6/5/10/6	6/5/10/6	6/5/10/6	6/5/10/6	6/5/10/6
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IODEX

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TRAPPED

Continued from Page 12

"WHY not? Her father left the post to her. You'll draw me up an assignment or something, turning it over to me so I can make the sale legal. Shouldn't be hard."

"Not too hard," Walters agreed. "But it don't seem to me you're giving the girl any sort of a deal, Carson."

"Not!" the big man exploded. He glared. "You mind your own darn business anyway. I'm running this outfit. And I might tell you while we're at it that I don't like the way you look at Myrna."

"Now, now," said Lanton soothingly. "Let's get this business of the Kestrel finished first. You've got all the papers drawn up?"

"I've had 'em drawn up for days," Walters snapped. "I've got Wallaby Jim's signature down so good he'd acknowledge it himself. But we ought to have the second mate witness it, and I can't find a specimen of his handwriting. He'll be obstinate."

Lanton smiled thinly. "I think a few lighted matches under his toes will make him change his mind. And the boss?"

"He's a bullock of a Samoan, mission-raised, but I copied his signature from a receipt I found in the skipper's desk. That's all O.K. No one's going to question the thing much anyway."

"Not the way we've got it planned," Carson agreed. "We'll run the Kestrel to the China coast. Lanton says he knows the right people, once we're there. What d'you figure the ship and cargo's worth, Walters?"

The lean man shrugged. "I'm no assessor. Plenty anyway. The pearls alone ought to bring twenty thousand dollars."

"All that for the nest-egg," gloated Carson, licking his lips. "And a ship for a clean getaway."

"What d'you mean, getaway?" asked Walters curiously. "Anything bad turned up since I've been gone? You seem mighty anxious to drop the post now."

"A Government cutter blew in a week or so back," explained Lanton smoothly. "Seems like our young friend of the Tamarack had dropped a bee or two into the official ear. The Resident Magistrate said he was coming back in six or seven weeks and that he'd want a full accounting for Miss Myrna Lawrence."

"Did Myrna get to talk to the R.M.?" asked Walters anxiously. "If she spilled..."

"Don't worry," Carson snarled. "As soon as we spotted the cutter, Myrna got a sudden idea she wanted to go up-country for a little hunting. She left a note explaining."

"WE had to have something to show the R.M. in case he wanted to see her, or insisted on it," Lanton chuckled. "She was very obstinate for a while."

"Oh, I can handle her," Carson growled, and his eyes narrowed as he saw his white rig ground in the shallows of the inlet. "Here she is now. Been fooling around with her morning fishing again, I guess."

The three men were silent as the girl walked up to the bungalow, one of her native women behind her. She looked calmly along the verandah as she came up the steps, and would have gone into the house without a word, had not Carson checked her.

"Where you been?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Where I usually go mornings," she said. "For a swim and to fish. I thought some fresh snapper would be good for dinner."

"I thought you took Tara and Manui both along," he said, flicking a glance at the stolid-faced Kanaka woman behind Myrna. Myrna shrugged.

"Oh, Manui wanted to go and see her sick brother in the village, so I let her off. Tara and I can manage the gig alone."

Carson grunted.

"All right. Get some grub ready. And if you've got anything to pack, get it packed. We're sailing from here to-night, so soon as I've finished a little business with the hill chiefs."

She stared at him, suddenly white. "Sailing," she faltered. "Sailing where?"

"China," he said harshly. "And that's all you need to know."

"But... but we can't leave here," she said desperately. "I... this is all the home I know. I was born here. The post belongs to me. My father," she choked and bit her lip. She was going to add that the young Captain of the Tamarack had

promised to call for her again soon, and this time he would not be alone. Instead she nodded. "Very well," she said. Lanton looked after her with shrewd eyes as she disappeared.

"She's acting queer this morning," he observed suddenly. "No argument."

Carson grunted his scorn.

"Women are always queer," he stated. "Forget it. I've got everything under control." But Lanton, disturbed by some inward warning voice, shook his head and after a while got up and strolled down to the beach where the gig still lay drawn up in the shallows. His keen eyes scanned the little craft carefully. He noted three fish spears, which was curious if Myrna had only taken one woman with her. He noted also in the jumble of footprints that blurred the dried sand-and-mud coating of the bottom boards one or two prints that seemed curiously large for women.

Lanton did not know. But he did have some very dark suspicions. He went slowly back to the bungalow saying nothing to his companions, and when later he saw Manui, Myrna's missing Kanaka woman, cautiously emerge from a taro patch back of the house and, after a quick look around, run swiftly for the kitchen door, he smiled twistedly and slid his sheath-knife along his belt so it was closer to his hand. He liked to take care of things himself, did Lanton.

TORMENTED by flies and crawling things, panting in the steamy heat of the jungle, Wallaby Jim waited all morning and half the afternoon in a thicket perhaps two hundred yards from where the Carson bungalow sat in the shade of the palms. He could see the topmasts of the Kestrel as she rode at anchor off-shore.

Myrna had landed him up the coast a way and sent Manui with him to guide him to his present hiding-place, but when she would herself be able to put in an appearance she confessed was problematical. Her stepfather and Walters, and especially the half-caste Lanton, were always suspicious of her, besides which she was the official mistress of the post and her stepfather insisted she look after him and the others, more often than not demanding that she wait upon them in person. Wallaby ruminated on these things, swearing when he thought of a cheroot, and thinking over the whole business.

He should have been suspicious from the first, he told himself. Bancroft, his faithful old mate, whom he trusted implicitly, had got into some sort of a waterfront brawl at Woodlark Island a week or more before, and had been so badly hurt that Wallaby had perforce to leave him in the hospital.

In the first place, Bancroft was not the sort of man who got into waterfront brawls, certainly not to the extent where he emerged with broken ribs and concussion of the brain. And Wallaby did remember someone mentioning to him, on the verandah of Steve's Bar at Woodlark, that it was funny that Walters should sign with the Kestrel when he had previously turned down two offers of berth on other ships.

One thing was certain now, anyway. It was all a well-laid plan. The Kestrel was a prize worth while, and Walters had obviously been planted at Woodlark to pick her up on her return trip, when she would be loaded. Bancroft had probably been put out of the way designedly, and the chances were worth it.

But just how Walters expected to get away with the deal, even allowing for forged papers and disposal of the crew, rather puzzled Wallaby. Why had the Kestrel been picked out particularly? Granted, she was a rich ship when homeward bound, but there were several ships almost as rich that called at Woodlark and pertaining islands, and any one of them would have been safer to handle than the Kestrel.

It was late when Myrna came. Wallaby heard her ploughing through the brush and eased out of sight behind a koa tree until he was sure of whom it was. She was frightened, that was obvious, casting glances every now and then over her shoulder. She carried a filled cartridge-belt with a holstered gun; a package of food, a flask of water, and, blessed more than anything else, a handful of cigars and some matches.

Please turn to Page 32

TWO MEN DISCUSS A WOMAN—



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Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can usually be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this paragraph and hand it to them, and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer, perhaps from total deafness. The medicine can be prepared at home, and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist a 1oz bottle of Parmitol (Double Strength). Take this home, and add to it 2 pt. of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmitol is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drums, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are nearly always quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh should give this preparation a thorough trial. Get Parmitol from your chemist to-day.

Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

PASTERTECH, a new, greatly improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth firm and comfortable. Cannot slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Makes breath sweet and pleasant. Get PASTERTECH today at any good chemist (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, make a trip to the South Pole, to rescue
MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Airwoman, who has made a solo flight to the Pole. When they have just reached their destination they are forced down through lack of petrol. Two polar bears, influenced by Mandrake's magic, carry them through ice-cold water. They come to a

THE STORY SO FAR:

wall of steam, and, remembering that Molly had mentioned seeing this strange phenomenon at the Pole in her world broadcast from the plane, they walk through it, hoping to find her. Beyond the steam is a strange world, with curious tropical vegetation. They watch, at peril of their lives, a mighty battle between two gigantic, primitive beasts. Mandrake tells Lothar he begins to understand what this country is. NOW READ ON.



THE ARMoured COLOSSUS BREAKS AWAY, HEADED FOR THE JUNGLE, AND FOLLOWED BY ITS ANTAGONIST!



LOTHAR, I THOUGHT THIS LOOKED FAMILIAR! I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE, IN RECONSTRUCTED PICTURES OF THE MESOZOIC AGE! THAT FELLOW WITH THE HORNS IS A TRICERATOPS!



AND THE OTHER ONE IS TYRANNOSAURUS, KING OF THE DINOSAURS, THE DEADLIEST ANIMAL IN THE HISTORY OF THE EARTH! THEY BOTH SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO!



WELL, JUST CALL THEM BIG LIZARDS, AND LET IT GO AT THAT. GEYSERS AND HOT SPRINGS HAVE KEPT THIS PLACE AS IT ALWAYS WAS -- THROUGH THE AGES. WELL, DESPITE ALL THAT, WE STILL HAVE TO FIND MOLLY!



DON'T LOOK NOW, LOTHAR, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ON YOUR HAT!

UGH! BIG BUG!



UGH! ALMOST AS BIG AS OUR OWN MOSQUITO. NOW, DON'T EXAGGERATE, LOTHAR, THE WING-SPREAD OF THAT DRAGON FLY CAN'T BE MORE THAN THIRTY INCHES.



LOOK MASTER, PLANE!

MOLLY'S!



IF SHE'S STILL IN THERE, IT MEANS THAT SHE'S---



WELL, IT'S DESERTED! THAT MEANS SHE GOT OUT ALIVE.

PLANE NOT HURT MUCH. SOFT MUD. SHE NOT GET HURT WHEN FALL.



PERHAPS WE SHOULD WAIT HERE FOR HER. MAYBE SHE'S STAYING CLOSE TO HER PLANE. BUT IF I KNOW MOLLY, SHE'S OUT EXPLORING. AND HEAVENS ONLY KNOWS WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER-- OUT THERE!



WE'D BETTER GO OUT AND SEARCH FOR HER. I WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY HUMAN BEINGS HERE? IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE, SHE MAY BE IN DANGER. SOME-- HOW, I SENSE EYES-- WATCHING EYES!



AND IN THE BUSHES NEAR THE PLANE---



MOLLY HAD A PISTOL WITH HER-- NOT THAT IT WOULD DO HER MUCH GOOD AGAINST ONE OF THOSE TYRANNOSAURS.



HER NEED CANNON FOR THEM.



MEANWHILE, THE STRANGE MAN WATCHES THEM, HIS BEADY EYES GLEAMING AS HE SEES THEY HAVE NO WEAPONS!



HITE RUFF HITE!

WHAT ON EARTH--!

HIM LOOK LIKE SHAVED GORILLA!



AS THE STRANGE MAN SWINGS HIS BLUDGEON AT LOTHAR WITH TERRIFIC FORCE---



CAN YOU HANDLE HIM ALONE, LOTHAR?



ME CAN HANDLE---



--THIS MONKEY MAN!

WAS THERE EVER A FIGHT AS STRANGE AS THIS? A MODERN MAN-- FIGHTING A MAN OF A MILLION YEARS AGO!

TO BE CONTINUED

Tea for Two

I've made some colored savories with rings of red and white; Bought Continental pastries that are new and feather light. I've brewed a pot of coffee that is good, and black as sin. I've set, for two, the dearest little cups to serve it in. The fire builds up black pyramids within the grate. The hour is gone that might have meant you were a little late.

By now I know so very well, you won't be here at all, And that to-morrow you will write, or telephone, or call. To-morrow seems so far away, it might be months, or years, Because the eyes that vision it are tired and wet with tears.

—Yvonne Webb.

TRAPPED

Continued from
Page 30

SHE dropped her supplies with a thankful gasp and sat exhausted on the fallen log, while Wallaby tightened his belt and listened for possible followers.

"Everything all right?" he asked quietly. She stared at him and nodded, wetting her lips.

"I think so. But Lanton seemed to act queerly, as if he suspected something. He's been watching me all day. I've only just dodged him. And I saw him questioning Manul earlier, but I don't think she would talk."

He nodded and, after a drink of water, gratefully lighted a cigar. She gave him such details as she knew; the crew of the Kestrel imprisoned behind a stockade, some of them persuaded ashore by Walters with the promise of stretching their legs and getting a drink or two perhaps, while he inquired if the body of a white man had been found along the beaches. The rest of them had been

taken by surprise when a boat-load of armed natives under Carson had come alongside. All done very neatly and without trouble. The hill chiefs would come after dark to close the deal.

"And as soon as that's finished, we're sailing for China," she added. And bitterly, "All of us."

"So he's clearing out," Wallaby commented grimly and frowned. "There must be some reason for the hurry. Any idea?"

"No," she said listlessly. "Unless . . . Bob . . . that's the captain of the Tamarack, is coming back soon and they know it. He promised he would. I don't know." She suddenly began to cry.

Wallaby paced irritably up and

down the confined space of the little clearing they were in, gnawing at his cigar.

"You mustn't risk your own life foolishly," said the girl. "Perhaps you can get away from this place and do something. I think . . ." Then she screamed.

Some sixth sense had warned Wallaby even a fraction of a second before her scream began. He had become aware of a faint, very faint new movement in the thicket behind him that did not seem caused by the activities of small rodents, or land-crabs or insects. He spun round and ducked all in one motion, had a glimpse of a distorted hairless face and snarling lips, and then he was locked with a slender, wiry devil of a man who ripped up with a razor-knife blade.

WALLABY escaped being disembowelled by a fraction of an inch, for the knife slit the skin of his abdomen, soaking him with blood. But then his hand clamped on the other man's wrist and from there it was easy. The knife was forced back, back and in, and the attacker gave a bubbling scream and fell away, the knife-half sticking out of his ribs. He turned and staggered, half-running towards the bungalow, mouthing inarticulate curses.

Wallaby swore and jumped for the cartridge-belt lying at the girl's feet, but before he could get the gun clear the other man had disappeared in the brush. Myrna caught his arm.

"It's no use," she moaned. "No use now. That was Lanton. He must have followed me here."

"You had better run. I'll . . . I'll try and hold them for a while."

Wallaby buckled the cartridge-belt about him, patted her shoulder and then calmly lighted a fresh cigar.

"If he gets as far as the bungalow I'll be surprised," he said shortly. "He was dying on his feet. You get back and carry on as if nothing was the matter. I'm taking over now."

"But . . ." He gave her a half-push and there was something about his face that frightened her back to calmness. She said nothing further, but turned and ran. Wallaby waited until the sound of her progress had gone and then hurriedly ate and drank, moving to a position some distance to one side and nearer the beach than the one he had been occupying. He hoped he had been right when he had told Myrna that Lanton would never reach the bungalow and his friends. But just in case, he must hurry and see. No time to plan now. Only time to act.

CARSON and Walters were both watching the house-boys carrying cases of stores, furniture and personal effects down to the beach when Lanton arrived. Carson had just been swearing because he was not around to help them pack, and when Walters suddenly ejaculated, "There's Lanton," the big man turned with an oath on his lips to reprimand his assistant. But instead of the oath he choked. Lanton was just emerging from the palms that surrounded the bungalow, weaving drunkenly, coughing blood and holding both hands to his breast. Instinctively both Carson and Walters dropped hands to their gun-belts and searched the palms behind the dying man, expecting a native raid such as sometimes happened.

"If those thieving, head-hunting hill chiefs count on getting our livestock without paying," Carson grated, "they'll have a surprise." He roared to the armed guards about the stockade to stand ready.

"That's no native work," snapped Walters. "Lanton wouldn't have a head now if it had been."

Lanton fell within twenty feet of them, crawled along the sand, one hand dragging him like a claw, the other clutched to his wound. Hard-eyed and callous, his two companions walked towards him and stopped while the half-caste rolled over, turned up his eyes and tried to speak.

"What is it?" Carson demanded. "A raid?"

Lanton rolled his head, coughed blood, but only his throat worked as he tried to form words. Walters swore and looked at the knife.

"That's his own," he said, puzzled. "Then what?"

Carson bent and roughly shook the half-caste.

"Talk, you fool! Who was it?" Lanton coughed once again, tried again to speak, and then sank slowly on his side and died. Carson cursed.

"I suppose he was down at the village fooling with the women again, and one of the men finally taught him something. With his own knife, too."

Walters shook his head and stood gnawing his lips.

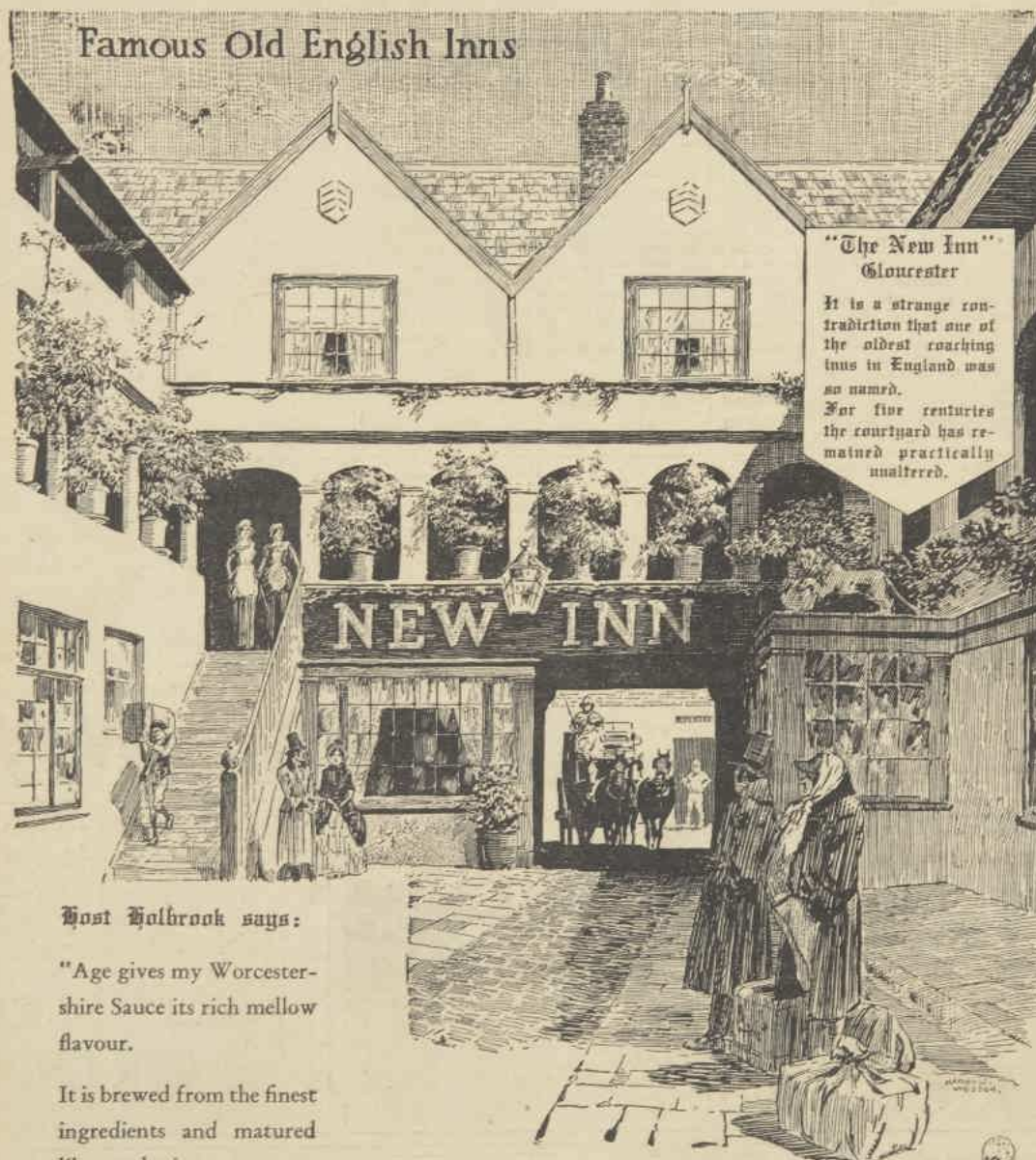
"That doesn't make sense. Lanton may be a fool, but not that kind of a fool. He knew this was no time to start native trouble. It's somebody else."

He suddenly touched Carson's arm and pointed. Myrna could be seen for a moment as she slipped from between the palms and ran for the bungalow's back door. Carson looked at Walters.

"D'you suppose the yellow rat was chasing her and she got him some way? We'll see." He strode grimly for the bungalow, Walters at his heels.

The white men found Myrna in the house.

Please turn to Page 34



Host Holbrook says:

"Age gives my Worcestershire Sauce its rich mellow flavour.

It is brewed from the finest ingredients and matured like good wine.

Ah, indeed! it adds a relish to the simplest meal."

The World's Appetiser!

HOLBROOKS SAUCE

WORCESTERSHIRE



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LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

KINDERGARTEN WORK

ONE of the most brilliant achievements of modern democracy is the kindergarten system. What a contrast with the life of the child of a few years ago!

At one time the streets were the only playgrounds for children of poor parents. When we were young, kindergartens were privileges to be enjoyed only by the sons and daughters of the rich.

To-day, in education, class distinctions have no place. Experienced teachers train the child mind; it is tended as carefully as a rare plant. The poorest child can now be enrolled as a pupil in one of these many fine institutions, which are of the greatest value in developing the child.

The highest praise is due to those who have made this possible.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. R. McPharlin, 42 Gilbert Street, Bowden, S.A.

TEACH PEACE

MANY thoughtful people to-day deplore modern warlike toys, but since every small boy likes to make a big noise and dramatise himself as a strong and invincible person, I think that parents would be wise not to take warlike games too seriously. It is far better to let him play his make-believe games than to forbid and have the warlike urge burst out in later life.

Let us teach our children that the world is full of other children like themselves, who can be their friends, whatever their race, color and creed; that generosity and understanding are better than ignorance and selfishness.

Mrs. A. J. Hoelter, Haslem St., Kyabram, Vic.

OLD LOVE LETTERS

MY friends were shocked when I told them I had destroyed all my old love letters.

I did not do this because I have lost my affection for my husband, or because I thought they would one day bring me pain.

But I object to having on my hands a useless catalogue of what has gone by, in the shape of emotions that were still girlish and immature. The present is the time to live—not the past.

Mrs. S. Jones, Frankland St., Launceston, Tas.

YOUTH'S EARNINGS

A YOUNG man or woman who has just started to earn a living should have the management of his or her earnings, no matter how small. It teaches the value of money and the wise spending of it.

It is a pity to see so many young people floundering when any responsibility in handling money is eventually thrust upon them. The fault can usually be traced to fond mothers who gave pocket-money instead of freedom.

Mrs. L. Johnston, 36 George St., Windsor, Brisbane.

YOUR WEDDING GOWN

DOES a wedding-gown mean so little to a woman that she can, a few short weeks after marriage, ruthlessly take up her scissors and fashion it into an evening dress?

Women, where is your sentiment? To me a wedding gown symbolises all the dreams and hopes of the happy bride.

A wedding-gown should never be anything else. It has taken to itself so much character.

Keep this link with the past, and you will go far towards keeping romance.

Pauline Connolly, Rosebank, 85 Pine St., Randwick, N.S.W.

If Couples Had to Earn Marriage Licences...

I DO not agree with A. Moseley (17/7/37), who says that young people should have to earn their licence before being allowed to marry. But I do think such subjects as psychology, first aid, hygiene, dietetics, and economics should be made compulsory subjects in our schools. Girls should be taught cooking, mending, housekeeping, and these should be included in the subjects to be taken at public examinations.

Miss G. Woods, Emoh Ruo, Warriala, N.S.W.

Practical Idea

MISS MOSELEY'S idea is not only sensible. It is practical.

Young people think that love is the only qualification needed for matrimony. A test on certain relevant subjects would not only increase the happiness of the union, but would put the marriage on a more serious footing—make people realise the important step they are taking. It would thus prevent some reckless marriages, based on mere physical attraction.

Mrs. T. Perkins, South Street, Fremantle, W.A.

Go Further

YOU are quite right, Audrey Moseley, but you do not go far enough.

Divorce licences should be earned, too, and dog licences, and radio licences. We can imagine two divorcees having to pass an examination in plate-throwing before being granted a decree absolute: dogs could be tested in the biting of strangers; while the radio listener would be made to last through a symphony concert, a kiddies' hour, and a women's session.

Let's keep our marriage circles sealed!

J. Tribe, Meredith Street, Bankstown, N.S.W.

Pity the Failures

I THINK Audrey Moseley's idea that we should earn marriage licences is ridiculous.

What added happiness can there possibly be in marriage just because the licence is earned? The only way to make a marriage a success is to be understanding and tolerant towards your partner.

No amount of knowledge regarding first aid, dietetics and economics will prevent divorce and what, may I ask, will happen to those unfortunate who are dull at learning?

Jeanne Hess, 30 Campbell Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

Common Sense Best

THE suggestion that one should study for a marriage licence, as for a commercial or professional degree, is a good one—but definitely not practical! It would tend to make



Sitting for their exam

marriage a business, and the romance surrounding the engaged state would be lost in the tediousness of the study.

Ordinary common sense is the most important asset with which to enter married life!

Miss Eileen Elliott, c/o Bruce Small, Box 23, P.O. Chippendale, N.S.W.

Curtailing Liberty

IT would be an outrageous way of interfering with personal liberty if we had to sit for an exam and earn our marriage licence!

Even if we did pass some practical test, that would only guarantee a knowledge of certain prescribed subjects, and would not ensure a successful marriage.

Mrs. Thompson, Angus Street, Adelaide.

In Music, Art Culture, is Ours an Ugly Age?

THIS is not an "ugly age," Miss Brown (17/7/37), nor is anything the matter with us to-day. It is certainly a more realistic age than the one that has just passed, and I for one am glad of that. Instead of heroic and unlikable romances such as "East Lynne," we have true portrayals of contemporary life in literature.

Instead of Landseers and "pretty-pretty" landscapes we have art which strives towards realism. Instead of cloying ballads of sickly sentimentality we have rhythmic musical compositions. This age is more natural, more realistic, more close to life than any other before it.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 51 E. Crescent St., McMahon's Pt. N.S.W.

Time and Tide...

IN every age there is a critic ready to declaim against the times. It must be realised that the world and humanity are not static; that everything changes, and it is a question of adapting oneself to the different environment.

Even changing modes in dress seem outlandish at first, but are later followed as if there were nothing more beautiful. After all, beauty is a relative thing, depending upon one's point of view. To stand fixed in the rushing torrent of change and deny the

One All-music Radio Station, Please

THERE has been discussion lately about having one radio station broadcasting only music.

I think this is a jolly good idea. After listening to tennis, which I do not play, Soccer, which I cannot follow, and plays in which I am not interested, I am moved to ask why one national station at least could not provide such a programme.

From classical music to jazz there is a great variety enough to fill any programme. And with so many stations on the air, surely the matter could be arranged.

Mrs. Angela Cusack, Malvern Rd., Glen Iris SE2, Vic.

movement around us is about as useful as Canute telling the waves to go back.

Miss Joan Connors, East Terrace, Henley Beach, S.A.

Serious Problem

BERYL BROWN is right when she says we live in an age of ugliness.

The trouble is that we have all been bred upon post-war literature, colored by an age of economic turmoil. Greatest of all our problems is whether we can prevent our children from growing up with the same distorted viewpoint.

It is incumbent upon our educators to mould the minds of the growing generation to an appreciation of beauty. After all, loveliness is not lacking in our classical literature, music, and art.

A. Bishop, Ritz Flats, Salisbury Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Meaning of Art

OURS is not an age of ugliness. Modern art is only abused by those people who do not know how to appreciate it. If a man wants an exact replica of some person or object, he will be best served by taking a photograph. If, on the other hand, he wants certain points brought out in it, then it is the artist who will give him satisfaction.

People take one hasty glance at the technique of an artistic work, decide it is not to their liking, and dub it "ugly."

Those people who complain have not sufficient understanding to appreciate.

Miss A. M. Prentice, 4 Edith St., Caulfield Nth, SE7, Vic.

Are Most Women Ignorant of Public Affairs?

I THINK I could answer satisfactorily Mrs. Francis' five questions on public affairs (17/7/37).

Furthermore, I claim that some of us, in addition, could name three Cabinet Ministers in England outside the Prime Minister with their portfolios.

I admit there are a number of



Women not interested

women not versed in public affairs, mostly busy housewives.

Miss Josephine Scollan, 302 Goodwood Rd., Clarence Park, S.A.

Few Could Answer

NOW, Mrs. Francis, honestly, do you really know any advanced and emancipated person of either sex who can answer your string of political questions?

There is no reason why advancement and emancipation should make all women take an exaggerated interest in politics.

Mrs. E. M. Anderson, 35 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, Paddington, N.S.W.

True Conclusions

MRS FRANCIS demands an answer from women to questions which would cause difficulty to most of our men. To say that they are chosen at random does not mean that a correct answer to them could be given at random.

Anyway, even if it is true that most women could not provide answers to all these questions, this does not prove that there is no value in their emancipation. It would show rather that they have not yet been sufficiently emancipated.

A. J. Spencer, Hamilton St., West Hobart.

Startling Discovery!



DON ATHALDO "SUPERMAN" OF THE AGE

This Book is—for MEN ONLY!

—and it is the open door to CRUSHING STRENGTH. It will tell you how I learnt the secrets and phenomenal strength of the jungle beasts' muscles. HOW I CAN GIVE THAT SECRET TO YOU. I am not ashamed to admit it. I went to the Jungle and studied the methods of the

TIGER, the PANTHER, and the APE—to learn about bodies and how to build them! I have been proclaimed by the Press and Public of the World as the SUPERMAN OF STRENGTH—but MEN WERE NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR ME. I wanted more strength than any man ever had before—so I went to the Animal Kingdom where every fibre is spun steel.

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NO matter how weak or how strong you are now, I can make you stronger. Put your name on that coupon NOW! Put the coupon in an envelope and mail it to me BEFORE YOU SLEEP TONIGHT! I will immediately send you a copy of my book—FOR MEN ONLY, absolutely FREE!

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"MYRNA!" snapped Carson harshly. She spun about, one hand to her throat and her eyes wide. That something had shaken her terribly there could be no question, and the dark suspicion leaped and blazed in Carson's brain. He glared at her, and then at the native women.

"Did you kill Lanton?"

"Kill... kill!" she breathed. "Oh, no, no!"

"Then you knew he was dead?"

"I... no."

"You lying little devil!" Carson grated. He caught her wrist and wrenched her towards him. "What were you doing back in the bush there? Who killed Lanton? Tell me!"

He twisted her wrist until she was forced to her knees, moaning.

Then light struck him. This was a man's work, this killing. Wallaby Jim! Myrna's morning cruise! Now he saw the whole thing.

"So you picked up a man at sea," he blazed at the white girl. "You dirty double-crosser. Who was it? Was it...?" He licked his lips, shaken. "Was it... no, it couldn't have been. No man could have lived through six miles of sharks and the surf."

"I don't know who he was," Myrna said faintly. "We found him hanging on a log and we landed him up the coast. I don't know who he was."

Walters whipped round on Carson, and shook the whip he invariably carried.

"We've got to get it out of her hide, Carson. If it was Wallaby Jim we've got to get him if we ransack the whole island. If that devil's alive, we're none of us safe. You know that."

"I told you you ought to have

Concluding TRAPPED

slugged or shot him, before you dumped him." Carson exploded. "You fool! Give me that whip!" He seized the whip the other man always carried.

He brought the lash down hard across the white girl's thin blouse, ripping it off and drawing blood. She wilted, but did not speak.

"Who was the man you picked up this morning?" raved Carson.

"Was it Wallaby Jim?" But Myrna had fainted. Carson threw the whip to the other side of the room and drew back one foot to kick her, and then stopped.

"Yes, it was Wallaby Jim," said a calm voice. "The party's over, Carson."

There was a long hard silence. Carson and Walters stared open-mouthed at the tall white man framed in the kitchen doorway, and subconsciously they noted the heavy gun at his thigh. Wallaby Jim smiled, an unpleasant thing, and his eyes were like ice.

"I think I'm beginning to get it," he observed dryly. "Just in particular why you picked on me and the Kestrel, eh? I've met you somewhere before, Carson, except you weren't Carson then."

Carson's eyes were vicious. "No, confound you!" he spat. "I was Brent Owens six years ago, when you shot up Balata Beach. You burned my saloon and sank my schooner. And..."

"Shot you in the left shoulder, if I'm not wrong," added Wallaby. "I remember now. You were one of the head rats in the nest. So it was a grudge after all."

"Call it what you want. And get

out. I've got a dozen armed boys within call."

Wallaby laughed, genuinely amused.

"It's not so easy as that, Carson. I've got a little business to settle both with you and Walters, especially Walters. I don't like my mates throwing me overboard."

Walters backed a step or two as if to run. His face was beaded with sweat and was ashen.

"I'm not giving you a break," said Wallaby evenly. "I reserve that privilege for men." He dropped a hand to his gun and the others watched him fascinated, too fascinated even to go for their own weapons. And then suddenly Carson's face lit in a relieved smile.

At the same moment Wallaby felt something hard jammed in his spine, and a clipped voice in mission-school English grated in his ear.

"Still, white man. Keep still."

WALLABY half

turned his head and saw the broad, brutal face of one of Carson's armed guards, the head guard as it happened, come to report something to his master and accidentally stumbling on the critical scene. Carson screamed.

"Kill him, Sanda! Don't wait. Kill him now!" And simultaneously both he and Walters went for their guns.

For just a fraction of a second Sanda hesitated. It was always dangerous to kill a white man, and he was a little startled by Carson's screaming vehemence. That cost him his life.

Wallaby Jim did three things almost together, with the quickness of

a cat. He dropped flat on his face, so that the carbine bullet scored along his shoulder muscles instead of breaking his back. Then he rolled rapidly to one side and shot upwards. Sanda's bullet, plunging on, took Carson full in the chest. Wallaby's shot hit Walters under the heart and dropped him like a pole-axed steer.

Wallaby was on his knees then and the room was filled with the crashing jars of explosions. Carson was staggering, but shooting wildly, and Sanda was pumping frantic lead in all directions, his head completely confused. He toppled suddenly, and Carson, lurching forward with a last furious oath, fell over him riddled with lead.

Wallaby rose slowly and cautiously through the heavy-lying blue powder fumes, looked at the shaking form of Myrna, and then carefully reloaded his gun. He picked up Sanda's carbine, filled the magazine with shells from the dead native's bandolier, and, tight-lipped, padded for the front verandah.

The native guards about the stockade were in confusion. One or two were running for the bungalow. The others were milling about, shouting and undecided. Wallaby dropped to one knee, rested the carbine on the verandah rail and shot with care. The running guards dropped, rolled, and lay still. Three of those milling near the stockade crumpled.

The rest scattered and began firing at the verandah, knowing only that something terrible must have happened to their masters and that death was seeking them out. Lead whined and flickered about the lone white man, and suddenly he laughed.

OVER the top of the stockade appeared a brown arm, then a leg, then another arm and leg. In fifteen seconds half a dozen of his imprisoned crew were running for the dead guards, had picked up their weapons, and were blazing away. It was all over then in less time than it takes to tell. Not one of Carson's men escaped, and when Wallaby stood up and called, the jubilant crew of the Kestrel, headed by the second mate, came up towards the bungalow. Wallaby spoke shortly, without emotion, as was his custom, and gave specific orders. Then he turned and went back to the bungalow.

Myrna was in a chair in the living-room, crying, her blouse slit down the back while her native women were dressing the livid marks of the whip. Wallaby laid a hand on her shoulder, soothing her, and she looked up.

"I'm leaving my second mate in charge here with a few men," said Wallaby gently. "I think you'd better come to Brisbane with me. Later you can decide what you want to do."

"Brisbane?" she faltered uncertainly. "But why..."

"Wasn't there a young man commanding the Tamarack?" inquired Wallaby smiling. "The chances are we'll find him at Brisbane. And if not, I'll locate him and send him there."

He left her smiling through her tears and went outside again. His second mate came up and touched his cap, waiting more orders.

"I sail at once," said Wallaby crisply. "You can attend to things here." And he made a curious characteristic chopping gesture with his right hand. "This business is finished."

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*To improve soups and stews out of sight
Good cooks always use Vegemite.
On bread it's delicious,
So very nutritious.*

Here are two examples of last lines:—(1) *It makes us feel happy and bright;* (2) *To children a constant delight.*

Imagine! You the winner of this 1937 Streamlined Pontiac Sedan. Sit down right now—a minute with your pencil may win you this beautiful car. Nothing could be easier than to fill in the last line to this limerick—the last line that will give you one of those Pontiac Sedans! So read the rules and let us have

your entry, together with the label from a 2-oz. jar of Vegemite, sold by all grocers and food-shops. (More good news!) You may send in as many entries as you please to win that Pontiac Sedan. The label from a 4-oz. jar entitles you to send in two entries. If it is an 8-oz. jar you may send in four entries.

THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

- (1) Copy the limerick on a separate sheet and print your last line in block letters.
- (2) Fill in the coupon in this advertisement, with your name and address, and pin it to your entry, together with one label from a 2-oz. jar of Vegemite.
- (3) Entries will be judged by the Sales Director of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co. and the Advertising Director of "The Australian Women's Weekly" in the presence of the press. The judge's decision shall be final, and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition.
- (4) Two Pontiac Sedans, each valued at \$420 plus Sales Tax, which will be paid, and registered for one year, will be given away each month for two months. Each month one Pontiac will be given to the best entry from New South Wales, and one to the best entry from Victoria. The twenty-four other consolation prizes will be awarded in the next four entries. Twelve of these will be distributed in Victoria and twelve in New South Wales.
- (5) Employees of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Pty. Ltd. and the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency are not permitted to enter this competition.
- (6) All entries to be included in the first month's judging must reach the offices of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Pty. Ltd. not later than 5 p.m. on Tuesday, August 31st. Results will be announced in the Kraft Magic Parade over 2UW on Tuesday night, September 7th.
- (7) Any person may forward any number of entries, provided each entry is accompanied by a label from a 2-oz. jar of Vegemite. The label from a 4-oz. jar entitles you to send in two entries, and the label from an 8-oz. jar entitles you to send in four entries.

All entries must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, carrying your name and address, so that the list of winners may be posted to you following the judging of the competition.

NEW SOUTH WALES WINNERS:
Prize-winners for the first month will be announced during the Kraft Magic Parade from 2UW between 8.45 and 9.45 p.m., Tuesday, September 7th.

When the radio announcer gives the names of the prize-winners will he announce your name? It's up to you! Sit down now—and write out that missing line. It's easy!



"THIS VEGEMITE MAKES A REAL MAN'S SANDWICH. U-M-MH! THERES A GENUINE APPETISING KICK IN THE FLAVOUR OF VEGEMITE—AND IT'S SO RICH AND TASTY TOO!"

Vegemite is a highly concentrated pure extract of yeast, containing all of the food elements of the yeast plant. Valuable mineral salts. Precious vitamins. Body-building proteins. Vegemite is full of nutritional riches, and is of tremendous value for children. Being

highly concentrated, it should be spread only very lightly on bread and butter, or biscuits, for you to fully enjoy that one and only Vegemite flavour. You'll make stocks, stews and all other savoury dishes more delicious by adding Vegemite.



SEND THIS LABEL WITH EVERY ENTRY!

It's easy to remove from the spot jar. If the label does not pull away smoothly, just stand the jar in water for several seconds and you will be able to remove the label without any difficulty.

Mark your envelope "LIMERICK" and address to the Director, Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Pty. Ltd., 54 Clarence Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

On a separate sheet I have written the complete limerick with my last line. I am enclosing this with the label from one 2-oz. jar of Vegemite, together with a stamped envelope bearing my name and address. I agree to abide by the judge's decision as final and legally binding.

Name _____

Address _____

FASHION PORTFOLIO

SECOND SECTION — PHOTOS IN ARTGRAVURE

August 7, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Page One

VARIETY ... the Spice of SPRING HATS



• TOP LEFT: A Patou model in navy baki. Two large velvet roses, in tones of pink and magenta, are prettily perched on top of the high-peaked crown.

• TOP RIGHT: A Marie Alphonsine model in cream basket-weave straw. The brim is edged with black grosgrain and the entire hat is swathed with yards of black veiling. It also features the cut-out back.

• ABOVE: Lily Dache designed this straight sailor hat in brown ballbustal. The crown is made of Paisley silk in blue, orange, cream, and yellow tones. It has long Paisley tails.

• AT RIGHT: John Fredericks, of New York, designed this model of fine navy baki in Breton style. It is lined with white celanese spotted in red, green, and navy, and with long tails at the back.

FAVORED BY *Film* PLAYERS

HERE are some delightful examples of Spring fashions posed by popular film players. These pictures, which were obtained by us direct from Hollywood, for this special Spring fashion issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, were photographed in natural color and reproduced by our exclusive colored Art-gravure process.



● PATRICIA ELLIS relaxes in a luxurious gown of ice-white satin, brocaded in silver. This lovely model has a tailored air in the bodice which contrasts markedly with the voluptuous fullness of the skirt. This silhouette is definitely the fashion tops for Spring, and the treatment is particularly suitable for luxury fabrics such as that in Miss Ellis' gown. The dainty sandals are also of ice-white and silver.





● **ABOVE:** Beverley Roberts poses in a beautiful tunic frock of Madonna-blue silk which is gorgeously adorned in the smart Austrian manner. The lavish use of peasant motifs includes important sleeves, a wide border round the tunic, and prettily-shaped yoke with narrow collar and cuffs.

● **TOP LEFT:** Jeanne Madden shows a frock in the soft new triple organdie being so much used this spring, and she favors the two-way color scheme. The front of the bodice uses white and a new shade of red, and the back is all red.

● **TOP CENTRE:** Jeanne Madden is fond of the two-tone color scheme. She is here seen in a dinner gown of soft rust and black crepe. The skirt is brought high up to a peak in front at the bust, forming an ultra high waistline. The waist itself is defined by a soft silk cord, loosely knotted.

● **LEFT:** June Travis wears a pretty printed cocktail gown in red and white, with an irregular pattern in dots. The gown fastens from throat to hem with covered buttons in white grosgrain. White grosgrain also forms the high collar and cuffs of the short sleeves. The twin posy of white flowers is matched by a spray in the hair.

● **LEFT CENTRE:** Carol Hughes poses in a pretty setting in a charming evening gown of printed pure silk. The field-flower design chosen for the print is particularly effective on this black background. This is one of the prints which must be simply cut to be displayed to the best advantage.



Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

For eight years Alison Settle edited the famous fashion periodical, "Vogue." Now she has published "The Clothes Line," an excellent book on fashion.

WISE, witty and intensely practical, it provides not only entertaining reading, but an immense amount of sound, helpful advice on a subject of

great importance to every woman.

One of two women members of the Council for Art and Industry appointed by the Board of Trade and the first woman to act as fashion consultant to the chief fashion firms of Great Britain, the author has a long-established reputation as an authority on fashions.

"There are," says Alison Settle, "two types of clothes, the clothes which last and are to a large extent timeless, and the other prettier fashions which pass

quicker and which give you a vast deal of satisfaction while they are here and become you, a good deal of heartburn when their day has gone, but you still have to go on wearing them.

"That's what people mean when they say, rather portentously, 'It always pays to spend a lot in the first place.' It isn't that you will get any sort of satisfaction out of spending a lot of money on your clothes. Indeed, the richer the woman (unless she happens to be gifted with real taste) the worse her clothes—if only because she has more of them. But the kind of clothes in the first class, the kind that last, do undoubtedly cost money. Why? Because fewer people want good fashions than bad? Because it takes

taste and knowledge to know what are the fashions that will last and give continued satisfaction?

"Chiefly because the trick fashions, so to say, the sharp, dramatic notes of fashion, are bought by the big stores, whose taste is geared for that kind of buying, and so pass into general currency very quickly.

Clothing—Not Fashion

"WHAT you cannot do with lasting fashions is to take something which is right outside fashion and go on wearing it. And that is what I mean when I speak of those dreary tailored suits, suits which ladies with buttoned-up faces wear. That is clothing; that is not fashion at all.

Don't think that it is the dull, medium, or uninspired sort of fashion which is going to be the lasting kind. A lasting fashion must be bought with real knowledge of the way fashion is going."

Fabrics, she stresses, are of the utmost importance.

"New fabrics must definitely play their part in changing fashion . . . if you are a watcher of fashions and not just a chancey woman, you will always read about the new fabrics."

"The fashionables are another influence to watch. They have time, money, inclination and opportunity to discuss with the great fashion makers what they want, why they want it, and why what is created may not fit into life as it is being lived by them to-day."

Seize New Ideas

"BE quick on the uptake . . ." she advises. "When a new fashion idea is launched, snap in and have one made, while it is chic, while it is fresh as an idea. Hesitation and dawdling over new ideas, you know, may turn you into a dodd."

"How many women you and I know who only catch on to an idea as it is going out, or who cut some nice idea out of the paper and think about having it made up for so long that when it is made the fashion has passed on and they wonder why they get no satisfaction out of their clothes."

Of good taste, she writes:—

"How, tell me, can I cultivate good taste? So many puzzled women ask that question. But they have got it deep down inside themselves. If they had not they would not be asking such a question. It is only they have not yet learnt how to express it."

"The first rule is to have the courage of your convictions and of what you learn. Because all your husband's friends have houses with pink ruffled lampshades and edgings of shaded fringe, is no reason for you to have them."

"Elaboration should be shunned by anyone in doubt as to where good taste lies. It is, in fact, shunned by those who know good taste. Elegance of line is quite another thing to elaboration; it has clean, pure line and an absence of fuss."

Of buying a new hat:—

"When getting a new hat study the proportions of its brim to its crown before you even try it on. Then study it on the head for its proportions in relation to your own."

"The long-faced woman is so often brought high-crowned or narrow hats to try on that at a glance you could say she should never attempt, and the fat faced woman equally made to wear low crowns and flat brimmed effects."

"Above all, there must be no air spaces in the crown of a hat. The crown, whatever its shape must fit perfectly."

Her ten rules for good shoe buying include: Have regular foot treatment; do not buy shoes when your feet are tired or hot; don't buy on a going-out fashion, be alert for a coming-in fashion; buy shoes for morning, afternoon, sports and evening, and do not for a moment think that one pair of shoes should carry you all through the day.

There are chapters, too, tracing the history of fashion, giving advice on hairdressing, on planning a wardrobe, on dressing the young. Indeed, practically the whole sphere of fashion is traversed in this practical and helpful book.

Books To Read

"LEISURE FOR LIVING." Nellie M. Scanlon. English family in New Zealand.

"Star Begotten." H. G. Wells. The Martians remake Mankind.

"Red Tie in the Morning." Somerset De Chair. A well-written political novel, with a farcical background.

"Lost City." Rene Yungel. Travel in the Philippine Islands.

"The Grown Ups." Catherine Whitcomb. Child studies full of humor and pathos.

FOR ALLURING UPLIFT



MOULDS THE HEAVY BUST
This Berlei brassiere is specially designed to give support and soft roundness to the heavy bust. Two back suspenders prevent riding up. For 34-42 bust. No. 8172.



SHOULDER CONTROL FOR THE MATURE BUST
The special feature of this brassiere is the raised shoulder line, which prevents "bulging" and gives a smooth contour. For 34-42 bust. No. 8166.

BRASSIERES BY

If you have a young figure—for you the youthful uplift line, rounded rather than pointed, with a charming, natural "separated" effect. If your figure is more mature—still the uplift line, but less accentuated, more softly rounded. If you are an "outsized" the ideal is gentle moulding allied to comfortable support. Don't insist on flattening your bust; a properly-designed brassiere gives a far more shapely line.

FOR ALLURING UPLIFT. No. 8171, shown in the photograph. Stitched satin petals uphold the bosom, giving youthful firmness and a natural "separated" line. 32-38.



STYLISH MEDIUM
Narrow silk straps reinforce lower half of bust sections, providing a new type of uplift support. This brassiere gives the new "separated" line. 30-38. No. 8179.

Berlei

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That Edna Farrell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Farrell, of Vacluse, is engaged to Alexander Borthwick, of Parsley Bay? Her engagement ring is a square-cut diamond in an attractive setting of platinum, with diamond arms.

Governor's Descendant

WHEN Lady Wakehurst arrived at the Macquarie Club for the dinner party given by the members, she was received by Mrs. Frank Penfold Hyland, the president. I wondered if our Governor's wife knew that Mrs. Hyland is a descendant of one of the first Governors of N.S.W.—Captain Gidley King.

This was the first occasion on which our new Governor's wife has been entertained at a dinner party at a club since her arrival in Sydney.

Wild Animals?

EXTRAORDINARILY mild in character was the dance given by a "lion" and "tiger" at the R.S.P.C.A. hall at the Paddington Town Hall on Thursday night. Another animal sidelight was the "elephant," who had difficulty with his hearing and used his trunk as an earphone.

Elsie McWilliams' pink-and-white spotted dress, worn with pink camellias in her hair, was worthy of note, and Mrs. Altx Bremner looked her usual sparkling self in green and gold brocade. As usual, our Minister for Health, Mr. FitzSimons, was one of the best-looking men in the room, and I did admire Carleton Kelly's graceful dancing.

It's not often the Navy takes to skis, but this will be the case when Ross Wheatley goes off to Kosciusko with his wife next month. Ross is just back from Darwin and has a temporary shore job.

Consular Party

THE Consular Corps, with the Dean, M. Henri Segart, and Madame Segart as host and hostess, arranged a farewell luncheon to M. and Mme. Paul Suzor at Romano's on Thursday. France's national colors—the same as ours in case you are doubtful—in flowers made most effective table decorations.

Madame Suzor looked very smart in navy crepe with a dusty-pink front to her corsage and a navy hat.

Mme. Meyer wore a frock and hat of navy, and her collar of grey astrachan made an attractive contrast. Mr. and Mrs. Wakamatsu, Dr. Kokotakis, Dr. Erick Fischer, and Mr. and Mrs. Pao were among the many internationals present.

A Queensland friend tells me that Mrs. Willie Collins, of Beaudesert, leaves England in the Strathmore in October en route for home.

Artists' Ball

TUESDAY night of this week was selected by the artists of Sydney to make merry at their annual ball. Many diverting "shows" were organised to keep visitors amused all the evening—artists' models to parade the dance floor, well-known caricaturists to ply their pens, and the most autographed dress-shirt front to be awarded a prize.

Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Will Ashton, Arthur Malley, Rene Ferry, James Russell, and Jimmie Bancks were among those responsible for the arrangements.

On the Wing

IT must be difficult to be summer-minded this weather, but Ruby Hume is making the effort and choosing linens and voiles for a trip to the Barrier Reef. Ruby, a member of the well-known pastoral family from the south, has been very much on the wing for some months past and has been making interstate visits of longish duration.

She is quite one of the cheeriest people I know, so it is no wonder that she is in demand with hostesses.

Cousins in Nice

OFF to England with introductions to the B.B.C. in her pocket is Mrs. Renee Wafer, a former student of singing at the Conservatorium. Her mother was French, so the traveller is naturally interested in her proposed visit to France.

She will stay with her cousin, Mrs. Norman Warrian, in Nice before crossing the Channel for a first glimpse of the white cliffs of Dover.

First Blossoms

AMONG the first to view the wattle trees in bloom and admire the very early peach blossoms up country were Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Johnston and Mr. and Mrs. George Thirkell, visitors from Tasmania, who have been enjoying a holiday in this State.

They packed all mod. cons. in their car and made off at a leisurely pace for a drive from Melbourne to Sydney, Brisbane, and then they came back again.



Bright Ideas

BRONTE WILSHIRE is full of bright ideas. She has been in Sydney for some months, and occupied her idle hours by learning to cope with wet clay and make it into charming bits and pieces of pottery as well as the more exciting modes of arranging flowers to the best advantage.

She is off to her home in Adelaide next week, where she intends to go all-businesslike, and open a shop.

Needless to say, ready or not, all the bright young things of her home city will be in to call at the first possible moment.

An Abundant Share

MRS. "SCOTTY" ALLAN will board the Orford on August 14 for a trip to England. Her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Chambers, will be fellow-passengers.

Mrs. "Scotty" is nothing if not versatile, and has an enviable record of accomplishments. She has her pilot's licence, is an artist of distinction, a crack tennis player and wields a snappy golf club, and is charming and good-looking into the bargain.



MISS JEAN CHURCH, who has been staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Church, of Bellevue Hill, for the past month, and has now returned to Melbourne, where she is studying chemistry.

"Old" Boys, Young Girls

THROUGH a forest of wattle trees "Old Boys" greeted young girls at the Sydney Church of England Grammar Old Boys' Union dance, held at the Palais Royal last week. The wattle had been garnered in large quantities by the committee of girls who assisted at the party. No, not in some interested member's large rural garden, but in the early morning at Paddy's Market.

The dance was a great success, and Mrs. L. C. Robson, wife of the headmaster, looked particularly charming in a gown of white bubbly crepe patterned with black leaves as she entertained representatives of other schools' Old Boys' unions at the official table.

Dr. and Mrs. Bill Scarff will arrive from Melbourne this week and spend a short holiday at the Hotel Australia. Mrs. Scarff was formerly Kath Hanrahan, of this city.

Pretty As Ever

"LOOKING just as pretty as ever and absurdly young to be the mother of two sons" is the description Mrs. Byron Beans gives of her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Hodson, formerly the lovely Margaret Honey of this city. Mrs. Beans arrived home in the Orford with her sister, Miss E. Y. Haughton, after a stay of sixteen months in London.

The newest arrival in the Hodson family is christened Anthony, and his young brother is named Jeremy. Their clever father you will remember is the editor of "Round Table."

Just Wondering

CAN'T help wondering what Mrs. Laurie Seman will do without Palm Beach and vice versa when the summer season comes around!

Mrs. Seman, you know, is doing a strenuous job of publicity work for one of our best-known emporiums. Still, there are always the week-ends in which to acquire the becoming coat of suntan.

A Busy Week

WHAT a busy week Mrs. W. J. Cleary had! On Thursday last she entertained Mrs. Josef Roismann, Mrs. Schneider and Mrs. Kroyt, the wives of three members of the Budapest Quartet who are at present in New Zealand, at a tea party at her home. Among the musically-minded guests present were Mrs. William Dakin, Mrs. R. Silverton, Mrs. Harold Bott, who sang several songs during the afternoon, Mrs. Charles Moses, and Mrs. Hope Gibson.

On Friday Mrs. Cleary's niece, Jean Sweetapple, donned her bridal attire in the house in preparation for her wedding to Reginald Barnett, of Melbourne. The bride chose parchment satin, and Joan Cleary, her bridesmaid, a charming frock of blue taffeta with gold spots.

Have You Seen—

The lovely opal ring in an antique setting worn by Mrs. C. G. Lambie, who is taking it to Scotland shortly to display the charm of Australian stones?

LEARN PIANO JAZZ!

for PROFIT or PLEASURE



SAYS TEDDIE GARRATT

For Profit: Increase your income. A good syndicator can ALWAYS get engagements to play at dances, parties, socials, etc. My wonderful Personal Postal Course will teach YOU how to become a professional dance pianist. The work is easy and pleasant, and well paid.

For Pleasure: Increase your popularity. Here is a fascinating and interesting hobby; be the envy of your friends and be popular wherever you go. Enter into and make others happy. Become a modern, sophisticated pianist. Play the latest tunes in up-to-date syncopation, and assure yourself of a genuine welcome anywhere, any time!

Absolute Beginners, Medium Players, or Advanced Classical Pianists, no matter where you live, if you have a piano at your disposal and can spare 30 minutes per day to practice, I can teach you REAL JAZZ by means of my Special Postal Course, which has taught thousands in other parts of the world, and is now teaching hundreds in all parts of Australia and New Zealand.

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED! Remember "KEYBOARD KAPEERS" from 2GB, 2UE, 2SM, 2CH, 2KO, 4BC, 4GR, 4MB, 5KA, and 5AM?

FILL IN COUPON BELOW, AND POST AT ONCE! TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG., 256 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters) ADDRESS

HAGGARD LOOKS DEPART

Weary Bodies Revive—

YOUTH RETURNS

as Ageing Uric Acid Ills are Conquered

Keep your blood, nerves, joints and muscles free from uric acid poisons, and worn looks and youth-destroying aches, pains, lethargy and weakness will not attack you—rheumatism, Back, Limb, Kneecap, Knee, Shoulder Pains, and other tortures cannot then spoil your life and rob you of your strength. The best, surest safe way of getting rid of the harmful uric acid (together with its deadly deposits and crystals) is to take Harrison's Pills. No matter how many things have failed you, Harrison's Pills will give you swift relief and prompt recovery.

No More Rheumatism, Backache, Neck, Shoulder or Joint Pains....

Harrison's Pills possess a remarkable power of not only ending aches and pains but of assuring resistance to those signs of breakdown called "growing old." Many lives that would have cracked, crashed or, perhaps, come to a premature end must have been saved by this famous medicine. Grateful users from all parts have testified to the value of Harrison's Pills even in extreme cases.



Diagram showing types of needle-point uric acid crystals

It YOU wish to gain freedom from uric acidity, rheumatic pains, kidney, bladder and urinary weakness, distension, puffiness under the eyes, broken rest at night, swelling pains, etc., get some Harrison's Pills from your chemist at once. 3 Sizes: 2/-, 5/- and 8/-.

To End Decline In Vital Organs And Restore Youthful, Pain-Free Strength TAKE

HARRISON'S PILLS

Diagram showing types of needle-point uric acid crystals

It YOU wish to gain freedom from uric acidity, rheumatic pains, kidney, bladder and urinary weakness, distension, puffiness under the eyes, broken rest at night, swelling pains, etc., get some Harrison's Pills from your chemist at once. 3 Sizes: 2/-, 5/- and 8/-.

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HARRISON'S PILLS

Diagram showing types of needle-point uric acid crystals

WAR GAME

Continued from Page 5

ONCE clear of the pass, they circled over the savanna, while Boden made a panoramic sketch of the exit, showing the river, the foothills, and a white shack on the south bank. Then he noted the compass bearing from the exit to the Pacific, as they headed straight for the ocean. They came out about five miles north of David Bay, at a point where the wreck of a big, rusty, red steel freighter lay on the beach. Boden noted this landmark on his sketch and in a few minutes they were circling David Bay, taking the photographs. They saw Ham Fithian land on the bay.

"Something's wrong with Ham," Damon decided. He had intended to head back over the Sierra de Chiriqui immediately, but at sight of Fithian sitting down in the bay he decided to sit down himself and ask questions.

"Pearl's sick, Tommy," Fithian explained. "Halfway over the hump he got tied up in knots. I think he has an attack of acute appendicitis. We got the deuce of a bumping coming over the ridge. Awful. More of it might rupture Pearl's appendix, so I'm going to put him off here and telephone to the Army air force at Panama to send over an amphibian to take him to the hospital ship lying off the coast with the Pacific Fleet. I've arranged with a Panamanian I found fishing on this rattletrap dock to get a skiff and take Pearl off."

Here comes the fellow now. Boden. I'll have to take you off Mr. Damon's ship, because I'll need you to help me get Pearl down into the skiff."

"Aye, aye, sir," Boden shouted. "It may be an hour or more before the Army amphibian arrives, Boden."

Mr. Damon suggested. "There's no necessity for me waiting for you."

Boden looked anxious. "I'd rather go with my own lieutenant, sir," he pleaded.

"Hell's fire, Boden! Don't you know we're playing a war game? You and Mr. Fithian and Pearl will all be captured by that Army plane. Of course, they won't detain you, but for the purposes of the record you'll be listed as captured ship and personnel. To avoid capture I've got to take it on the lam."

"I'm afraid of that pass, sir. I should be there to help you navigate."

"Not going back, Boden. That pass is familiar territory to me now."

The skiff came alongside and Boden started to climb down into it. So it occurred to him to give his superior orders: "You be careful, Mr. Damon, and don't take chances."

DAMON pulled his ship forward on the anchor rope until it was hove short; his motor had been idling. He hauled in the anchor, gave his ship the gun, and was off. He flew up the coast to the old wreck and set his compass course for the western entrance to the pass. Halfway across the savanna the air grew bumpy; presently he began to be tossed about like a leaf in an autumn gale, and discovered that his control was so slack as to be positively dangerous.

His common sense told him he should turn back. The fact that he had got through that pass once, he knew, could be listed under the head of miracles.

He could see the entrance to the pass now, and the clouds still floated over it about the same height at which they had floated when he passed through. This reassured him, came down to it from a tight, steep spiral, and ducked in.

To his horror the clouds started dropping swiftly. Almost it seemed as if like demons, they had watched him from afar, intent on ambushing him. He dipped lower into the pass.

A furious rain squall struck him, and in an instant his visibility was nil. He looked down, but could not see the river! "Trapped," he said aloud, and strangely, he addressed Ham Fithian: "Trapped. Ham. old scout."

There was only one thing to do—one chance in a million of saving his life—and he acted instantly, automatically. He cut both switches to reduce the fire hazard, "pulled

the ship back" to reduce the speed—and waited.

He thought, fleetingly, of the girl in Los Angeles....

The tufted top of a huge tree tripped the ship, and she dropped straight down, the wings and pontoons hitting lesser trees as she descended, breaking the force of the fall. Damon sat in the cockpit staring straight ahead; the plane hesitated an instant; then, her wings and undercarriage gone, slid swiftly on her belly down a high, steep bank and came to rest with her nose in the edge of a small stream....

The tossing Ham Fithian had experienced flying over to David was trifling compared with that which awaited him on the return trip. When finally he set his ship down on the surface of Chiriqui lagoon, Mr. Fithian idled the motor, and when the ship's forward motion ceased he turned and looked back at Boden. He said, "Boden, do you think Mr. Damon got through?"

Boden shook his head negatively, and in his eyes there was the forlorn look of a father who has just lost his first-born.

Mr. Fithian taxied the ship over to the Concord and they were hoisted aboard. "Has Tommy Damon returned?" he asked the officer of the deck, who replied that Mr. Damon had not. Fithian's glance met that of Boden, and the latter said, "Yes, sir, I'll have her raised and oiled immediately, while you talk to the commanding officer, sir."

He glanced up at the sun. "We still have an hour and a half of daylight, Mr. Fithian, and it'll probably be as safe to look for him in that pass right now as it ever is going to be."

"Good man! Yes, it's our job—and you've been through that pass with Mr. Damon, so you can show it to me."

HE ran to report to the skipper, who said merely, "You and Boden go back and look for him; if you can't find him to-night I'll order a search on a broad scale to-morrow morning."

Mr. Fithian returned to the plane; he and Boden climbed in, and the crane set them overboard again, but this time Boden, although not authorized to fly a Navy plane, had the controls. He took off at once, climbing swiftly to 6000 feet, as he sped down the coast and turned inland. Half an hour after leaving the Concord he pushed the VT into the pass, and Ham Fithian got out his binoculars.

Suddenly Boden pointed ahead and to the right, or north, side of the stream. A beam of late sunlight shone on three patches of dazzling silver-white.

Mr. Fithian took one glance, looked at his chart, and rapidly started to unreel the radio antenna. "Might as well report him while there's the chance," he thought. Seconds passed; it seemed hours; the antenna was full out. He gave the radio dial a twist, began calling the Concord. Then suddenly the plane gave a tremendous lurch, there was a grinding, splintering sound. Mr. Fithian looked over the side; they had scraped the top of a mountain and the radio antenna, dragging in the treetops, had been wrenched off.

Mr. Fithian slipped his safety belt. They were lost in the clouds now and flying blind, but that was a chance Boden had to take to give Mr. Fithian sufficient altitude to make the jump.... a man must have space under him in case his chute is slow opening. Mr. Fithian was too old a hand not to realize that he must bail out a minute after sighting the wreck.

"Take her straight up to 10,000 over the clouds and down to David," Mr. Fithian's order rang in his ear.

Boden counted five, and while doing so released his belt. Then, he, too, bailed out! He counted five, pulled the rip cord and waited; as he emerged from the clouds his parachute opened and he was jerked into a sitting position; below him Mr. Fithian's chute flowered white.

He saw that Mr. Damon had crashed about a hundred yards from the river and nosed down into a small tributary that flowed into the river. The bed of this creek was about a hundred yards wide; following a few hours' rain the channel would run bank-full; now its flow was limited to a 30 or 40-foot channel.

"Well, I'll be...!"

said the Duchess,



"don't they know the

KLEENEX HABIT

saves towels from make-up stain"

Now that Kleenex Tissues cost so little, there's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up.

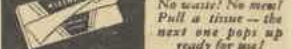
The Kleenex Habit saves embarrassment, saves towels, saves money.

Yes, here's a safer, better way to remove face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex is so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Yet beauty experts will tell you it absorbs grease and dirt from deep down in the pores. Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge and eye-shadow, to shape and blot lipstick, to wipe away mascara and excess nail polish.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Saves Steps—Time—Money.

Keep a box in your desk, in every room at home; for handkerchiefs use... For removing face-creams and cosmetics... To apply powder, rouge... for the baby... To dust and polish.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!



KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

A reverie

I nestle in my gorgeous box of cream and tangerine holding within my bosom the gift of instant charm. I await just the touch of your powder pad to unhelm my subtle gifts, for I am no ordinary powder. I am French. I am of Paris.

I adorn the dressing table of tens of thousands of women who are proud to claim me as their constant friend, for how I not brought them happiness, romance, love, charm? All people love a pretty girl. I will stay on for hours and hours—do what you will! I still cling and cling.

Famous Charmosan

face powder from Paris

I HAVE gorgeous shades waiting for you, rachel, natuelle, rose, blonde and sun-tan. I am sold in big double size boxes for 2/6... therefore I am economical. I am sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

P.S.—Give your face its "good-night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream every night. Removes "makeup" dust, etc. from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crows feet, pimples, blackheads, and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir jars, 2/6. Tubes, 1/-... Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

STOP HIS DRINKING

"I could not let my son wreck his life," one mother writes, "so I secretly gave him 'DRINKER' with amazing results. He is a new man and off the drink." Get free advice on this great treatment. Eel over 30 years. Write or call HOME WELFARE FTL, Dept. W.W., 33 George Street, Sydney, and London Stores Bldg., Elizabeth St., Melbourne.

Please turn to Page 43

XMAS CRUISE

LEAVING BRISBANE... DEC. 14, also 21... returning Jan. 10 & 17
LEAVING SYDNEY... DEC. 18, also 24... returning Jan. 7 & 14
LEAVING MELBOURNE... DEC. 21, also 28... returning Jan. 5 & 12

This wonderful and comprehensive cruise from Brisbane gives splendid opportunities of seeing the capital cities and visiting the interesting S.A. Gulf ports—Pt. Lincoln, Pt. Augusta, Pt. Hedland, Pt. Irwin, etc.

FIRST CLASS THROUGHOUT ON BOATS WITH ALL HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.

INCLUSIVE PRICES—
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Readers may join at Adelaide for Gulf Cruise Portion Only. EARLY APPLICATION ESSENTIAL.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

What Women Are Doing

Going Abroad

MISS MARY GREENWELL, ex-general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in New Plymouth, N.Z., is in Melbourne, en route for England to take up a bursary at Woodbroke College, Birmingham.

Woodbroke is the first Y.W.C.A. - Y.M.C.A. community house, where co-education in all branches of social service, philosophy and psychology is proving a successful venture.

Displayed Her Work in Sydney Exhibition

MISS MYRA MORGAN, of Cremorne, Sydney, who was appointed resident art mistress of the Glennie School, Toowoomba, at the beginning of the year, found time to send some of her dainty specimens of metalwork to the exhibition of the Australian Art Society held in Sydney recently.

This young artist, who spent her midwinter holidays in Sydney, is very happy in her work, and is enthusiastic about the picturesque Darling Downs and also about the school—one of the foremost girls' schools in Australia.

American Professor Visiting Australia

SPENDING the summer vacation on a visit to Australia, Miss Mabel Belden, an American professor, is at present staying with Mrs. C. A. Hutchinson, wife of the American Consul in Adelaide. Miss Belden is a professor at Keuka University College, in the Finger Lake District of New York State, where she has charge of the business and commercial courses.

This college, which caters for 250 women students, is residential, and has power to grant degrees in arts and science. Miss Belden has both her Bachelor and Master of Arts degrees, the first obtained at the Syracuse University and the latter at the University of Southern California, and has done numerous graduate courses at different American Universities during summer vacations.

She will be returning to the United States by the Monterey when it sails on August 20.

Managed Hockey Teams Since 1925

MRS. F. J. DAVY, of Sydney, should know all there is to know about the temperamental vagaries of women's hockey players. If such there be, she has been manager for State teams since 1925, and acted in this capacity for the New South Wales team that visited Brisbane recently for the hockey carnival.

For the last fourteen years Mrs. Davy has been honorary secretary of the New South Wales Hockey Association, and for the last twelve years honorary secretary of the All Australia Women's Hockey Association. She managed the first Australian hockey team which toured South Africa, England and the Continent in 1930, also the Australian team which toured New Zealand in 1935, and the team which toured Canada and the United States of America in 1936.

Mrs. Davy is an executive member of many committees in Sydney, including the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women, the National Council of Women, and Sydney Day Nurseries' Association. She is an advisory member of Physical Education and Sports Department of the Y.W.C.A.

Bound for Geneva

ON her way to Geneva to take up her work as temporary collaborator to the Secretariat of the League of Nations Union, Miss Ethel M. Dawe, the first Australian woman to receive such an appointment, has left Adelaide.

After a short stay in London, where she will meet members of the League's huge English organisation, Miss Dawe will cross to Geneva in time to attend the important international meetings in September. As a member of the Secretariat staff she will be admitted to all the League meetings, including those of the council, and will have every opportunity to study the workings of the League and will also make a survey of each department of work under the Secretariat.

Miss Dawe has been secretary of the League of Nations Union in South Australia for the past three years.

Girl Guides "Adopt" Little Girl

THE 30 South Australian Girl Guides who form the Henley Beach Company are very thrilled with their latest venture—the adoption of a little girl from the Church of England Babies' Home.

Last month the company's captain, Miss Dorothea Angus, went out to the home with Mrs. H. L. Rymill, Divisional Commissioner of the Western Metropolitan District, and chose a little girl for the Guides to interest themselves in.

Of course, their tiny charge will continue to live at the home, but the Guides have undertaken to clothe her, visit her and take her out, and will probably arrange holiday visits for her to their homes.

Finds Time for Home, Study and Play

MRS. E. M. SHEPHERD, of Brisbane, after having worked last year as secretary of the Queensland Women Graduates Association, is this year a member of the committee. Before her marriage she went to Somerville House, then graduated at the Queensland University, where she gained her B.A. After that she taught at Fairholme College, Toowoomba, and St. Margaret's School, Brisbane. She is also on the committee for International Affairs.

As well as looking after home, she finds time to attend pottery lessons and to play tennis and golf.

One of Our Most Interesting Young Women

ONE of the most interesting young women in Australia to-day is Miss E. Hobley, who two years ago was remarkable, even unique, for what she had never seen. She had a more Spartan and isolated upbringing than any other child in Australia.

An only child, she never left her family's homestead on the more remote reaches of the Roper River, in the Northern Territory.

Two years ago she left home for the first time, gradually travelled south to Perth, having her first experiences of motor cars, ships, shops, aeroplanes, trams, and talkies as she came.

She travelled with her mother, for whom feminine fashions had stood still for twenty years, and wore the print frocks, curious straw hats, and sandshoes she had always worn.

After several weeks her mother returned to Roper River, and the general public heard no more of Miss Hobley. She went to work to learn, and learned solidly.

Just recently she made a brilliant showing with a pass of 90 per cent., an exceptionally high figure, in a class of motor mechanics at the Technical College, commanding considerable respect from her instructor, Mr. H. P. Baker, Australian National Airways pilot.

Another remarkable choice of subject made by this girl from the never-never was aircraft construction, and she was one of a handful of women entrants for the scholarship conducted by the Royal Aero Club of W.A.

Staunch Worker for C.W.A. in the West

MRS. J. HEARMAN, a foundation member of the Country Women's Association of West Australia, is also president of the Southern Division.

Belonging to the Donnybrook orcharding country, she was president of one of the earliest branches formed in 1924, and is essentially a country woman. She is a State vice-president and has held office for many years.

Herself a Bachelor of Science of an English University, Mrs. Hearman has the distinction of having a daughter, the only woman officer of the Forestry Department in West Australia. Dr. Joan Hearman.

Charity Worker to Become Mission Sister

EVER since she came to South Australia from England sixteen years ago, Miss Dorothy Elms has been connected with charity work in Adelaide. She has been particularly interested in the welfare of the mentally deficient children at Minda Home and worked voluntarily for them for nine years before joining the staff of the Home as organiser of the social committee.

After seven years she has relinquished that position to join the Central Methodist Mission, and will commence her work there as a Mission Sister early this month.

Miss Elms' other interests include Voluntary Aid Detachment work (she worked as a V.A.D. in England during the war, and is now Commandant of the 401 Keewick V.A.D.), and Kuitpo Industrial Colony. With Mrs. C. G. Felstead she is convening the floral section of the forthcoming Kuitpo Gala, and has organised a bridge party at John Martin's for Tuesday of this week.

Very Nearly a Full-time Job

THE Ministering Children's League of Victoria has an ardent enthusiast in Mrs. E. M. Wignall. She has the cause of children at heart, and devotes most of her time working in their interests.

Not only is she hon. treasurer of the League, but as a member of the building committee she pays regular visits to Queenscliff to inspect the new cottage by the sea now nearing completion.

She is also hon. secretary of the Prahran and South Yarra branch, and was one of its energetic ticket secretaries for the ball held recently in the Prahran Town Hall to raise funds for the furnishing of the new home.

The Alfred Hospital also claims her attention, and she will often be found assisting at the little shop in the hospital grounds.

Making Widespread Appeal for Books

THE Free Book Distributing Society, Melbourne, is making an appeal for light literature and children's books to distribute to all kinds of charitable institutions—hospitals, orphanages, sanatoriums, relief camps and kindergartens.

Mrs. Maurice Posner discovered how gratefully gifts of books would be received when she was broadcasting book reviews. With the aid of friends she formed the society last September, and already 4000 books have been collected and distributed.

Mrs. Posner is always glad to send to any address to pick up books.



Mrs. Maurice Posner—Brooklyn.

Investigated Industrial Conditions Overseas

DR. ETHEL OSBORNE, who has been abroad for more than two years, made her return trip to Melbourne as ship's surgeon. While on the other side of the world, Dr. Osborne was appointed by the International Labor Office, Geneva, to a special committee formed to deal with the problems of women in industry, and she hopes to be able to submit information from Australia that will help less forward nations in this social question.

She took the opportunity of probing into industrial conditions, with particular regard to the health of the workers, which to her is of basic importance in modern industrial development. The chance to do this came when she worked in big panel practices in industrial and agricultural centres in England and Northern Ireland.

Dr. Osborne also attended health conferences in England and Europe, including the International Hospitals Congress in Rome, held just before the Abyssinian trouble, and the International Congress held in Brussels at the end of last year as part of the campaign against cancer.

Nutrition was an important subject at all these conferences, and she says, "It seems to me that the fundamental requirement of our Empire policy should be an insistent demand for adequate nutrition for every individual in that Empire."

Has Lived in Every Country in the World

AN outstanding visitor to Melbourne at present is Mrs. Graham Gorrie.

Born at sea, she has been travelling ever since, and has lived in every country in the world.

She has ridden the Canadian Rockies as a "pack-boy" for nine months, written and published many short stories and articles.

She studied wild animals in their native state, and now after years of research is preparing a thesis on "Back to nature versus civilisation."

These are just a few of the adventures this fearless woman has crowded into her young life.



Mrs. Gorrie—Brooklyn.

Driven Nurses on Rounds For Six Years

THE Queensland District Nursing Association is missing the services of Miss Nan Edwards, of Brisbane, who has not been able to drive the nurses round since she has been busy at the Girl Guide Association's rooms during Miss Neth Hutchinson's absence abroad.

Miss Edwards twice a month for over six years has driven the nurses to and from their cases, which is a very fine record. She has been doing it since the very first day Lady Goodwin formed a Transport Corps for this work.

When she relinquishes her position with the Guides, she will resume her work for the D.N.A.

Teaches German Dancing in Adelaide

AFTER having completed a tour of New Zealand, where she demonstrated and lectured at women's clubs and schools, Miss Laurie McLeod, a graduate of the Theatre of German Dance in Sydney, is now in Adelaide, where she is attached to a school of dancing in connection with one of Adelaide's leading physical culture schools.

Miss McLeod has studied with Miss Irene Vera Young, the international dancer, since 1929, and is enthusiastic about the German dancing which she is now to teach. She considers it gives students ample opportunities to develop their own ideas.

STOMACH TROUBLE RELIEVED

Sour, acid stomach, burning pains soon after food is taken, griping, twisting agony, point most surely to the fact that the lining of the digestive tract is becoming inflamed or even ulcerated.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been specially prepared to meet the complicated nature of indigestion, and to relieve it right from the first dose.

For De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food without distress. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder



Mrs. Wignall—Brisbane.



Mrs. F. J. Davy—Dorothy Coleman.



Mrs. E. M. Shepherd—Noel Maitland.

...when out-of-sorts "it was a cry for Clements Tonic"



Clements makes
women look and
feel ten years
younger.

Mildura, Vic. 19th February, 1937.

"I feel as though I must write to let you know the benefit I have had by taking 'Clements Tonic'. I was very run-down and not eating or sleeping like I should, in fact, I just couldn't get to sleep until all hours of the morning. And after the first big bottle I noticed a difference in myself. I began to eat my regular meals and also sleep well and am pleased to say I am my normal self again. Not only myself in our family has had such wonderful results with 'Clements Tonic' but my father is a regular believer in the Tonic. As soon as one feels out of sorts it's a cry for 'Clements Tonic'.

You may use my letter for publication because I think it not only helps others to find out, but should have the praise it deserves."—(Miss) G.E.P.

"Health broke down — suffered from nervous prostration"

Lithgow, 7th May, 1937.

"Being a constant user of Clements Tonic I desire to tender my testimony to its worth. In 1910 I was transferred to an important position in the Railway Department to Albury, N.S.W. Owing to the very hot climate which I was not accustomed to, my health broke down and I suffered from nervous prostration for years off and on. I was recommended by a friend to try Clements Tonic. I did so and after taking it for some time my nerves became strong and I am thankful to say I regained my usual good health and have continually taken it as a tonic in the hot climates and have never had a nervous breakdown since and although I have just retired after 45 years' service, I am glad to say I am strong and healthy, due to the benefits received from your valuable tonic, a bottle of which is always on hand and I have recommended it to many friends."—(Mr.) A.D.

"Clements has kept me well for years"

North Melbourne, 13th August, 1936.

"After many years of taking your famous nerve tonic I am writing to tell you how wonderful the benefit I have received from it. Years ago I had a very bad nervous breakdown. After that I was recommended Clements Tonic. It has kept me well for years. Twice it has saved me from a bad sickness, and last week I got poisoned with tin soup. I at once got a small bottle. I am now real fit. It seems to cure so many complaints. Wishing you every success."—K.M.U.

MONEY BACK! If you don't benefit from taking the first bottle of Clements Tonic Flavoured with 14 days of purchase, or if you don't like it—return the nearly empty bottle to Clements Tonic Pty. Ltd., 35 Bligh Street, Sydney, and your purchase money, plus postage, will be immediately refunded to you. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or money back.



WHAT IS ANAEMIA?

Your blood is composed of red and white corpuscles in definite proportions. This is called "the blood count". When a person looks anemic (pale and washed out), a blood test is made, and the corpuscles counted to see if white corpuscles have increased out of proper proportion to red. If so, Nature must be helped in building up the red corpuscles again as rapidly as possible.

Each red corpuscle must contain iron as a "carrier" for Oxygen, which supplies energy. If iron is lacking, then it must be provided so that the red corpuscles or "carriers" can do their work.

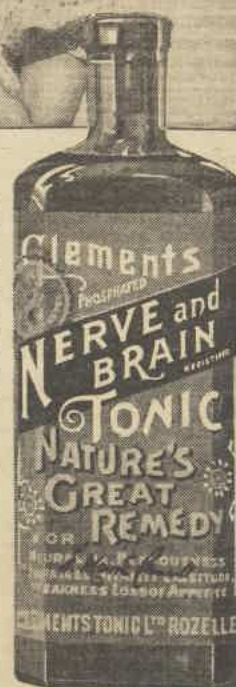
The simple method is to have a course of Clements Tonic, which contains iron compound in medicinal quantities for the purpose. After the first bottle of Clements, with the red corpuscles or "carriers" invigorated and multiplied by their "iron ration", you feel a new sense of mental and physical strength, lips and cheeks regain their colour, you have a new interest in life.

S/757



When You Can't Take a Country Holiday

If you can't get a holiday in the country to give your body a tonic of pure air and lots of oxygen, do the next best thing before the "transport workers" or red corpuscles in your blood "go on strike". Take Clements Tonic for a week or so, and give your red corpuscles the ration of iron compound to live them up and enable your blood to absorb maximum oxygen from the air, and in that way maximum energy. When you feel run-down, languid and out-of-sorts, this is the signal from your red corpuscles that they need help in the form of iron ration. Clements Tonic makes it so easy for you to give it to them.



Prices in Capital Cities: 3/- and 5/- a bottle (plain or flavoured), at all Chemists and Stores.

TAKE A PEEP AT YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM

Here is just a section of the human nerve system, an endless net-work something like a telephone circuit—the brain being the central exchange and each nerve fibre a telephone wire that carries messages or impulses to and from the brain. How very complicated and delicate is it any wonder then that it can get out of order so easily? For nerves are made up of millions of tiny cells, and the mere action of daily work destroys them in huge numbers. Nature rebuilds the loss while we sleep—providing you are in good health. If, however, you are run-down, tired and out-of-sorts, Nature cannot re-build the nerve cells without help, and our nerve sickness becomes chronic. When easily tired and depressed, take Clements Tonic and help Nature rebuild your nervous system, which must have phosphates (phosphorus) as a food and a tonic. Let the various phosphates in this marvellous remedy give you nerve health and nerve strength.

★ Clements Tonic comes from the laboratories of the greatest pharmaceutical organization in Australia. It's a tried and proven formula designed to feed and rejuvenate the body. Clements is a safe, sound tonic—one that does permanent good; not something that merely gives temporary stimulation.

CLEMENTS TONIC

PLAIN or FLAVOURED

WAR GAME

Continued from Page 40

BODEN saw Mr. Pythian's legs brush the edge of the jungle on the western bank of this stream, and then he dropped from sight into it: ten seconds later Boden sailed over that bank six feet higher, crossed the stream, and was smacked quite forcibly into the tall brush on the eastern bank. He crawled out from the enveloping parachute and wiped a bloody nose.

Mr. Pythian was crawling out from under his chute in three feet of water across the way. He saw Boden and yelled, "What in the blazes are you doing here?"

Boden ignored him. He got out his knife, cut lengths of the strong cotton halyard from his parachute, tied them together, fastened a stone to one end and threw it across the boiling waters to Mr. Pythian. The other end he tied to his waist, then gathered his chute into a rough bundle, which he placed on his head, and pushed off into the stream. It was up to his armpits in mid-channel and promptly his feet flew out from under him, for that stream descended at a steep gradient; but for Mr. Pythian, who promptly snaked him ashore, he would have been swept down into the main river and drowned.

"Thank you, sir," he gasped, and looked at his bundled parachute. "Not all wet, sir, and neither is yours. Between the two, we'll have enough dry surface to sleep on."

"Boden, you had a fair chance to point that ship up and climb up out of those clouds in a hurry. All you had to do was keep her on her course and you wouldn't have hit any mountains. But the instant you found yourself flying blind, you got the wind up and bailed out and let the ship crash. You wantonly destroyed government property."

"The deuce with it, sir. I'm only interested in my lieutenant. Here's where I belong. And I happen to know that any man who bails out of a plane into the jungle of central Panama to rescue a friend is the sort that never gets the wind up. That's why you can't insult me. The second you and I bailed out we left rank to crash with that VT. If you're not grateful to me for getting

rid of the obsolete man-killer, your brother officers will be. . . Now, you listen to me, Mr. Pythian. You're just a kid and I'm old enough to be your father. I—"

"I'm twenty-six," said Mr. Pythian. "And I'm thirty-five. Ever try cutting your way out of a tropical jungle, sir?"

"No."

"Well, I have. And carried my lieutenant, who had a torn ligament in his right ankle."

Boden started down the creek shore, half running, as if he begrudged the time he had spent arguing with Mr. Pythian, although in his heart he knew he had argued because he wanted to delay looking at that which he believed he had to look at. The undercarriage of Mr. Damon's ship had been washed out and it lay flat on the wrecked fuselage, so Boden could look in at Mr. Damon, who was still seated in the cockpit. Mr. Damon's face was very bloody and his head lolled to one side and his eyes were closed, but he breathed.

Mr. Pythian came up. "Motor backed up some as she slid down the bank, sir," Boden explained, "and pressed the cowling in on him. He ain't crushed, because I can slide my fingers in between his breast and the cowling."

"Boden," said Mr. Damon wearily and thickly, "you're a so-and-so but I knew you'd come." He opened his eyes. "Hello, Pythian, old stick-in-the-mud. How be ye?"

"I barked my shins and skinned both knees making a rough landing. Boden did the same and got a sock in the nose besides."

Mr. Damon grinned horribly. "I've been out some time, I imagine. Came to, and blinked out again. A couple of aeons ago I said to myself, 'Pythian and Boden will get home about an hour and a half after my crash. When they find me missing they'll gas up and come looking for me. Pythian will make Boden fly the ship, because Boden knows the way in, and Pythian, the nut, will bail out when he spots the wreck of my ship.' I said to myself, 'Pythian will order Boden to take the ship on through the pass to David Bay. Boden will not protest, but about ten seconds after Pythian bails out Old Greasy will come tumbling after.'"

"You thought that?" Boden was pleased. "Well, by the holy poker, Mr. Damon, that's exactly what happened."

"And Pythian bawled you out."

"I understood perfectly, sir."

BODEN drew a key from his pocket, crawled up the bank, and opened the door of the locker aft of the rear cockpit. He emptied it of its contents and tossed everything, with the exception of the two bolos, down to Mr. Pythian. Then they cut a limb from a hardwood tree and, using it for a fulcrum against the cowling, pressed against the front seat and lifted it clear of its base far enough to permit Damon to climb out. While Pythian washed his face and disinfected his wounds, the worst being a very deep cut on his forehead, Boden slashed clear a space in the jungle about five feet wide by six feet long and padded the projecting stumps with the thick foliage he had cut down. Next he spread his parachute over this rude mattress, rescued Mr. Pythian's parachute and spread that after which he spread the two woollen blankets his sixth sense had bade him place in the ship against possible disaster and climbed down the bank for a look at Mr. Damon.

Boden presented Damon with a bar of chocolate for supper, while he and Pythian masticated the emergency ration, which was a combination of pressed dried meat, salt, and bread and, according to Boden, tasted like an old chest pan.

Back on the Concord the captain read, for the sixth time, a pencilled note his marine orderly had brought in to him shortly after Mr. Pythian and Mechanic Boden had taken off to look for Mr. Damon. It ran:

Sir: Mr. Pythian and I will not be back for a long time, maybe never. I am going to fly the ship. I been through that pass once to-day with Mr. Damon and I can find it again and fly it O.K. I don't know why Mr. Pythian would bother to go looking for Mr. Damon, because what help can he give Mr. Damon by just flying over and marking the wreck?

I been Mr. Damon's mechanic for two years and I have got to know them two. The officers call them Damon and Pythian. I suppose there was a knight called Pythias because once a feller wanted me to join a

lodge called the Knights of Pythias. So I got a hunch Mr. Pythian will play Pythias, and be a knight and bail out and look for his pal on the ground. It ain't my place to argue with an officer, but, sir, five seconds after he bails out I will bail out, too. Don't worry. We will try to get a radio message through before we jump.

If we find Mr. Damon alive but hurt I'll carry him out. I done it once before in Nicaragua and I am fit and can do it again. I'll carry Mr. Damon on my back while Mr. Pythian chops a path. We got plenty of grub if we find Mr. Damon's ship, and blankets and two bolos Mr. Damon stole off the wardrobe wall.

If Mr. Damon is dead then Mr. Pythian and me will get out somehow, but don't send planes looking for us, because they'll never be able to see us, and if they did, what good can they do for us, and, besides, sir, you'll only be risking the lives of good men to make a foolish play of doing the right thing.

Please consider us A.W.O.L. until we show up, and if we don't, what difference does it make—a man can't live forever.—Respectfully, JAMES P. BODEN, Mechanic, U.S.S. Concord.

P.S.—Sorry to throw the ship away, but then, Mr. Damon is my lieutenant and I got to get to him, sir. He would feel pretty punk if his Old Greasy went back on him.

The captain called in his operations officer: "Cancel the orders for the search," he said. "And read this for the good of your immortal soul. It's a piece of the world's finest literature!"

Old Greasy was up at dawn and trusted himself converting the canvas parachute covers into packs for carrying the supplies of the expedition.

Please turn to Page 44



How can he Sleep when his skin is Smarting?

Baby's Suffering Breaks a Mother's Heart

You can't bear to see your baby tormented and disfigured by a horrible itching, scaling skin eruption or fiery inflammation. But the poor little mite need not suffer another moment if you use Cuticura Ointment. Itching and smarting stop the very instant Cuticura touches the skin. Baby is perfectly free from pain and can sleep in peace.

Apply Cuticura freely night and morning. In a day or two the angry rash will look healthier and feel cool and soon it will have faded completely. If the trouble is itching, scaling, or moist eczema that seems incurable, Cuticura will give you proof of its amazing healing power. Often one tin is enough to heal the eruption completely.



A MAGICAL HEALER

For Eczema, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Abscesses, Cuts, Burns, Festering Sores and all Itching Scaling Eruptions of the Skin and Scalp.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

★ While baby is suffering from skin trouble use only Cuticura Soap which is most soothing and comforting to a baby's sensitive skin.

You Will Put On Flabby Fat

IF YOU ARE CONSTIPATED

Bagging, flabby fat grows rapidly on people who suffer from constipation. The retention of digestive wastes and poisons in the system causes unhealthy fat, with loss of fitness, good looks, figure, and brings a crop of unpleasant ailments. Flatulence, sick headache, liveriness, pimples, bad breath and depression being just a few.

Get back your fitness and dispel unhealthy fat by correcting constipation. Pinkettes are ideal for the purpose. These gentle little laxative pills naturally and effectively clear away the waste accumulations, without gripping and purging. Compounded of safe, harmless vegetable ingredients, Pinkettes strengthen and exercise lazy bowels, stir the liver, assure a good flow of bile which is essential for the proper, regular evacuation of food wastes. Disperse constipation and unhealthy fat by taking Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle 4-4-4.

Immediate Relief from . .

Coughs

You need have little fear of Pneumonia after Influenza if you have HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure to take care of any chest condition.

To avoid any possibility of confusion you should be particularly careful to ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure.

Always insist on . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Judge a Woman by the way she Washes her HAIR

She, in this day, whose hair betrays a secret carelessness, not only forfeits admiration—but frequently courts unfavourable comment . . . !

IF you notice a girl with dry, flat, brittle, hard-to-manage, or "dandruffy" hair, you may depend she is not particular in avoiding the use of ordinary skin soaps (or shampoos) which contain soap "alkali" . . . a chemical whose drying effect spoils nice hair!

● To prove that your hair is as soft and attractive as any . . . to have hair that always looks *plucky-clean*, lustrous and wavy with extra life . . . try this natural, inexpensive, "coconut-oil" shampoo that everyone's talking about! ● You feel the difference instantly its rich, fresh lather starts to foam through your hair! . . . And you see the difference in the way your waves and curls come out firm, deep, crisp and sparkling—and instantly easy to dress!

● **BLONDES**—This new-style Colinated Shampoo (non-oily) brings forth fascinating light gold brilliance—Prevents "patches"!

● **BRUNETTES**—Discover new, rich highlights!

For Colinated's more active lather completely dissolves every trace of dirt, oily-film, scalp-acid, and dandruff . . . Carries it all out in one quick rinse . . . And leaves the hair with a sheen you never noticed before!

Make your very best shampoo a "beauty-wash."

COLINATED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO
Non-Oily



All Chemists and all Toilet Counters. A small bottle lasts months!

HE then unscrewed the compass from the wreck, filled the large canteen customarily carried in the ship, and roused out Damon and Pythian with a cheerful:

"Everybody topside. Join the Navy and see the world."

Mr. Damon's appearance was shocking. His face was swollen, and black and blue. Old Greasy cut a washcloth from one of the parachutes, wet it in the stream, and washed the awful face tenderly.

Mr. Pythian then said they ought to have a conference.

"I've had it, sir," Old Greasy announced. "We're about halfway across Panama. If we try to get back to the Atlantic side we'll have a lot of uphill work and may get lost, but if we follow the river as close as we can we're bound to come out on the Pacific side. Besides, the going should be easier along the edge of the river."

As Boden had predicted, the going was easier along the river, although frequently they had to go around steep banks. Boden would lead, slashing the thick, greenish, mildewed undergrowth so they could squeeze their way through.

On the seventh day they fought their way onward through a continuous cold rain; three days later they followed a tributary down to the river and discovered the latter stream had now emerged from a box canyon. So they continued their journey along the edge of it, and presently Boden pointed to the little abandoned white shack on the south shore. "The day after tomorrow," he said, "we'll be down in flat country."

That night Mr. Damon came down with fever and was quite delirious.

Boden dosed Mr. Damon with quinine and rum; they made up

WAR GAME

their packs, and Mr. Pythian went first and chopped, headhigh, while Old Greasy followed with Mr. Damon on his broad back. He knew Pythian was trying to save his pal for the girl they both loved, and he was trying to save his lieutenant.

ABOUT midday five days later, Mr. Pythian suddenly collapsed, so Boden gave him a dose of quinine. By nightfall Mr. Pythian was delirious. However, Mr. Damon was rational in the morning, although very weak. "Well, Old Greasy," he announced, "you've done a grand job to date, but you're licked."

"Looks like it, sir," Boden admitted. He dropped his pack. "There's four days' half-rations left there for two men and half a quart of rum. I'm going to leave you gentlemen here and go on for help. If I'm not back by the fifth day you'll know I'm not coming back."

He sat down and gazed at the river. It was about a hundred yards wide and flowed now at about five miles per hour, he estimated. As far down it as he could see there were no rapids.

A landslide had once come down the foothills near here and carried some trees with it. So Boden crawled up the scar of this old landslide and found two sizable trees lying on top of the ground in the new growth of jungle.

He slashed his way into them and found them to be a soft and pulpy wood and rotted to the point where the weight was out of them. So he dragged them down to the water's edge, trimmed off the dead branches and lashed them together

with vines and the halyard from the parachute; on top of this wretched raft he piled and lashed a bundle of fresh-cut branches and cut himself a slim, twenty-foot pole to guide the raft. It was midday when he finished.

"I will say good-bye now, sir," he said.

Mr. Damon got up, put his arms around him, hugged him close, and said nothing. He watched Old Greasy straddle his crazy raft and pole out into the current.

Boden drifted along in mid-channel. The farther he went the slower the river flowed; at sunset he drifted into a wide, still lagoon. He wanted to land, but the shore was alive with alligators of all sizes; so he sat on his raft all night, and, although it rained considerably, it was a warm rain at his level and he slept.

The sun, burning down on him, awakened him to a day of starvation. The lagoon was about three miles wide and stretched away west to the horizon. Boden poled west, following a compass course a little bit north of where the old wreck of the steamer lay on the Pacific beach.

Thirst tortured him, but he did not want to drink this muddy water, because he suspected it carried the germs of dysentery and typhoid fever. Finally, about noon, he undressed and let himself down into the water and drank through his pores. He had just climbed back on his raft when far to the south he heard the faint drone of a motor.

He stared into the dazzling sunlight, and presently he saw it coming up out of the south, and it was a VT, flying at about a thousand feet. Boden stood up and waved his shirt.

Continued from
Page 43

"Oh, God," he prayed "show them I'm a white man!"

He looked up. The plane was turning a mile away. He watched it dip as it headed towards him. He saw the white spray fly as her pontoons dipped into the lagoon; and then she was alongside his crazy raft and the lieutenant in the forward cockpit was hailing him.

"Hello," he said. "I didn't see you, but my mechanic did, and before he could write a note and pass it up to me I was far enough away to give you heart disease. I thought you were a pig but Brady here swore you were a white man. You look like the devil."

"I feel like it. I've been fighting the jungle two weeks. I'm Boden—"

"One of the three men lost from the Concord—?"

"I left Mr. Damon and Mr. Pythian up the river yesterday. They're too sick to come with me, understand, sir. So I started out for help. You fly back where you came from and get an amphibian cabin job and come back. I'll wait here. Got any fresh water with you, sir?"

The mechanic handed him out a canteen, and Old Greasy waved him on his way.

It seemed ages before he heard a motor muttering in the south. He shrieked like a madman when he saw the bow wave as the big amphibian sat down and taxied towards him. The door in the cabin opened; a sailor with a boat hook drew alongside, hauled Old Greasy into the body of the ship, and they were off again, with Old Greasy up in the cockpit with the pilot, pointing the way.

HAM PITHIAN, convalescing from jungle fever, lay abed in the Naval Hospital at Mare Island Navy Yard. Across the room lay Tommy Damon in the same interesting state. An orderly had just delivered mail to them and they were busy reading it. Presently Mr. Pythian murmured something slightly blasphemous.

"Listen to this, Tommy," he said. "I made my official report on the loss of that VT Old Greasy permitted to crash when he bailed out. I stated to our skipper that just as we sighted the wreckage of your plane the motor on that VT conked and we had to bail out. The old man has written me, in his own handwriting, acknowledging receipt of my report, and saying: 'After all, I do not see how you could do otherwise than lie like a gentleman about it, so you may consider the loss of that VT officially attributed to the Act of God. For your information, I enclose a note from Mechanic Boden, delivered to me about ten minutes after you and he took off to search for Damon. The Admiral has seen this note of Boden's, and on the strength of it and the reports of yourself and Damon touching his salvation of you two, the ship's company is to be paraded tomorrow, while the Admiral comes over and pins the Navy Cross on him, after which the embarrassed fellow will leave for the Navy Flying School at Pensacola. You will both be glad to learn that he has been boosted to aviation mate, first class.'"

"Hurrah for Old Greasy," said Mr. Damon. "Well, Ham, I've had a letter, too. That girl has given me the boot, also."

(Copyright.)



You can't DRUG
your way back
to health!

WHY DRUGS ARE WRONG!

Harsh medicines purge you so severely your delicate intestinal muscles are soon left weak and limp. If you continue taking harsh medicines constantly it will be only a matter of time before your bowels will be unable to function without artificial aid. A great many of the most serious illnesses which come with middle age are the result of the constant and unrestricted use of medicines.

The natural way to cure common constipation is to correct the condition which causes it—usually insufficient "bulk" in meals.

WHY "BULK" IS RIGHT

"Bulk" is the fibrous element you get

in certain rough grains, vegetables and fruits. Nature intended that your bowels should get this "bulk" to exercise and keep them regular. However, most of the foods we eat, such as white bread, meat, fish, eggs, milk, butter, and cheese contain little or no "bulk."

Scientists have proved that the most successful type of "bulk" is supplied by bran because it does not break-up within the system. Kellogg's All-Bran gives you this "bulk" in its most concentrated form. All-Bran is a natural food—not a medicine. It forms a soft mass which gently sponges the walls of the intestines, absorbs waste matter, and gives the intestinal muscles the natural exercise they need.



This Commercial Traveller tried to do it!

"I don't often get a chance to eat regular meals as I spend a lot of time travelling round the country towns for my firm. Up until six months ago I was constantly worried by constipation, and I was always taking some sort of medicine. Another 'commercial' told me about Kellogg's All-Bran. I'm convinced that eating All-Bran is the natural way to keep well. Now I ask for it in every hotel at breakfast time. Take it from me you can't drug your way back to health. I've proved that All-Bran keeps me regular the healthy way. No more harsh medicines for me."



This Sales Girl tried to do it!

"I work in a big store, and I don't get much exercise. I thought I'd avoid any risk of constipation by taking medicine each morning. Once I started to take medicines I couldn't do without them. Our section head sent me up to the sister in charge of our Staff Welfare—and it was sister who told me that you can't drug your way back to health. She made me promise to eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran each morning, explaining how the 'bulk' in All-Bran keeps you well. I felt better in less than a week and I haven't had a sick day since."

HOW TO ENJOY ALL-BRAN

Kellogg's All-Bran is an appetising, nut-each morning, you will be free of sweet breakfast cereal. Sprinkle it over constipation by this time next week. your favourite cereal or stewed fruit; or After that it is sufficient if you eat enjoy it on its own, just adding milk it three times weekly. If All-Bran and sugar. If, from to-morrow, you start doesn't keep you regular see your eating two tablespoonsful of All-Bran doctor immediately.

Your Grocer Sells All-Bran.



This Housewife tried to do it!

"Headaches made my life a misery. I knew the trouble, so I started taking medicines to keep myself regular. Well, I had to keep on with them, and in the end I was almost a slave of that medicine bottle. It seemed hopeless to try and keep well without dragging myself with something. Then I heard a friend praising All-Bran, so I bought a packet for myself. That All-Bran freed me of constipation within a week. So now I give the whole family All-Bran for breakfast. After my experience I'm certain that you can't drug your way back to health."

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Let's Put A Little Color Into This Drab Racing Game!

By BETTY GEE

Racing could be brightened up wonderfully.

Instead of the drab and sordid gamble some clubs let it develop into, why don't they introduce color and novelty? If they want to keep it the Sport of Kings and the national sport, they should put a little Royal splendor into it.

Even the dogs that race have coats of many colors, like Joseph's, to distinguish them.

OUR jockeys have their colored liveries, but why not extend these color schemes to the horses?

Wouldn't a heliotrope filly be great in the Gimcrack Stakes? And what about a piebald of pink and green spots playing the role of favorite for the Derbies and the Melbourne Cup of 1938, to celebrate the Sesqui-Centenary, instead of some plain old chestnut like Ajax.

Mark you, there's nothing to be said against chestnuts, plain or fancy, when it comes to good race form.

Carbine and Gioaming were just plain bay, though I must confess Grandpa says they were fine-coated animals with a gloss like human hair. Windbag, too. But Artilleryman was brown, and won the Melbourne Cup by eight lengths, despite it.

Poltrel, who won the Melbourne Cup in 1920, didn't begin the era of chestnut champions. Trafalgar did, and there was a funny prelude to his meteoric appearance on the turf in 1908.

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

Do you remember that phrase—"To-morrow's success is founded on to-day's preparations"? It is an axiom that would merit a place in the memory of any bride-to-be, for besides being the most pleasurable event in your life, marriage presents a maze of intricacies that are liable to bewilder the most modern mixer.

Don't let yourself be haunted by a vague premonition of committing some breach of etiquette.

Here's a secret! I can give you the key to your problems . . . FREE.



To help those preparing for marriage, I have prepared the Bride's Book. This book covers everything the bride-to-be should know—how to prepare your trousseau, wedding etiquette, home-planning—nothing has been omitted that might prove of value.

For instance—do you know the 22 details of wedding duties that the bride should personally supervise? The majority do not, but the Bride's Book will tell you.

This book, for engaged girls only, can be yours without charge! Call at the 3rd Floor, Bebarfide Limited, at the Home-Planning Bureau, or fill in the coupon below.

To Miss Mary Sheraton, Home Planning Bureau, Bebarfide Limited, SYDNEY.

Please send me the particulars I have marked with a cross, without charge, without obligation.

NAME
ADDRESS

The year before that a horse named Dyed Garments won the Sydney Cup, and my grandfather declares here and now that the text at his church on that Easter Sunday was "Who is this that cometh out of Bostra, with Dyed Garments." The name of the horse's mother was Bostra, so if that wasn't a tip for grandpa all I can say is he would have been the prize dunderhead of the racing game.

Well, Dyed Garments won all right at 10 to 1, and the color tip was true concerning the next year, for who should win the Sydney Cup but Trafalgar, and he was the first of an era of great chestnut champions trimmed with manes which shone in the sun like molten silver.

The Turf's color era had arrived.

Then came our own darling Peter Pan to put the old-timers to shame.

By 1932 the blondes of Hollywood had set the vogue for platinum and other new-fangled metals. Peter Pan followed them, and when he won his Melbourne Cup of 1932 he wore the approved platinum devised for women by modern science.

Hollywood girls rushed a couple of steps ahead of him with ash, topaz, etc., in the next couple of years, but old Peter Pan let them go. He still wore the same platinum mane and tail again when he won the 1934 Centenary Melbourne Cup.

It's hard to move these staid, conservative old thoroughbreds.

Chance Missed

YET my grandfather well remembers when a decorative system of pigmentation could have been worked up for the racehorses of all the world. He tells of a French-bred colt, The Tetrarch, who beat all the champions of England in the two-year-old races of 1913 by big winning margins.

A veritable world-beater, my dears. But such a color-scheme as has never been seen before or since. A grey he was, but with such a dapple that it verged into spots all over his body, spots of white, roan, red, and many other colors mixed, standing out brilliantly against the grey background.

His racing over, he became the father of a large family. We had one of his succeeding generations here called Chrysolaua, owned by that good sportswoman, Miss Una Cliff. He was a beautiful creature and a great galloper, and winner of races, too. But not a spot on his body. The fools, they let it die out!

What I say is that there was the very foundation for the color-schemes I have just selected. Purple Cup winners, yellow and black zebra-like heroes of the classics, silver-bodied cracks with chestnut manes and tails just to reverse the order of the Peter Pan and the Trafalgar, and steeple-chasers camouflaged like the battle-ships with loops and spots that would have put a leopard and a zebra mating to shame.

Still a Hope

JUST imagine the chance that was missed. By a careful selection of matings with The Tetrarch, there's nothing they couldn't have produced.

The million varied shades of the schizanthus would have been attained.

Well, as I say, our ancestors missed the bus badly. But it might not be too late to start now.

Jack King's got a taffy-colored piece of thoroughbred ornamentation eating good feed in his stable called Tam o' Shanter. He looks like an English meadow in the full bloom of spring.

Let us start off here. He's still got to win a race, but what he lacks in speed and brilliant form he'll make up for in brilliant coloring, no doubt.

Having aired all those bright ideas we can get down to Saturday's races!



THE JOCKEYS have "coats of many colors," says Betty Gee, so why not strike the color note with our racehorses?

There'll be no hyacinth shades or Golden Slipper orchids racing at Rosehill, but I know one or two that might prospect a bit of "color" for us if shrewdly backed.

Our head waiter prophesies Gay Knight for the August Handicap, and if he's in the form he's been showing lately we'll be the ones having the gay night.

Then there's Aero King "bottled up for a killing" very shortly. That's what the stable boy's sweetheart gives out as the best thing in George Price's equine boarding-house.

I'm waiting for a tip called Forestage. It's a little early yet, but a bird whispers Saturday is the day. And that bird's as cunning as a bird as the crow.

Ladies ride a SPEEDWELL



FOR HEALTH, PLEASURE and CONVENIENCE

THOUSANDS of girls from 6 to 60 ride Speedwells—it's nature's own beauty treatment. Cycling is one of Hollywood's most popular sports—and if you want to keep trim and healthy you'll ride a Speedwell, too. It's so much easier and cheaper to go places on a Speedwell. Speedwell Cycles are everlastingly guaranteed—they're the most scientifically balanced and perfectly finished cycle in Australia.

Speedwell Cycles can't rust—they're Galvalitised and colours never fade.

Ask your local Speedwell dealer about Speedwell's Free Insurance, too. Don't miss another moment's fun—take only 10/- to your Speedwell agent today and ride home on a glittering new Speedwell.

LADIES and GENTS
MODELS FROM
£7/19/6
ON EASY TERMS FROM
10/- DEPOSIT

BENNETT & WOOD PTY. LTD.

Cnr. Pitt & Bathurst Streets, SYDNEY.

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AGENTS FOR "STEINWAY," "MIGNON," "FEURICH," "BRINSMEAD," "DANNEMAN," "GEO. ROGERS," "THURMER," "SEILER," "CROWN," "ZIMMERMAN" AND "CONCORD"

To Commemorate the **FIRST ANNIVERSARY** of our

4 Price Frocks

Four **AMAZING** PRICE SPECIALISED STYLES . . .



ME160—PLAIN SAND CREPE FROCK

With Jacket effect on bodice of Floral to give soft bust lines. Cascade front finished with scalloped edge. Upright front panel with neat pin tuck. Knife pleats in skirt, the belt coming from sides. Long sleeves with cuff treatment. SIZES: 8.0. 0.8. X.0.8. XX.0.8. COLOURS: Lido; Navy; Black.

PRICE SPECIALIZED

10'.



ME161—FLORAL FROCK OF BALMORAL CREPE

Essential for the large figure, soft collar and Jubot front with fine pleated edge, scalloped vest to tone with finished fancy buttons, well cut gored skirt, long sleeves with fancy scalloped finish. SIZES: 8.0.8. 0.8. X.0.8. XX.0.8. COLOURS: Black; Navy; Brown.

PRICE SPECIALIZED

15'.



ME162—FLORAL FLAT CREPE

Neatness of style and pattern, with shirred shoulder line, uplift bodice, cross-over vest to tone with bow finish. Panel front with gored skirt, long sleeves with wrist band. In floral tones of Black and Navy; Lido and Brown. SIZES: 8.0.8. 0.8. X.0.8. XX.0.8.

PRICE SPECIALIZED

20'.



ME163—SPOTTED FROCK OF HUNGARIAN CREPE

The smooth new material for this season! Lattice treatment on bodice as trimming, with vest to tone. Shaped uplift bodice with neat covered buttons; also matching lattice neckline with button trimming. Fitted skirt with pleated panel. In shades of Black and Navy ground with White spot.

PRICE SPECIALIZED

25'.

GRACE BROS., PTY., LTD.

BROADWAY
SYDNEY

PHONE
M 6506

SYDNEY'S Glamor School

Grooms Girls in Hollywood Style

Before you wear the new season's dresses, my pretty maid, have you that correct personality to go with them? If not, off to a Glamor School you must go!

ONE such school in Sydney has already glamorised hundreds of girls.

The popularity of these schools here and overseas is an indication of that desire innate in most people for a new, more desirable, more satisfying personality in keeping with the times.

People cheerfully part with their old, unwanted personalities, and acquire an ultra-smart, streamlined individuality, just as easily as buying a new dress.

Mayfair manners, Parisian chic, Hollywood glamor—these are the things that Miss 1937 seeks to obtain through the glamor schools.

In one respect the idea is socially and psychologically beneficial—it builds up confidence in one's self.

Analysis of the age groups of pupils that have passed through the Annabella school in Sydney reveals that



MISS McLEOD,

... runs Sydney's school for glamor.

girls between fifteen and twenty-eight form the majority of those seeking personality training.

Many older people attend, however. Some of the girls have just left the usual schools and colleges; others in jobs undertake a course of training to acquire a "finish" that will equip them for more highly-paid jobs and careers.

Movies, stage and mannequin work are a fascination, of course, and many pupils at the school have been placed in those vocations.

"Pupils are groomed and schooled in social deportment and etiquette—faults in dressing, walking and talking are corrected, and, where possible, girls are encouraged to take positions more suitable for their particular types," said Miss McLeod, the principal.

The daily mail of a glamor school is as interesting and varied as that of Greta Garbo and Dorothy Dix, according to Miss McLeod. It affords evidence of the wide appeal of these schools and the services they provide in unravelling the intricacies of modern etiquette and living, as well as "glamorizing."

As a contrast to the "glamor" side of the school's work, Miss McLeod has frequently straightened out the problems of parents who sought to place their daughters in careers which were disliked. Her advice has often led to the finding of a career more suitable for the girl's talents.

Her co-director, Miss Allen, has just returned from a world tour which included a study of the charm schools of Hollywood, Paris and London.

"Glamor schools like these are virtually first aid hospitals for personality and charm, providing a remedy for inferiority complexes," she said.

"They iron out the unwanted bulges and curves of the mind, just as a foundation garment smooths the lines of the body."

FASHION PORTFOLIO

THIRD SECTION — PATTERNS & NEEDLEWORK

August 7, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Page One

Our Fashion Service & Concession Pattern

Lovely Individual Styles for Your Spring and Summer Wardrobe . . . Patterns are Reasonably Priced and Completely Reliable. Send for Them!

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When selecting a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession patterns, enclose 3d. stamp.

FEMININE

WW1694.—Note the flared bustle-like peplum of this unusual mode. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 3-8th yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHILD'S FROCK

WW1697.—The patch pockets and demure collar of this little frock are charming. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 11 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8th yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SPECTATOR SPORTS

WW1698.—Delightful style, particularly for striped material. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1-8th yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

REDINGOTE FOR SPRING

WW1699.—Redingote frocks will be one of the most popular styles for the spring season. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 3-8th yards, 36 inches wide for slip, and 31 yards for redingote. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE

WW1701.—Very neat and attractive, this smart tucked blouse for your spring suit. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 1 7-8th yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

GAY BOLERO FROCKS

PATTERNS FOR THREE COST 3d. Three-in-one patterns for snappy styles shown at right are now available. Patterns are available in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and each complete pattern in each size costs 3d, including postage.

To obtain full in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamp, and send to our office. Material required, 36 inches wide: For No. 1: 2 1/2 yards for bolero and bodice, and 2 yards for skirt.

For No. 2: 2 3-8th yards for frock and 1 1-8th yards for bolero.

For No. 3: 2 3-8th yards for frock, 3-8th yard for sash, and 1 1-8th yards for bolero.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three-pence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE.—Box 3884, G.P.O. NEWCASTLE.—Box 31, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 4897, G.P.O. PERTH.—Box 2117, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 151, G.P.O. SYDNEY.—Box 12077, G.P.O.
If calling, 108 Castlereagh St.

TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above. Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Post

Pattern Coupon, 7/8/37.



The Blonde Should Wear—

THE blonde can wear pastels successfully, blue being a good choice always. Green in clear tones is attractive, too. In the neutral shades, however, she should decide on string-beige rather than grey.

Some of the new color combinations which should suit her are turquoise with neutral brown and pink or navy with light blue and red.

The titian-haired must be more wary of colors than either the blonde or brunette, but she can obtain some very striking effects. Neutral grey with dark green accents is lovely on the red-haired, so is soft olive with yellow-beige. With brown she can wear tawny coral and yellow or light brown with white.

IT'S A Thrill To Make YOUR Own CLOTHES

..... All You Need is a Simple Paper Pattern, Suitable Materials and a Little Patience.

To wear lovely clothes is the natural desire of every normal woman. It is part of her longing for beauty in life. And wearing lovely garments helps so much. . . . It makes for gracious living. . . . It improves a woman's sense of well-being.

IN short, beautiful clothes money must be carefully spent. Are good for you. But when —and this is so in most cases

—then you will find it the greatest help in the world if you can make your own clothes.

"If only I could . . ." you sigh. Maybe you've never tried, but you have longed at some time or other to make some attractive dress you've seen.

It may have been a model in a shop at a price quite beyond your purse or you may have seen it somewhere on someone and felt sure something similar would suit you.

Then there's that smart friend of yours who always seems to wear the right clothes for every occasion. When you ask her how she does it, she says nonchalantly, "Oh, I just run up little things for myself occasionally."

It sounds so easy, doesn't it? Well, it is! After a very little practice at making one or two simple garments, you find the work so interesting and so simple that you wonder why you never tried it before.

Economy

AND apart from the economy of making your own clothes, which naturally enables you to have more of them, you have the thrill of making individual garments—frocks and coats designed to suit you with little original finishes that make the garment look pounds more than it actually cost. Moreover, there's no need if you can make your own clothes to ever be out of date. Not only can you run up smart new things, but you soon find it easy to rejuvenate last season's frocks with very little trouble and perhaps a new trimming or two.

The Australian Women's Weekly pattern service was created with the idea of helping readers to keep up with fashion by making their own clothes with the smallest outlay.

New models are created every week by our fashion experts from cables and information from all over the world.

Paper Patterns

YOU reap the benefit of this careful garnering of fashion news, for our designers then make paper patterns in all sizes to enable you to make lovely creations with the least amount of trouble.

In addition complete instructions for laying out the material, cutting and making are supplied with each Australian Women's Weekly pattern, so you can be sure of success.

When you start off on home dress-making and choose patterns and materials, keep in mind the suitability of one with the other. If you buy your material first, choose a pattern that will make up well in that particular fabric. If you decide on the pattern first, then buy material to suit the pattern.

The purpose for which the garment is being made dictates to a large extent the kind of materials and colors you should choose.

You would not, for instance, use a pattern obviously designed for a light summer frock to make up some heavy woollen material.

Then, again, the question of color and texture of materials has to be considered. Colors must be chosen, not only to suit your particular coloring, but the occasions for which the garment will be worn.

Study Fashions

THERE'S no need to feel bewildered over all these points. Study fashions and fashion books intelligently, watch the seasonal displays in the stores, study other women's clothes, and watch our own fashion pages and pattern service regularly, and you will soon become adept at choosing just the right designs and materials to suit you.

This season, colors will be most important. The olive-skinned brunette should find the new intense shades worn with sharp contrasts specially attractive with her brown eyes and dusky hair. She should, however, be careful with pastels as certain tones may make her skin look muddy.

There is a new fuchsia which she can wear successfully this season, and a purply blue. Black and white or light grey-blue, with a touch of tomato for relief, are also good color combinations for the brunette. For ultra smartness she could try dark green, with brown and yellow.

For Carefree Moments
EVERLOC frocks are the backbone of your Summer Wardrobe. Remember the Guarantee—
 they won't crush
 they won't fade
 they won't shrink or sag
 they — WILL — WASH — 29/11
 and — they — WILL — nothing is "just as good."
 and Sold throughout Australia from
 knit on **EVERLOC**

Spectator SPORTSWEAR
 created by **LUCAS**

LESSONS in DRESSMAKING

How to Use a Paper Pattern.

By Our Pattern Expert

Before laying out the material for cutting, thoroughly check the various measurements of the paper pattern with your own so that you can then make necessary adjustments to the pattern.

To do this, study the diagrams on this page.

TO SHORTEN

You will notice that to shorten a pattern a tuck is folded in the centre of the bodice and another in the skirt. A larger tuck should be taken in the skirt than the bodice. The side seam should be straightened as shown by the dotted line. Be careful to shorten the back and front in the same proportions. See Figure 1.

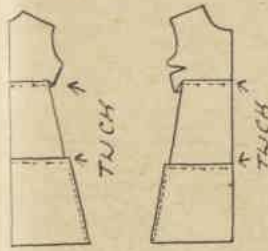


FIG. 1.

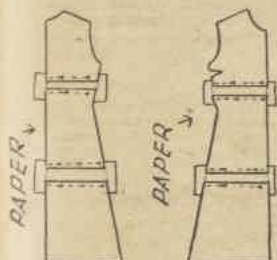


FIG. 2.

TO MAKE LONGER

To lengthen a pattern, cut across the centre of the bodice and the skirt. Spread the cuts apart the required distance, spreading the skirt more

than the bodice. Pin a piece of paper beneath the cuts and secure with pins. Be careful to lengthen the back and front in the same proportions.

SLEEVES

To shorten or lengthen sleeves use the same method as shown in Figures 1 and 2.

To enlarge the top of the sleeve, cut down the centre of the pattern and spread the top the required amount, leaving the wrist the same size. Cut the armhole of the frock lower as shown by the dotted lines in Figure 6.



FIG. 6.

HIPS

To enlarge the hips, add the required amount to the side of the back and front of the pattern, commencing from nothing at the waist. To make the hips smaller, take the required amount from the sides of the back and front.

TO STITCH SLEEVE

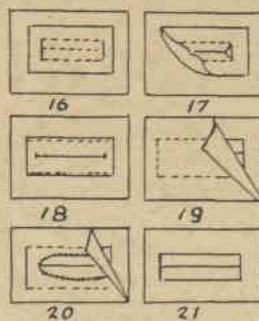
Pin the sleeve into the armhole, matching the notches carefully. Ease the sleeve all round to the size of the armhole. Tack sleeve in place. See Figure 12.

Then stitch securely all round, and overcast the two cut edges together to prevent fraying as in Figure 13.

TO MAKE BOUND BUTTONHOLE

Mark position of hole. Cut piece of material 1 inch longer and 1 1/2 inches wide for binding. Tack this to right side of material. Stitch down either side of the mark, leaving 1/4 inch between the two rows of stitching and stitch across each end. Cut down centre of stitching and diagonally into the corners.

Draw binding through to the inside. Tack the binding flat so that it forms an inverted pleat at each



end. Tack facing piece to wrong side of the buttonhole and cut down the centre. Turn under edges of the facing and hem round the edge of the buttonhole.

See Diagrams 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20. Diagram 21 shows the right side of the finished hole. Slots through which to thread belts, scarfs, etc., are also made in this manner.

NECK FINISHES

To neaten a square neckline with bias binding, tack under the raw edges around the neck. Take a strip of bias binding and tack over the raw edges, pleat the inner edge of the bias strip at the corners, so that it lies flat, then slipstitch both edges with the bias strip to the bodice. See Figure 9.



FIG. 9. FIG. 10

ROUND NECK

To neaten a round neck or curve, cut a strip of material on the bias 1 1/2 inches wide. Tack this around the neck on the right side, stitch around the edge, then turn the bias strip to the inside. Turn in the raw edge and slipstitch flat to the garment. As in Figure 10.



FIG. 11. INSIDE

as the edge to be faced and cut on same grains of material. Tack to right side of garment, stitch around the edges, turn facing to inside and slipstitch in place. This method of facing applies to any shaped edge. See Figure 11.



FIG. 11. INSIDE

as the edge to be faced and cut on same grains of material. Tack to right side of garment, stitch around the edges, turn facing to inside and slipstitch in place. This method of facing applies to any shaped edge. See Figure 11.

PLACKET OPENING

Cut two strips of material one inch longer than the opening, and 1 1/2 and 2 1/2 inches wide, respectively. Stitch the narrow piece to the front edge of the opening, then turn back along the row of stitching and hem the other edge to the garment. Stitch the wide strip to the back of the opening, fold down the centre, and stitch the other edge to the first row of

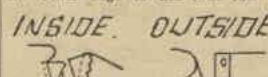


FIG. 7. FIG. 8.

stitching. This allows the back to lap under the front.

Fasten this opening with press studs or hooks and eyes. This method of fastening is used for any opening in seams which need to be fastened. See Figures 7 and 8.

If you have any difficulties at all in home dressmaking write to our pattern department, which will be pleased to assist you. This department will also make suggestions as to materials and colors for any designs featured on our pattern pages.

People in Glass Houses...

THERE ARE NEW TENANTS IN THE FLAT NEXT TO MINE, JOAN. THEIR CURTAINS LOOK SHABBY. DON'T THEY?



YES, ESPECIALLY THOSE GREEN ONES...

BUT THAT'S MY WINDOW, MY GOODNESS, MY GREEN CURTAINS ARE LOOKING DRAB...



PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES, SIS. ANYWAY, PERSIL WASHES COLOURED THINGS AS BRIGHT AS NEW.

NEXT DAY

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THEY'RE THE SAME CURTAINS, JOAN - THE COLOURS ARE BRILLIANT AGAIN...



YES, AND YOU'LL FIND PERSIL GIVES JUST AS EXCELLENT RESULTS FOR THE WHOLE WASH... CUTS OUT THE WORK, TOO.



Persil's oxygen-charged suds work backwards and forwards through the fabric—so very gently that colours are never harmed—yet so thoroughly that every speck of dirt vanishes. No fading or streaking when you use Persil—colours keep those fresh, lovely shades you admired the day you bought them.

Beware of Imitations

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. 11,250.25

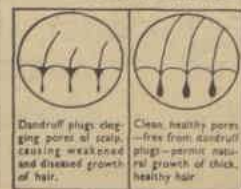
PERSIL TAKES CARE OF COLOURS

Stopped Hair Falling Out—New Growth of 2 Inches in 4 Weeks!

"MY hair came out in handfuls. In less than two weeks Crystolis Rapid checked itching dandruff and falling hair. My hair has grown fully 2 inches in four weeks. Besides a quantity of new young hair—assuring an abundant healthy growth."—Miss R. Richards, Sydney.

Dandruff is not—as many imagine—merely the white, scaly flakes that flake the hair. It is a germ—hidden in the hair roots—these white flakes are but a symptom. When the insidious germ plugs up pores, the hair starves, weakens and falls out. Soon—if your scalp is not cleansed of these plugs—baldness will come.

Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—quickly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the peplous (hair-growing organ) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions.



Extraordinary Power of New Scalp Treatment

So highly endorsed by world-famous scalp specialists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual results or money promptly refunded. If you would have a CLEAN scalp—free of dandruff—a new growth of hair with the glossy sheen and sparkle of good health—ask your chemist for

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as the World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative

Dewhurst's "Sylko" always choose (It's the thread all experts use!)

100 YARDS REELS
Size No. 40
OVER 300 ALL FAST COLORS
Including all the season's shades



DEWHURST'S SYLKO
(Silk Substitute) MACHINE TWIST (Mercerised)

SOLD BY LEADING DEPARTMENTAL STORES

the strong, even and reliable sewing thread

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

If So You Need

Zam-Buk

WHATEVER your daily task; whether you serve in a busy store or restaurant, work in a factory, or are occupied from morn to night with household duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they swell, ache and feel tired, and you're weary and irritable.

Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin.

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation are quickly allayed. Hard growths, corns, and bunions are softened, blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in comfort.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"Constant standing at work caused blistered, tender feet. Sometimes I couldn't put my shoes on for the swelling. Zam-Buk is delightfully soothing and keeps my feet perfectly sound."

—Miss F.S.
"When I was lame with a swollen instep, I soon relieved the swelling and pain by gently rubbing Zam-Buk over the sore parts. I am continually recommending Zam-Buk to Nurse V.S."

SUPPER SET in CHERRY DESIGN

A new design featuring luscious-looking red cherries scattered over lovely table linen

Here is something really fascinating for needlework lovers in a complete supper or luncheon set, which includes a cloth, tea-cosy, serviette, d'oyles, and traymobile cloth.

THE complete set or various pieces separately can be obtained from our Needlework Department, stamped ready for working with the gay cherry design on pure white or colored linen.

This time you are offered something quite different in needlework—a "cherry ripe" design—happy and gay and certainly original.

The prices of the various pieces in the set stamped with the design on best quality linen in cream, white, blue, pink, yellow, or green are:
Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.
Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 9/6.
Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.
Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6.



Obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Charming supper set in a new cherry design, including cloth, tea-cosy, serviette, d'oyles and traymobile cloth

Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.
D'oyles, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-.

Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 2/9.

To work the design, fill in the cherries with satin-stitch in shades ranging from pink to dull red. Stem-stitch the stems in brown and satin-stitch the leaves green.

For Your Small Boy's Room



Designed for a boy's room, a thrilling yachting design to be worked in two shades of blue. The complete set stamped ready for working on white or colored linen can be obtained from our Needlework Department.

Three-piece Dressing Table Set in Exciting Yachting Design.

THE set, which includes a centre-piece, size 12 by 18 inches, and two smaller mats, size 8 by 8 inches each, is obtainable from our Needlework Department, stamped with design on best quality linen in cream, white, blue, yellow, green or pink. The price is 2/6 the complete set.

SKIN DISEASES

FREE DIAGNOSIS FOR "WOMEN'S WEEKLY" READERS

Chemist's Remarkable Success

EVEN the most difficult cases of skin disease which have failed to respond to medical treatment have been successfully relieved by the well-known chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.C., according to reports received from readers all over Australia and New Zealand.

Mr. Diamond's remarkable dermatological discovery has brought prompt relief to hundreds of sufferers from irritating and disfiguring skin conditions.

Complete relief has been given from eczema, psoriasis, acne, boils, body rash, pruritis, varicose veins, ulcers, tropical ringworm, germ-under-nail, rosacea, and many other skin diseases. Among reports received are the following:

"My finger-nail, which became infected with a germ, has responded to your treatment and is quite healed. Within a week the pain had gone."—Miss A.P.C., Botany.

"I suffered from itches for twelve months, and treatment from doctors and chemists had no effect. After a fortnight of your treatment, the rash and irritations completely disappeared."—R.B.B. Hobart.

"I suffered from itchy eczema on my leg for twelve years, but your treatment has completely cured me."—A.K. Handwick.

"I suffered from psoriasis for five years, and could not get relief. I had given up hope of a cure, but your treatment completely cured me in a few weeks."—J.M. Forbes.

Hundreds of letters like the above provide remarkable testimony to the success of Mr. Diamond's treatment. CONSULTATIONS PERSONALLY OR BY POST. Readers are invited to call or write enclosing their complaints for free diagnosis to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Qualified Chemist, 95/55 Hill Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W., or at Diamond's new Dispensary, 22 Lawson Place, Sydney. (Just across from Central Railway Station.)

MR. RICHARD DIAMOND

NINE MONTHS ON A STICK! —and then Played in Rugby League Semi-Final

AMAZING HEALTH RECOVERY OF
45-YEAR-OLD QUEENSLAND MAN

Only those who suffer the agony which faulty kidneys bring in their train can appreciate the joy that Mr. Lee experienced when at last he found the remedy that gave him real and lasting relief—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

This letter, so obviously written from the fulness of a grateful heart, is but one of the thousands which have been sent to us telling of pain relieved, health regained and the joy of living again restored after hope had been given up.

This genuine letter should be read by every sufferer from Rheumatism or Backache

Writing from 137 Wellington Road, E. Brisbane, Queensland, on 24th August, 1936, Mr. W. J. Lee says:—"It gives me great pleasure to write these few lines. Twelve months ago, when I heard of your wonderful pills, I was in a very bad way. I had tried everything, but got little relief. When I started taking De Witt's Pills, half a bottle made me a new man. I am 45 years old and since taking De Witt's Pills would pass for 25. People ask my wife what has happened to me. I was always miserable, suffering intense agony with pains in the shoulders and down the back."

Now I am in the pink of condition. I was nine months on a stick—my case was one of the worst in Queensland and your pills are the only thing that relieved me. Nothing else was any good. I have put on about 2 stone in weight, and I have never felt better in my life. I played in the semi-final Rugby League match last Saturday. Six months ago I gave your pills one of the most severe tests they could ever get. I was working on a storm-water drain for three weeks—wet all the time. But I never got the slightest pain—thanks again to De Witt's Pills. I tell everybody how wonderful De Witt's Pills are. I wish I was in the position to send your people a substantial cheque. Your pills are worth \$50 a bottle. I say this from the bottom of my heart."

Year by year there are hundreds of thousands of people who bleed the day they first heard of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and were persuaded to test them in order to restore their kidneys to health. Agonising Backache and the torture of Rheumatism had tormented these people. Many had tried all sorts of remedies, but found that only real and lasting relief could be obtained by using a remedy specially prepared to act on the kidneys—De Witt's Pills.

You will be delighted with the kidney relief that you will get by taking

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- was 3/6 5/9 was 6/6 New Trial Size 1/9

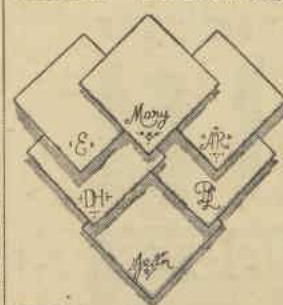
Formula and Quality the same—the best ingredients that money can buy.

Do you suffer from BACKACHE or RHEUMATISM?

In 24 hours you know De Witt's Pills have started their Healing Work

If you, reader, suffer from any of the symptoms which warn you of Kidney Trouble, do not experiment with unknown articles. Again and again De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have proved their worth until there can be no doubt in the mind of any thinking person that here you have a remedy that does all that is claimed for it. Within 24 hours of taking De Witt's Pills you can see for yourself that they have started their healing work. Then comes blessed relief from pain. As the kidneys recover their natural health you begin to feel more vigorous, you lose that "too-old" feeling. Your Rheumatism and Backache disappear, and you can again take your place among your fellows at work or play knowing you can give a good account of yourself.

Initial Kerchiefs



HERE is a dainty idea for you—handkerchiefs embroidered in the corner with your own name or initial set in a pretty spray design!

You can obtain the handkerchief from our Needlework Department stamped for working in pure linen in colors of yellow, pink, green, white or blue. The size is 11 by 11 inches, and the price 1/- each post free.

The same handkerchiefs in beige, blue, salmon or pink cotton are 2/- for three, post free, from our Needlework Department. The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1937-08-07

Page 51

Missing Page, Section: Fashion Portfolio Third Section -
Patterns

CAUTION!

Is he being starved of
'PROTECTIVE FOODS'?



His diet may
lack important
elements

What about YOUR husband? You give him plenty to eat, but if his diet is deficient in what doctors call 'Protective' Foods he is UNDER-NOURISHED. Many a husband, many a wife, many a child—in fact, millions of people—are under-nourished because they are not getting a sufficiency of 'protective' foods.

What is meant by 'Protective' Foods

'Protective' foods are those rich in minerals and vitamins. They increase strength, energy and resistance to disease. When they are missing a man tires easily. He has no vitality. He quickly catches colds and chills. And if children do not have an adequate supply of vitamins and minerals Nature cannot build strong bones and teeth and firm muscles.

Cadbury's delicious Bourn-vita makes up for the 'protective' foods lacking in the ordinary diet. Made from fresh, full-cream dairy milk, malt, eggs, and chocolate, it contains elements our bodies urgently demand: Vitamins A, B, and D,

and three important minerals—calcium, phosphorus and iron.

Bourn-vita for Nourishment and Sleep

Bourn-vita, you see, supplies vitamins and minerals which a 'protective' food should contain. If every member of your family takes a cup every night, there will be greater safety from the ills that follow under-nourishment.

Bourn-vita builds up the body. It also brings deep, refreshing sleep. Start the Bourn-vita habit NOW, and note the improvement in health and vitality!

Children too, love Bourn-vita, it's so delicious. For growing boys and girls it is a sure safeguard against under-nourishment because it contains the 'protective' foods their bodies need to ensure sound growth.



1/6 per 1 lb. tin
FULL WEIGHT

GIVE HIM CADBURY'S

BOURN-VITA

THE 'PROTECTIVE' FOOD

V3.247



**3-DAY TEST
ENDS
6 MONTHS
LASSITUDE**



'FLU, colds and general ill-health had got her down. She was depressed, nervous, unable to work or sleep. Then a friend said: "Try Wincarnis for three days, just see how much better you feel." She did—and look at the difference! The unique strength-giving properties of this well proven tonic, had worked wonders. Vitality and fitness returned, colour and

energy came back. Wincarnis can do the same for you. Your chemist sells Wincarnis in small bottles at 4/3 or 7/3 the large size.

WINCARNIS

IT'S TIME NOW for Spring CLEANING



AFTER you have obliterated blemishes by the methods described below, give the furniture a good polish.

Put a Sparkle into the Home in Readiness for Summer

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

The job of spring-cleaning the house should be done systematically, with a few golden rules in mind if you want to lessen the work considerably and do it efficiently.

ALWAYS begin at the top of the house. If there is more than one floor. Upset only one room at a time and begin and end with the floor in the following order:

Vacuum the right side of the carpet and roll up. If you have flush carpeting nailed down, clean and spread with protective coverings. Clean down ceiling and walls. Clean paint-work, starting with windows. Clean furniture and polish. Clean floor, afterwards rubbing turpentine into the boards as a preventive against moths. Finally put carpet down wrong side uppermost and vacuum thoroughly on the wrong side before laying in position again and rearranging the furnishings.

Before you begin cleaning, take a general survey of cleansing materials and utensils required so you won't be held up half-way through the work. You will probably require furniture polish—paste for plain polished surfaces and liquid if you have carved furniture; supply of washing soda, salt for stiffening cane seats of chairs, and borax for washing paint, enamel and china and removing tea and coffee stains from fabrics; precipitated whiting for cleaning silver and marble and a good supply of soap flakes for washing blankets.

For Polishing

YOU will also find it a help to have a bottle of methylated spirits for polishing windows and mirrors, cloudy ammonia and vinegar for freshening colors of carpets and rugs, to clean cut-glass and remove stains from the bath.

And don't forget floorcloths, dusters, polishing cloths, and, most important, a step ladder.

The best and most useful step ladder you could possibly have is one which has recently made its appearance in leading stores. It is a folding ladder specially made for household use.

It is made of wood with steel fittings, has great strength and durability, and folds into an exceedingly small size. The size of each step is 15 inches by 5 inches, thus giving plenty of foot space.

The ladder is also exceptionally strong and yet light in weight.

When not in use it takes up so little room that it can be placed behind any door. You can buy it in two sizes, 3 feet 6 inches and 4 feet 2 inches. If you have any difficulty in obtaining this folding ladder, write to the Home Decorator, The Australian Women's Weekly.

In a spring cleaning campaign give special attention to the furniture.

Before polishing look carefully round old furniture for worm holes. Any damage caused by these pests can be arrested by the injection into the holes of mercuric chloride. An ordinary fountain pen filler is the best instrument to use for the purpose, and as the preparation is poisonous, wear old discarded gloves during the operation and keep the children away. When the solution is dry, plug the holes with beeswax and polish the surface in the ordinary way.

Fine scratches on wood can be treated with a mixture of salad oil and vinegar blended in equal proportion. Rub well into the wood with a soft pad.

Dents in tables and chairs can also be banished. First of all moisten the bruised part with warm water. Take



FOLDING HOUSEHOLD LADDER

several thicknesses of coarse brown paper cut larger in size than the face of an iron. Place over the dent and hold in position with a warm—not hot—iron until the moisture has evaporated. If the bruise is very deep it may be necessary to repeat the process.

Stains caused by spilt liquids can be rubbed away with a piece of flannel dampened in oil of camphor. When the wood is dry and not before, furniture polish may be applied and the white patches will disappear.

When all scratches, dents and other marks have been obliterated, the furniture should be cleaned with a mixture of warm water and methylated spirits in proportions of two table-spoons of spirits to one and a half pints of water. Sponge clean and, when dry, polish well with a chamois leather pad.

Vinegar is a cheap and excellent furniture polish. Dilute a little in water, dampen a cloth with mixture, and use to polish the woodwork, finishing off with a soft duster.

APPETISING NOURISHING CHICKEN BROTH

Half a pint of rich, nourishing chicken broth for a penny! Think of it! Chickens are splendid, too, for flavouring soups and gravies. At all grocers.



Untroubled by Teething

Avoid constipation and its attendant dangers by using Steedman's Powders. Gently and safely they keep baby regular in his habit, his bloodstream cool during teething. Used by mothers for over 100 years for children up to 14 years of age.

"Hinds in Mothers' Hostels" passed free on request

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, E.C.

WHEN FLU GETS YOU

Influenza must always be taken seriously, because it definitely affects the heart and leaves its victims much lowered in vitality and prone to other serious illnesses. When 'flu gets you—go right to bed, take a saline purge, put a hot water bottle to the feet, and to the chest and back apply WAWN'S WONDER WOOL, pinned or stuck to the undergarments.

The diet should be light and nourishing, remain in bed till the temperature is down to normal and the danger is over. WAWN'S WONDER WOOL brings speedy relief; eliminates the danger of dread after-effects; and shortens the period of inactivity. Be wise, be prepared—never be without

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

Obtainable everywhere at 2/6 per packet

ARREST the years...

Banish forever the spectre of grey hair with Imedia. Imedia is indestructible, does not affect the fineness, suppleness or sheen of the hair.



Imedia is instantly effective... It penetrates the fibre of the hair and re-charges it with colouring matter exactly resembling the natural pigment. Hair tinted with Imedia can be permanently waved just as before. There are 26 shades. Good hairdressers everywhere apply Imedia.

Boxes for home use—sufficient for one application 5/6, for three, 15/- at chemists', hairdressers' and department stores.

If unobtainable locally, apply to Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., 654 George St., Sydney. Phone M6261.

IMEDIA

SEE EUROPE—A Great Offer!



YOU'LL SEE lovely Venice and—

Women's Weekly Arranges Special Concession Tour for Readers

For those who wish to travel to Europe, here is a special concession offer made available through The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau.

Embracing the very best in sight-seeing it includes 40 days' tour of famous European capitals, and 14 days in London, with a return ticket available for two years, if desired.

THE Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, which has so successfully operated in the interests of readers of this paper, has long contemplated offering a European holiday.

Now it brings within the reach of many Australians a tour which, for travel value, has never been equalled.

Arrangements for it have only just been completed through our London office and Frames, Ltd., famous London travel agents, who are co-operating with The Australian Women's Weekly in making possible this unique offer.

The European portion of the holiday will be operated by Frames Tours Ltd., which for over sixty years has specialised in travel.

They have their offices and representatives all over Europe, and own their own hotels in London and Paris. Most careful consideration has been given to the itinerary, the various side trips, and accommodation. In order that the Women's Weekly tour should have the widest appeal, give the fullest opportunities for individual action, and be as comprehensive as possible without hurry.

The tour will commence early in 1938, and will be available at the very lowest price consistent with real comfort.

Based on present rate of exchange, and fares, the cost of the tour which, in addition to the sea voyage and the trips to Kandy and Cairo, provides forty days on the Continent and fourteen days in London, will be £210 from Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, and £210/- extra from Brisbane.

Apply Quickly

THE concessions and extra privileges available on this tour would cost £250 or more if arranged otherwise.

Only a limited number of tickets at this special rate can be made available, and it will be advisable for all who contemplate the tour to immediately get in touch with The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, at St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

Individuals or families or parties may book.

THE trip will include some of the world's most colorful spots. Colombo, Suez, Venice, Naples, Lake Geneva, The Rhine, Zurich, Heidelberg, Paris, London—all are on the itinerary.

Those who avail themselves of The Australian Women's Weekly specially conducted tour will enjoy extra privileges in addition to seeing the places of history, romance, drama, and gaiety that hitherto they have only read about.

Those desiring full information about bookings, accommodation, and sailing date and conditions governing the tour are invited to communicate with The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

THE spring hats which appear on page one of the second section of the Fashion Portfolio are by courtesy of Cursons.

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Mother Seigel's Syrup contains Twelve distinct Medicinal Herbs known for generations for Stomach and Liver Disorders.

Mother Seigel's Syrup assists the Stomach to do its work thoroughly and efficiently, by toning and stimulating it to healthy activity. It also has a most beneficial effect upon the Liver and Bowels. Acidity, faulty Digestion, Constipation, Bileousness, Sick Headaches and other troubles arising from a Sluggish Liver and Disordered Stomach vanish after the first few doses.

Mother Seigel's Syrup has been world famous for more than 70 years—there is no better tonic for young or old. Try Mother Seigel's Syrup to-day. Sold in Trial Size, 1/9; Economy Size, 3/-.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

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Worn inside your ears, no outside or bulky wires. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 11 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

THE RHINELANDS, Paris, London. Seven countries are included in the tour.

A POOR VICTIM OF "SCRATCHITIS"!



OH! HOW THAT HARSH SCOURER SCRATCHES ME! I'M NEARLY WORN OUT.

Harsh scouring is the road to ruin for your kitchen-ware. After just a few scourings there are thousands of scratches—all of them holding dirt particles. This gets quickly worse till the surface is horribly discoloured, and unhygienic... 'Scratchitis' wears out the surface, and wears you in the battle against accumulating dirt.

SAVE WORK AND WEAR.. Smooth-Clean WITH MONKEY BRAND

There's extra cleansing power in every particle

Monkey Brand does more work than twice the quantity of ordinary cleansers because it is concentrated—every particle gives the greatest possible cleansing power. That's why a little Monkey Brand goes such a long way... why it shifts even the difficult, burnt-in dirt with very little effort.

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MY AIM IS TO MAKE YOUR CLEANSING A PLEASURE—AS I'M DOING FOR THOUSANDS OF OTHER HOUSEWIVES. WHY NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY SMOOTH-CLEANING NOW?

MONKEY BRAND

CLEANS SMOOTHLY... PRESERVES THE SURFACE

"You always look so fresh and I am always tired at the end of the day. What is the secret?"

"Just a glass of 'Sheaf' every night—it's a pleasant way to keep well."



TOOTH'S SHEAF STOUT

LISTEN TO "THE MUSIC OF THE STARS"—15 MINUTES UNINTERRUPTED MUSIC—EVERY SUNDAY AND WEDNESDAY AT 8 P.M. ON 720

IN BOTTLES, HALF BOTTLES, BABY BOTTLES

THE MODE Behind the MICROPHONE

Dressing for Atmosphere

Would you dress up to waste your sweetness on the desert air? Wear your most alluring pretties where nobody could see and admire them?

Well, radio announcers and entertainers do, particularly the women, because they say it feels better, and gives atmosphere to their work.

IN England this formal atmosphere is reflected in dress-suits and evening wear.

Americans go all bright and breezy in sports-suits and snappy frocks, while in Australia there are few radio personalities who do not feel that it is just as essential to be

well-dressed in front of the microphone as in the street.

That undoubtedly explains why all the younger women personalities of 2GB are so smartly dressed for the studio as they would be were television in operation.

Of no one is this truer than of Dorothea Vautier, who, having French blood in her veins, has a partiality for black.

"There is a saying," she says, "beware of the young woman in black." Many people seem to think that black should be reserved for elderly women. I do not agree. Black is a young woman's color, for nothing shows up the skin so well, and it is when a woman is young that her skin is at its best."

Dorothea Vautier also favors white. She does not care for pastel shades at all.

Miss Vautier has been called "the girl with the dramatic hats." She wears very unusual and striking head-gear, and wears it with an air. Her hats are not for everybody, but that does not worry her. So long as they suit her—that is all that matters.

Mary Macgregor, the charming B.S.A. star, is the only radio artist who claims to be fundamentally unin-

terested in clothes, but that would seem to be an exaggeration, for she is always smartly, if severely, dressed at the microphone.

She never wears jewellery or ornaments or those various ecstasies that most women love. Still, her dislikes are few. She hates pink and red, which is only natural for one of the true titan coloring.

"On the stage," she says, "most of my frocks were designed by that talented Australian designer, the late Jessie Tait."

However, being a born horsewoman, Mary Macgregor prides herself on her well-cut white linen riding rigout with finely-made English top-boots, that fit with never a wrinkle.

Barbara Smith, a fellow B.S.A. Player, is another of radio's smartly-dressed women with a flair for the unusual. During the recent rainy weather she was one of the few women in Sydney to adopt one of those new cellophane overcoats.

Equally clothes-conscious is Julie Russell, popular singer of 2GB. Her sartorial faith rests in costumes. "One well-tailored costume is worth three dresses," she says. "And by careful choice of accessories one can ring all sorts of changes."

Then there is Betty Suttor. She is

a keen equestrienne, having ridden in a number of shows, and loves a well-cut riding rigout.

She has had considerable experience as a mannequin, and not only knows how to choose clothes, but how to wear them.

Like the other young women of radio, she finds it essential to be well-dressed at the microphone, even if she is only rehearsing.

Now a word for the men. Sober dressing is the order of the day with 2GB men announcers.

Occasionally they use a little imagination in the selection of ties. For the rest they might be members of any group of well-dressed business men.

Jack Lumsdaine recently provided one amusing exception to this rule. Late for the early-morning session he arrived breathless at the studio with an overcoat thrown over a vivid pair of pyjamas.

He said it was the most colorful broadcast of the week.

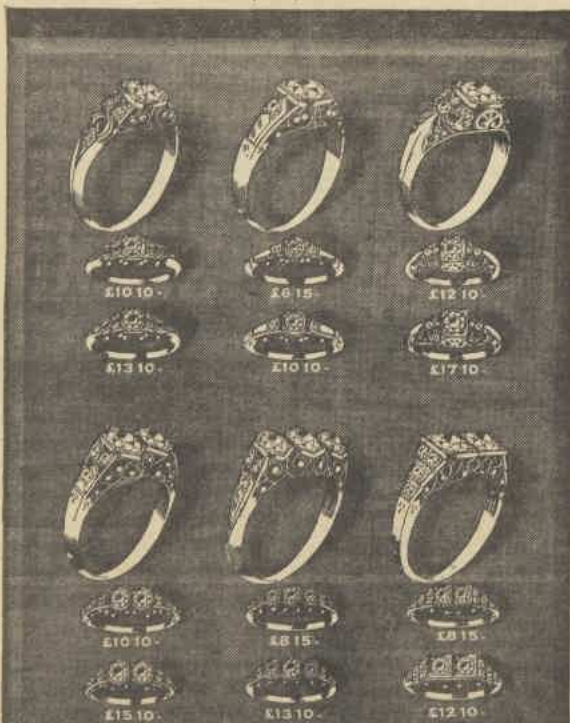


JULIE RUSSELL, 2GB singer, favors businesslike tailored suits for her song sessions.

BETTY SUTTOR, 2GB player, who says a clothes-sense helps to create atmosphere for radio work.



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NEXT ANTHONY HORDERNS SYDNEY

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 3.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, August 5.—11.45 a.m.: Things That Happen. 2.45 p.m.: The Movie World.

FRIDAY, August 6.—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, August 7.—6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Artists of To-day.

SUNDAY, August 8.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital. 6.10 p.m.: Sidewalks of London.

MONDAY, August 9: 11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, August 10.—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Swing Music.

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Use only SCRUBB'S—it is three times the strength of other Ammonia, and therefore more economical.

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There's one sure protection against rashes, chafing and all the common ailments of a baby's sensitive skin—Rexona Medicated Soap.

Rexona is pure, high-quality soap plus protecting and healing elements. The soothing, specially medicated lather keeps baby's skin smooth and healthy—keeps him comfy and happy.

WHEN CHAFING IS PERSISTENT Cleanse the skin thoroughly with Rexona Soap, then smear on Rexona Ointment—the Rapid Healer cures affected throes quickly and gives baby immediate relief from irritation.



COUNTERFEIT Coin

"GOOD Heavens," said he. "You could teach a bull to rub in. And how did she take the news?"

"Wonderfully well," said I. "Will you appear in about a quarter of an hour?"

"I shall wait till I'm sent for," said Herrick. "And then I shall probably hide. There's a lot of the gossamer in my nature. And I'm shy of attending an inquest with which I have nothing to do."

"I had to open it," said I. "I know. I know. But then you're exceptional."

Three minutes later I faced my lady again.

"There are the papers," I said. "One is your father's statement, which he had written and signed. The other is mine, which sets out what he told me before he died. Both of these are copies. The originals lie at my bank."

She read them through twice over. Then she folded the sheets and lifted her head.

"I've no doubt now," she said quietly.

"I'm glad of that," said I. "I had nothing to go on, and yet I knew it was true. Your father was incapable of lying. I can't put it better than that."

With a sudden movement she clapped her hands to her temples and pushed back her excellent hair.

"My Heaven!" she cried. "My Heaven, how he must have suffered! Sent down into hell by the man he was trying to save! Sent down for good—for ever! Sentenced to death—for life! And what of the man who did it? Her eyes were aflame."

"What of that double traitor that saved his body by losing his brother's soul?"

"I'll go all lengths," said I, "to help you bring him down. I want to serve you; that I've wanted to from the moment I saw your face. And I'm not alone. I know I can count on Herrick. He's with me here. He knew your father and mother before you were born. And then I can count of my servant; he owes your cousin a grudge."

Lady Caroline glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"There's so much I want to say and so much I want to be told. But time's getting on, and if I'm to go back to the castle—"

"I beg that you won't," said I. "If you do, you'll throw away a very good card. Your cousin arranged your abduction, and now you have disappeared—according to plan. Why show him that his plan has miscarried?"

Finger to lip, my lady sat very still.

"That's sound," she said. "But it's awfully inconvenient. You'll have to lend me some money to buy some clothes."

"YOU must know I'd love to," I said.

"I wish I could remember what happened after my fall. I can't think how I consented to let you carry me off."

"You did," said I. "I swear it."

Continued from Page 52

"I'd like to believe that," I said. "And so I shall, if you do."

Lady Caroline set her chin in the air.

"You speak as though we'd both had conclusion. Or is your memory short?"

"No, it isn't," said I, and got up. "But I can't get away from the feeling that this morning oughtn't to count, because your memory's gone. It's difficult to explain. But we did make friends all right—with-out any ceremony, as children do."

"That's better," she said. She put up her hands and I drew her up to her feet. "You see, if you're to finance me you've simply got to forget that I am the Countess of Brief."

I broke at that.

"You're Caroline Virgil to me—and will be, as long as I live!"

A glorious smile swept into her precious face.

"That's more like it," she said. "And now you shall give me some tea. And I'd like to meet Mr. Herrick and hear if my mother was half as sweet as she looked."

We were, I suppose, some twenty yards from the house, when, happening to glance to the east, I saw a flash in the distance between the trees. One flash, that was all. But, as I saw it, I think that my heart stood still.

I knew what it was—that glitter, and whence it came. It was the screen of some car reflecting the afternoon sun, and it came from the road of approach that led to the farm.

THERE is at Raven a window, twelve feet from the farm's front door. Masked by one of its curtains, I watched a car approach and sweep to the foot of the steps. On the other side of the window, Herrick was standing still, with his back to the wall.

In the car were four men. Two were strangers to me, one seemed faintly familiar, and Percy Virgil himself had the driving-wheel.

I shot a glance at Herrick and wondered what was to come.

Virgil switched off his engine and wiped his sinister face. Then he followed his fellows out of the car.

I heard the front door opened and before they had reached the steps. Then:

"Good evening, Brenda," said Virgil. "I'm afraid I've some serious news. My cousin's been taken—kidnapped."

Brenda snapped at her one.

"The Lady Caroline? Kidnapped?"

"It's true enough, I'm afraid. Her horse came in without her—this morning at six o'clock. At first we thought she'd been thrown, but it's worse than that. We found clear signs of a struggle in one of the rides."

I heard Brenda draw in her breath. Then:

"But who would—?"



"It's so strange doctor—Alan seems to fail in his morning subjects and do much better after dinner."

"What does he have for breakfast?"

"Well—he really doesn't have much—he doesn't seem to fancy anything."



"There's the trouble," explained the doctor. "He doesn't get enough nourishment to carry on the morning's work. If he's fussy give him Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—children seem to like that funny little 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE,' and 'POP' that Rice Bubbles make when the milk is poured on. My children have Rice Bubbles every day!"



Now Alan has two big bowls of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles at breakfast time and has gained in weight and improved at school. Rice is one of the most nourishing and easily digested cereals—that's why doctors recommend it for growing children. And Rice Bubbles just "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP" with crisp, delicious goodness. Order some today from your grocer!



Fresh and Crisp Ready to Serve.

R.4.

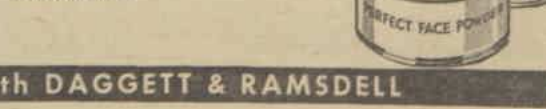
(To Be Continued)



I detest a shiny nose!

That's why I use the face powder that clings for hours

If you value your personal charm, don't risk having a shiny nose. Avoid this embarrassment with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Face Powder. It has a soft, fine texture that makes it cling for hours, is delicately perfumed and comes in six flattering shades that blend exquisitely with the most exacting complexion. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Face Powder has been highly refined and will not cause clogged or enlarged pores. Its velvety texture gives a smooth finish to your complexion. To obtain the best results always apply it over a foundation of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. Your complexion will then flatter you as never before.



Look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

**It's
easy**

Get every scrap of dirt, grease or burn in substance off aluminium. Use Steelo...
It polishes also. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks

STEELO



QUITE preposterous, darling. Marry you, Daniel? With that face? There isn't any proof it is a face, beyond the fact you hang glasses on it. Jane is going to marry me when my ship comes in, aren't you, darling?"

Ken had kissed her there and then before them all. Inconsequently, Jane recalled the face of Allison Firth, looking on, slightly shocked but trying to be gay. Allison, a slip of a kid so straight up and down in her bathing suit. Allison, with her dark fringe and Japanese eyes, slightly appalled by their goings-on, but determined at all costs to be bright.

All the rest of the evening they had ragged old Danie.

"We certainly were pretty go ahead," said Jane, remembering. But one thing remained like a little pinprick in her memories. Nobody else had proposed to her. It was,

FRIENDS Soon FORGET

Continued from Page 14

she told herself, because they were all so young. They had loving hearts but no money. Ken would certainly have married her if he had been in a position to. And then there was dear old Buggins, who cried so easily because he had a French mother. She could see him still, his cheeks wet because she was going away.

What fun it would be, seeing them all again, getting the old gag clique together, setting the senior ladies by the ears once more. And deep in her heart, the thought stirred, also, they were no longer so young, so poor, those young men who had made love to her.

She felt as if she had dreamed those years in London, that terrible time with the touring com-

pany, those dreary days looking for a job, that ultra-depressing talk with her mother.

"After all, you have had your chance, dear, and Lillas is growing up now. You will have to find some sort of a job, darling. I'm sorry, but we did our best for you, and you know you really were a little awkward in Rangoon."

When she saw the advertisement in the paper for an instructress at the new Academy of Dancing in Rangoon, it seemed almost too marvellous to be true. She applied and got it the very next day. The terms were so generous they might have suggested to a more sophisticated soul no one was over-anxious to become a dancing instructress in Rangoon. But to Jane the whole thing seemed like an answer to prayer.

So here she was, back again, the old lightship wobbling like a large duck on the smooth water, the pilot coming aboard, the low-fringed shore ahead, the air full of the smell of spice and mud and frangipani and decay and jasmine.

Letters came aboard. There was a note from Ken, and a wire from Buggins and Algy had sent her a message by the pilot to say he was sorry he hadn't time to write, but hoped to see her soon. And Mickie wrote to say, "You'll find Rangoon pretty changed, darling, and the climate gets more and more bogus, but welcome to these mouldy shores. I had a box of chocolates for you, but the ants got into them so I gave them to the sweeper."

There were newspapers, also. Jane opened one, her heart beating happily at the well-known print, the dear old familiar advertisements that still went on and on. Suddenly a heading caught her eye.

"THE Come-Back."

it said. With the color flooding her face she read it through.

"Why does Rangoon look so pleasant to me this morning as I drive in my car through the crowded streets? All the trees have burst into flower in the night, the Flame of the Forest is one gorgeous banner of triumph all up the Promenade, and every bush has hung out a welcome signal."

"It can only be because she is back again. Her gay laughter will ring round the old Gym lawn, like music, and in her gaiety we shall regain once more what we have lost so long—our youth."

It was signed "Aggabag."

"Oh, the sweet," said Jane. "He's at it still. Fancy that."

She wished she had thought of bringing Chris a present from home, as well as Ken, and Buggins, and Mickie. But really, if a girl bought all the presents she felt like, she she would have no money to go on with.

Jane sang blithely in the hot cabin over her packing, and from the shore a myriad sampans and launches crept out towards the ship, like bluebottles and flies after prey.

It was so queer living in a hotel; she could not get used to it at all. One had not appreciated one's blessings enough in the old days, thought Jane. One had taken it for granted—the luxurious bungalow to go home to in the evening, one's own car to take one here and there. The hotel was hot and hung about with too many curtains, from behind which came a myriad mosquitoes and alien noises of an unsavory nature. It was, however, nice and central, and near all the clubs, just as the advertisement said it was, and this was a blessing, because it saved Jane the bother of thinking about transport. She could just walk over. When she planned her budget out at home, she had not much left over for transport. It had seemed to her that little things like being fetched and taken to and from parties, happened automatically to a girl in Rangoon. She learned right at the dock they didn't.

Ken came to meet her, and Buggins, and jolly old Mickie, and they were all hilariously glad to see her, and they danced ring-o'-roses round her in the Customs shed, and she kissed them one after another and cried a little because she was so glad to be back.

But after that Ken hurried away to a cricket match, and Buggins had a date, and Mickie had to rush off to a bathing-party, and "See you soon, old Jane." But there she was, left to get her own luggage

through the Customs and hire a taxi for the hotel.

The next day was a Sunday, and she put on a pretty frock and waited, but strange to say nobody looked in.

But Ken did send her a note and a bunch of flowers out of his garden.

All the rank and fashion of Rangoon gathered at the Gym on a Monday night, to dance before dinner to the band. Jane went in almost shyly, she found it all so changed. The place was full of girls. Three years ago there had been but a handful of them, courted and sought. Now they gathered in the vestibule, just as the men had gathered in other days, and called to their friends:

"Are you dancing with me this evening, dearie, or am I slighted by you?"

Jane heard one vague young man say:

"Bowwow, Morwa, my two-gwammie's full to-night. Another time, darling."

There were fair girls, dark girls, untidy girls, soignée girls, girls that looked as if they had come off chocolate-box lids, girls who looked as if they had been cut with the scissors out of a fashion paper.

She sat in the usual little knot of chairs, with Mickie, and Algie, and Buggins and Ken—all the lads of the village. But there were several other girls there now. There was one with red hair, called Thelma, who kept on saying everything was "bogus" because Tony had gone home, and life was "a bore and very sad-making." There was a little one called Lulu, and Mickie gave her some photographs to look at and she gave a little scream and said: "Oh, how shy-making. Don't Thelma's legs look like salmon?" She passed the photographs round, and everyone said Thelma's legs did look like salmon, except Ken, who said they looked more like sausages.

"Jane must come to the next Hawaiian gathering, mustn't she, Thelma? This is Jane." Thelma smiled at somebody else over Jane's shoulder, and said: "My dog had puppies to-day." She went away, and Jane saw she had positively no back to her dress. Ken said:

Please turn to Page 63

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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THANKS FOR THE GAME. I WAS GETTING FED UP OF PLAYING BY MYSELF

THAT'S ALRIGHT, OLD MAN. HERE, YOU KEEP THE SCORE CARD

BOB WAS A PAL TO PUT ME WISE — AND THIS LIFEBOUY'S SIMPLY GRAND!

JOVE! I DO FEEL FIT AND FRESH!

HELLO, TONY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BELONGED TO THIS CLUB!

I MIGHT AS WELL NOT—FOR ALL THE NOTICE THE OTHER MEMBERS TAKE OF ME!

LET'S SEE, I WENT ROUND IN 89 AND MY HANDICAP'S ... WHAT'S THIS!

Wipe out your handicap old chap! Use Lifebuoy!

TONY SEEMS A POPULAR CHOICE FOR CAPTAIN

YES, HE'S ABOUT THE BEST LIKED CHAP IN THE CLUB NOW

EVEN THE MOST SENSITIVE SKIN IS SAFE IN LIFEBOUY LATHER

Proved 20% milder than many so-called "Complexion Soaps"

A lovely clear skin depends a great deal on the mildness yet thoroughness of the soap used. Lifebuoy is so good for your skin because its lather is more than 20% milder than many so-called "complexion soaps"—as scientists proved by a series of tests on the skins of hundreds of women of every type. Yet this mild lather is deep-cleansing too—gets right into the pores, removing every hidden trace of blemish-causing impurities. Use Lifebuoy regularly.

Banish B.O. worries with LIFEBOUY

Because "B.O." (body odour) seldom warns the offender, you should make sure that you cannot offend, by bathing regularly with Life-

buoy. Its rich lather, which contains the famous health element, deep cleanses the skin pores, ridding them of all odour-causing waste—the cause of "B.O." And Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



A LEVER PRODUCT

FRIENDS Soon FORGET

Continued from Page 62

"HERE'S Allison. You'll find her changed. She had a year in a fashionable finishing school in Paris. And when she came back—well!"

Jane recognised those queer Japanese eyes, but beyond that the quiet, dowdy little girl of three years ago was translated beyond recognition. There was something very sure and alluring and Anna May Wong-ish about her now. She shook her head at Buggins, who asked her to dance.

"Too hot-making," she said, fanning herself with her programme.

Allison had certainly been clever. She had taken all her worst points and turned them to advantages. Her straight black hair was smoothed and sleeked about her little pointed face, her Japanese eyes looked out serenely and with devastating nonchalance beneath unpuckered eyebrows. In the days of stereotyped beauty Allison got her effect by contrast, but she got it all right. She was defiantly herself, and her sloping white shoulders seemed to say if you did not like it, then you can do the other thing, for it makes little difference to us.

She came in with a knot of young men, all eager-eyed, all wearing on their upper lip a short moustache, the young men no Eastern station is ever complete without. They have no individual names, but are known for the most part as chaps from the Regiment. They buzzed round Allison like bees round honey.

"Isn't she wizard?" said Mickie. "She's all the rage just now. I say, did you read the thing Chris wrote to her in the paper, when she got back from a holiday in the Straits with her people the other day? The Come-Back," he called it.

"Oh!" said Jane, in a small voice. Then: "Yes, I did read it," she said. "It was very nice."

"A sob in every line, and one left over for the full-stop," said Ken. "Old Chris is marvellous. Like a two-year-old, the way he goes on, throwing off those little things."

Jane hardly heard him. She was thinking: "After a Pamela, a Muriel, then several Bettys and a Flora!" Time, the way Dan had turned out to be right.

Someone joined them. Someone said: "You know old Jane." She wished they would not keep on calling her old. Allison gave Jane just the sort of smile that Jane gave Allison in other days.

"GRACIOUS, yes! You were here years ago, weren't you? It's not as nice as it used to be. Everything is rather bogus just now because we are all poor."

Thelma passed them. She was the sort of girl who never appeared at all, but was always on her way from somewhere to somewhere else. "I rather thought we had too many women already for the party, hadn't we? Or hadn't we?" she said vaguely.

No one took any notice of her. "Can someone pick me up?" said Jane faintly. She was not sure she wanted to go, after all. "I have no car."

They started wrangling about it. "It's miles out of my way, old chap. But you can easily do it. Nonsense; not half a minute from where you are. What? Dining out Buggins? Then you can all go on together, can't you? Jane will sit on somebody's knee; she doesn't care. Do you, Jane? What, car full? Bless me, it's beginning to look as if you'd have to pay for a taxi, darling, isn't it?"

In the end, Kenneth came to her rescue.

"I'll tell you what. I can't pick you up, but I will send my car back for you. Will that do? You may be a bit late."

Buggins said: "Isn't it wizard? Allison's going to dance the hula-hula for us."

Thelma came back, on her way to somewhere else, and said:

"Has anyone seen my bag? Or haven't they? How anger-making!" And then went on, without waiting for an answer.

It was past eleven on the night of the party before Ken's car came. Jane had half made up her mind to go to bed, for she felt like an alien now amongst customs and manners she did not understand. But just as she was taking off her pearls, there the car was. So she went.

A large moon hung like an orange decoration over the water, and in the middle of the scintillating pathway of light it made there a distant buoy floated, like a large plum pudding. Everyone wore bathing kit, with a straw skirt pinned over it, and garlands of flowers. When Jane arrived in evening dress there were howls of derision, and someone tried to pull her dress off. But Jane objected, so they tied a scarf round her head and lent her a trail of flowers, and said that would do. Thelma passed, a bottle of champagne in her hand.

"Very bogus," she said. "Like a governess in a gale, darling. Not very glad-making. Who brought her?"

There was caviare and foie gras and lots of cream buns. Jane wondered who paid for it all, and they said Chris. She looked across the group seated on the grass and saw him. Time had not been kind to Chris, and the hibiscus wreath someone had crowned him with was being even worse than Time. His face was very red, and he looked raddled and puffy, and very, very tired. He wore a garment meant to be a toga, but it looked like a nightgown, without trimming.

"Useful to borrow from," said Mickie. "That's why he gets asked."

GIRLIGAGS



"THE WAY to a new frock is through your husband's note wallet."

and then he pays for the champagne. He's getting younger and younger, dear old Chris. We are starting a fund shortly to supply him with a teething ring. He's shortly going to enter his bogus childhood. Very fun-making, isn't he? Have a drink?"

Someone said: "Hist! Allison is going to dance."

Someone else beat a gong. Allison was either dressing or undressing some more, inadequately camouflaged by the flagstaff. Now she came towards them. The gramophone struck up, accompanied by the wailing of a steel guitar.

Allison had done something to her bathing gown. Jane did not like to speculate how much of it she had removed, or tucked away, or turned down; but now she seemed to be clad merely in straw and garlands of flowers. She danced like the spirit of the Southern Seas in the moonlight, partnered only by her dark shadow on the grass. The others sat in a ring, crooning, clapping their hands, making a little clucking noise with their teeth.

It was marvellous, in a savage sort of way, but Jane did not like it. It seemed, somehow, all wrong out there—the shadows under the trees all full of brown faces, speculating, whispering, watching.

Please turn to Page 64

TO GET RID OF FLU YOU MUST PREVENT Development of Fever

'FLU is a feverish complaint. It generally commences with a feverish cold—you feel dull in the head and a feeling of tiredness and weakness comes over you accompanied with aches and pains. Sometimes there is a sore throat, or disagreeable sniffing and sneezing, however, the principal factor is to prevent the development of the feverishness to stop further developments of the 'Flu. 'ASPRO' after ingestion in the system, is an anti-pyretic or a fever reducer so it quickly and effectively reduces the temperature. 'ASPRO' soothes away aches and pains and it has a very healthy action upon the skin which enables poisons to be eliminated. The soothing, helpful, quick action of 'ASPRO' combined with the definite proved purity over a 20 years' period makes 'ASPRO' the safe and reliable medicine to combat Colds and Influenza.

BUY A PACKET TODAY!

'ASPRO' Will Smash a 'FLU attack in ONE NIGHT

VICTIM OF 'FLU EPIDEMIC'—'ASPRO' HAD ME BACK AT WORK IN THREE DAYS.

140 Park Road, Section, Ipswich Road, St. Brisbane, Queensland, 12/3/36.

Dear Sirs,

During an Influenza Epidemic I was taken home with a severe attack. I immediately started dosing myself with 'ASPRO' according to directions and was able to go back to work within three days. For Colds and 'Flu I consider 'ASPRO' invaluable. We always have a supply in the house available for immediate use.

Yours faithfully (Sgd.) E. L. MILLER.

'ASPRO' USED WITH HOT LEMONADE BROKE UP SEVERE COLD.

Chesterfield Parade, Waverley, N.S.W., 28/2/36.

Dear Sirs,

My son had a severe cold coming on, but on taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets in hot lemonade the cold was completely broken up, and no sign of it remained in two days' time. I think hot lemonade is better than lemon juice to take with 'ASPRO' for a Cold, it seems to act quicker and gives greater relief.

Yours faithfully (Sgd.) E. A. SCOTT.

NO TRACE OF 'FLU THE NEXT MORNING.

16 Victoria Street, Avondale, 7/5/36.

Dear Sirs,

I wish to tell you of the good results I have had from 'ASPRO' for Colds and Influenza. I have suffered with Influenza at various times and was eventually led to try 'ASPRO' through your advice. I took 3 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink upon retiring on one particular occasion when I felt Influenza developing and the result was really marvellous. The feverish condition was speedily dispersed and next morning there was no trace of Influenza whatever.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) J. TREDWAY, 26E/37.

15 PROVED USES for 'ASPRO'

- 1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
- 2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4—It will ease the Nagging Pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
- 5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
- 6—'ASPRO' taken as directed will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in 24 hours.
- 7—It brings relief without harming the heart.
- 8—It soothes away irritability.
- 9—It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO'.
- 11—It can be taken at any time, in Train, Tram, at Home, at Business, anywhere, everywhere.
- 12—It gives great relief to women when depressed.
- 13—It relieves ill after effects of alcohol.
- 14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15—As a gargle, 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats & Tonsillitis.

Contract Bridge

Learn to bid successfully. Seven postal lessons in up-to-date, brilliant bidding. Including the new Slam Ask convention. Price: £1/7/6. Satisfaction guaranteed. Otherwise free refunded. Write in first instance, CONTRACT MASTER, Box 20077, Sydney.

Take Aspirin?

Then Look At These Pictures

THEY SHOW WHY GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN GIVES THE SAFE QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN

There is now a quicker way to ease pain. A way that often brings relief from even a severe headache or neuritis in a few minutes. Millions are now employing it—the fastest safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.

These results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence, to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustrations of the glasses, here, tell the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly. This unique Bayer discovery means quick relief from pain for you and yours. Fewer lost hours from headache, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. And safe relief—for Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.

IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH
A Genuine BAYER Aspirin Tablet Starts To Disintegrate and Go To Work



What Happens in These Glasses Happens in Your Stomach

When you buy, though, see that you get the GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN. The best way is never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But if you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "BAYER ASPIRIN," and insist, because Bayer means Better.

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART
NOR UPSET THE STOMACH

FRIENDS Soon FORGET

Continued from Page 63

ALISON'S straw petticoat whirled softly about her little, sinuous body as she danced and danced, and presently, the tune being ended, she made a marvellous finish. With one final bow, she ran to the end of the springboard and gave a jump, and disappeared into the liquid amber of the water with hardly a sound and hardly a splash, like a little fish that, having said its piece, returns to the deep.

"Three cheers for Alison! Oh, jolly good, old darling!"

They peered into the darkened water, but then someone said: "Supper, supper. I saw caviare. Where are those foie gras sandwiches? Someone chuck me up a cream bun!" and Alison was forgotten.

Jane found herself sitting next to Chris, who looked at her blankly. She said:

"Hullo!" said Chris, his hibiscus garland more and more awry. "Lemme see, you're Muriel, aren't you? How's your aunt?"

He showed a tendency to sleep on her shoulder, so she moved away. Supper went on for some time; at least as much of it as had not been trodden into the tablecloth. Later, Jane said:

"I say, Ken, what's happened to Alison?"

"What? Isn't she here?" he looked round vaguely. "I say, someone, hadn't we better organise a search-party for Alison?"

There was a scream from Thelma because a flying cockroach had landed in the middle of her bare white back. After that they all played Hunt the Cockroach for some time, and somebody started a snowball match with cream-buns, and one burst in Chris's hair. They always saw to it that one burst in Chris's hair because he got so bally about it, and when Chris was in a balt he put on his high court manner and that was a scream.

Considerably later Jane caught Mickie's eye.

"Where is Alison? She hasn't come back from her swim. Mickie. Surely we ought to—"

"Darling, how should I know where she is? Perhaps one shouldn't ask. Really, Jane. How sweet you look with that thing round your head. Like a bathing woman at a French seaside resort, darling."

Someone lit a camp-fire with the sandwich wrappings and the cardboard boxes, and they sat round it, singing songs. The scene was bizarre beyond the palms, and the girls in their straw skirts and garlands of flowers, and Buggins humming softly to his steel guitar. Jane looked at her watch. It was getting on for two o'clock. She felt as if she was the only sane person of the party, trying to cope with a lot of lunatics. Was it possible that once one had actually enjoyed this sort of thing?

"Alison? How should I know where she is, poor child." Ken tilted Jane's face and kissed her on the lips before them all. "Do you think she's drowned? I can't see why you are so worried about Alison. She's tough as an eagle and well able to look after herself. I'll take a boat presently and have a look round to see if there are any bodies floating around, darling, if it will please you, but water at this time o' night isn't good for my rheumatism. Very scatica-making. What, going? Yes, of course you can take my car. Send it back to me, won't you? I say, would you like to take Thelma along with you, and just bung her out on

SONG CLASSICS—

"Would You Gain the Tender Creature"

Handel, 1685-1759.

WOULD you gain the tender creature
Softly, gently, kindly treat her,
Suff'ring is the lover's part.
Beauty by constraint possessing—

You enjoy but half the blessing
Lifeless charms without the heart.

George Friedrich Handel, born at Halle, Saxony, 1685, showed remarkable musical gifts at an early age.

His first operas were produced at the Hamburg Opera House, where he held a subordinate part in the orchestra. Later he visited Italy and had 39 operas produced. During his last years he became totally blind, but continued to give oratorio performances to a week before his death in 1759.

With the single exception of Bach, Handel, was considered the greatest composer of the 18th century.

her own doorstep? I think the poor girl is a bit sunk."

Thelma's pretty face was flushed and odd-looking; she sat staring at the fire with a fixed silly smile, trying to say something to Buggins, and Buggins was laughing and laughing, and asking her to have another drink.

"What? You'd rather not? Well, she's no particular friend of yours, is she? Or is she? I dare say one of the chaps will presently restore her to her old home town. Good-night, darling Jane. So glad you are back. Come often, won't you?"

He made no effort to see her home. Times had indeed changed, thought Jane, remembering the manners of other days. She ran into the shadows, passing on her way Chris. Chris, forgotten, had fallen into a quiet corner, and was fast asleep, his hibiscus wreath awry, his mouth open. He looked like sea wrack. She hurried away into the night that smelt of frangipanni and dust, and jasmine, and took Ken's car home.

"I don't like it," said Jane aloud. There was no good denying it any longer. She wasn't modern any more. She was old-fashioned. According to their standards she wasn't in the least bright—and they did not want her. All that affectionate talk was just humbug. Even Chris, who had written that lovely paragraph to her when she went away, had forgotten who she was. Did not recognise her—called her Muriel and asked after her aunt. After a Muriel, a Pamela. After a Pamela, several Bettys and a Flora. Dannie had been quite right. You wanted something more

substantial than all this moonlight love, and this synthetic joy that went so soon and left you empty-handed.

Now, contrary to anything she had expected, Jane found her interest began to centre in the day's work, instead of the evening's enjoyment. The little dusky children who came to her from the schools were darlings, with their hopes and their ambitions. She taught Eurasian young ladies to wait and Eurasian young gentlemen to tango and one European police sergeant to do the fox-trot.

It was pretty hot, dancing all day in a tropical climate, and the ventilation of the dancing hall was none too good. Jane's mirror told an unflattering tale. Her pink cheeks faded, and her eyes looked tired. Little lines came about them that had not been there before.

On the whole, Jane did not care. "When beauty is so profuse, I mean," said Jane. "What is the use, You've simply got to be loved by yourself alone, or abandon hope."

She had practically abandoned hope. They asked her to their parties, all those men who had once made love to her, but they did not really want her. She was a woman they had turned over long ago, and now there was so much variety, and so much choice, and the girls were not particular and a chap did not have to mind his p's and q's and fuss around.

At the end of a hot afternoon, someone poked a head round the door of the dancing-room and regarded Jane solemnly. She was sitting alone on a bench, taking a few minutes rest between dances, and the little curls on her forehead were all stuck down with damp.

"Come in, Dannie," she said quietly, "and say how do you do to me nicely. I wondered when you were."

"I'd have come before, only I've been up country on business. How are you, Jane?"

Please turn to Inside Back Cover



THEIR COURTSHIP WAS ROMANTIC
THE WEDDING AN ATTRACTION.

BUT "HOUSEWORK HANDS" HIS ARDOUR COOLED
HE SAID IN DESPERATION



THEIR HONEYMOON WAS BLISSFUL
HE LOVED HER TO DISTRACTION.



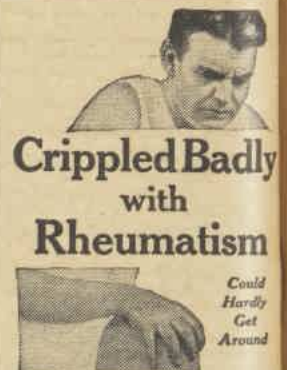
"YOU'D BETTER GET SOME SOLVOL OR
THERE'LL BE A SEPARATION!"



WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS! LET SOLVOL
TAKE CARE OF YOUR HANDS! DON'T LET
HOUSEWORK SPOIL THEIR LOVELINESS—KEEP THEM
SOFT AND WHITE—USE SOLVOL! SOLVOL'S
PENETRATING LATHER REMOVES STAINS AND
STUBBORN DIRT—IN 30 SECONDS! YET SOLVOL IS
JUST AS DELIGHTFUL TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, REMEMBER—SOLVOL!

25-2013 79

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



"Working in a damp place gave me rheumatism so badly I could hardly get around. My joints and knuckles were swollen badly and every muscle in my body seemed to ache. I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil' and got relief almost instantly. To-day, thanks to that wonderful oil, I work eight hours a day in all kinds of weather without a bit of trouble."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' certainly does knock the pains and aches of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, and Neuralgia. It penetrates directly to the affected parts and draws out all the pain and misery, and it does not burn the skin. Try a bottle which you can get from your chemist.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

IF YOUR BREATH
HAS A SMELL YOU
CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pint of bile juice flows from your liver into your bloodstream every day, your movements become difficult and constrained and your food decays unnaturally in your stomach of bowels. This decay sends poisons all over your body every six minutes. It makes you clumsy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laziness and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/4 household size 1/8. Rheumatism a substitute.

THE MOVIE WORLD

August 7, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
and JUDY BAILEY
From Hollywood and London

Loretta's Children

LORETTA YOUNG, who looks almost a baby herself, is the mother of two children — by adoption. They are two little girls, Jane, aged 3, and Judy, aged 2, and Loretta is the happiest girl in the world.

"They are such darlings," she thrills, "blonde and beautiful. Until they came here I just didn't know what I was missing."

Loretta will not reveal where she got the children or whose

No Expense Spared for Jeannette

• A Hollywood hostess will go to all lengths to make her party a success.

Irene Hervey, entertaining in honor of Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, presented all the ladies with leis made up in Honolulu and shipped to the coast by the China Clipper.

Not only were the guests thrilled, but the scene looked lovely and festive.

they are. She wants to forget as soon as possible that they are not her own.

Loretta and her mother are already planning to enlarge their home at Holmby Hills.

No one can tell if all this means that Loretta is making up her mind to single blessedness, or if she plans to present a new husband with ready-made children. Several times since her divorce, almost seven years ago, from Grant Withers, it has been rumored that Loretta was engaged to be married, but none of these rumors has materialised.

Lloyd's Investigates

ALL is not "A1 at Lloyd's" with the British film industry, for Lloyd's of London—not the film this time, but the reality—have called in Williams Charles Crocker, famous city solicitor, whose investigations uncovered the fire insurance troubles that led several people to the dock.

Mr. Crocker will investigate losses in certain film circles in which, in the past three or four years, it is stated, members of Lloyd's have lost some £4,000,000.

It will be Mr. Crocker's job to find out just why these astronomical figures were reached.



Factory Girl

FROM the roar of machinery to the roar of applause—that is the story of Edna Taylor, new British star of "The Cotton Queen," a story based on her own experiences as a factory girl.

At a welcoming banquet the West End waiters lost their poise when they read a menu consisting of pigs' trotters, tripe, Lancashire hotpot, and beer.

In the film appear Will Fyffe, Scottish fun merchant, and Stanley Holloway, equally famous comedian.

GALLERY OF STARS

Barbara Read

Elevated to Stardom in "The Road Back"

Aims to Please

USUALLY when an interviewer starts talking to an actress he sees the beauty making frantic efforts to say things witty and profound.

Not so Marlene Dietrich. She calls for a pink satin dressing-gown, drapes it round her ravishing form, and says, "How's this for glamor?"

in her new picture, "A Shilling for Candles."

In "Little Friend," her first film, she attempted suicide; in "The Man Who Knew Too Much" she was kidnapped and menaced with death; "Tudor Rose" concluded with her execution on Tower Hill.

Tragedy Barred

NOVA PILBEAM, back at work under Alfred Hitchcock's direction at Pinewood after a sixteen months' absence, is delighted to find that she is neither threatened with, nor overcome by, tragedy

SIGN, PLEASE! Say the FANS But Stars Wake Up To Autograph Racket

By MARY OLIVIER

"Oh, Mr. Gable, will you write something in my book? . . . Please, Miss Lombard, sign this programme! . . . Just one little word, Miss Young, one little word!"

No matter where the stars go, be it to the pictures, a cabaret, or just walking down the street, crowds of fans pursue them with books and pencils and the plea "sign please."

THE newcomer to films, who is just in the early stages of stardom, finds it very flattering to be chased all over the place by admiring fans.

But the hardened veterans of filmdom, knowing what it is to be mobbed by a thousand worshipping stickybeaks intent on obtaining some souvenir to display at the next meeting of the sewing guild, are positively autograph shy. Particularly since signature collecting has become a racket.

A star is now a hunted person with a price on his name. And the amount is determined like all other products, by reputation, supply and demand. Collectors are quick to get wind of a new personality, or to sense a falling star, and the paper value fluctuates accordingly.

They're a Problem

AUTOGRAFPH hounds now constitute a small army of both sexes, which has risen inconspicuously until it now presents quite a knotty problem to the film celebrities. Their practice is to haunt studio gates, cafes, night clubs, premieres and other rendezvous frequented by the stars, and through some underground channel they seem to know just where and when these affairs are being held.

Having learned where they will find their victims collectively, they lie in wait, ready to pounce on the film folk as they arrive at or leave the function.

What do they do with their loot? Store it in a treasure trove along with childhood toys and the old school tie? Hang it, framed, on the bedroom wall, alongside photographs of Marlene, Robert, Grandma and the best boy friend?

No siree! Autograph-hunting in Hollywood is almost entirely on a business basis and the buying and selling of signatures has developed into a small commercial enterprise which, at the moment, is thriving healthily.

Besides adding to their own scrap-books (which are for sale at a price), the autograph-seekers, who are rapidly overshadowing another Hollywood menace, the Go-to-the-Stars-Homes, make a good deal of money on the side. A person with a collection of top-notch autographs, and with a good tourist lobby as his field, can easily average £10 a week.

There are special spots, such as the Roosevelt and Knickerbocker Hotels, where tourists usually stay on their visits to Hollywood, and here the autograph salesmen find their best customers. Five shillings is usually the price paid for the bona-fide signature of a



★
● LIONEL BARRYMORE, left, is in the opposite camp. He thinks a star should give autographs when asked.
★



● SONJA HENIE. Her autograph has risen in value among autograph traders from threepence to three shillings and nine pence. There's fame for you.

Grade A star. An active collector can ask—and get—from 50 to 75 autographs in a week, often obtaining five or six signatures from a star at one writing. By a system of exchange—"I'll swap you one of my Robert Montgomerys for two of your Irene Dunnes"—vendors are able to carry a variety of signatures for selection.

Almost any price can be asked for Garbo's signature—they are few and



● ABOVE: Katie Hepburn, a determined anti-autographer. Violence is her reply to mob requests for her signature.

wood, price only sixpence, it does not indicate the level of her popularity, but merely signifies that she can always find time to stop and affix her name for the fans. So can Robert Taylor, George Raft, Joan Blondell, and Frances Farmer.

When Sonja Henie first arrived in Hollywood you could buy her autograph for as low as threepence—Sonja was such an obliging person. But a little fame, a spot of adulation, and a big success in her first picture has sent her signature soaring into the three-and-nine class.

Pockets Affected

UP to this point the collecting and selling of autographs in Hollywood has been harmless and often humorous, not affecting the stars beyond an occasional attack of writer's cramp. But recent trouble arising out of the practice has made them very wary about spilling the ink.

The forging of stars' names on documents, agreements, and more particularly on cheques, has been the means of causing a lot of trouble, and is directly responsible for the sudden cutting down of free penmanship.

Dick Powell is one of the unfortunate who found a couple of withdrawals from his bank of which he had no knowledge. Someone had traced his signature on a couple of cheques which the bank had obligingly cashed.

Elizabeth Allen discovered herself to be the owner of some valuable shares in a gold mine that has long petered out. And imagine the amazement of Fred MacFarray when he received a letter from his solicitor requesting settlement of his account for a half interest in a petrol station which the legal adviser alleged had been purchased at Fred's special request.

This new racket has become so serious that stars are now using one signature for autographs and replies to fan letters and keeping another and different sample of penmanship for private and business occasions. Autographs, as a matter of fact, are at the moment a bone of contention between the stars and the producers. Some believe that the practice should be frowned upon, if not wiped out. Others say it is good for business and so the debate wages on.

The question asked by the stars is: "Is it worth while?"

Pranchot Tunc says it's not! He's particularly annoyed because some inquisitive fans recently climbed his fence whilst he and Joan were playing tennis, grabbed one of the balls and said "sign."

The same night, as the Tuncs were leaving a local picture theatre, someone souvenired Pranchot's hat. So incensed is Tunc that he now even refuses to reply to fan letters. "I haven't the time to do it personally," he says, "so why deceive the public by sending them phoney letters and

trying to make them believe I wrote them myself."

Katharine Hepburn is another anti-autograph star. Kay walked into a Hollywood restaurant the other day and was instantly mobbed by a number of girls all armed with photographs, pens and honeyed requests to add her name. Did she oblige with smiling grace? She did not. Instead, Kay grabbed the nearest photo and pen and pushing the latter, nit first, right through the likeness of herself, proceeded to tear it into little bits with the challenge, "Let this be a lesson to you."

Not all stars feel that way about it, however. There are plenty of them who are only too glad to affix their names to a piece of paper, a handkerchief, a shirt cuff or any other handy object. Jean Arthur, for one, likes to be asked for her autograph, contending that it is proof that people are interested in her. "When fans cease to want our signatures on photographs," she says, "producers will no longer want them on screen contracts."

Lionel Barrymore agrees with Jean. Only a few hours after leaving a sick bed recently he stood for an hour writing his name for admiring fans. When his studio bodyguard tried to ward them off, he protested, "I can't let them down, they are the best friends I have."

It isn't at all unusual to go into a Hollywood nightclub and to see a dozen men with their shirt fronts covered with stars' names. I've even seen women lift up the hem of their lovely evening dresses to get a celebrity's signature imprinted there.

Serviettes being very handy objects to autograph, Hollywood cabaret and restaurant proprietors have found that it pays to supply paper ones on any night when a lot of well-known screen personalities are expected. Enthusiastic fans aren't above tearing a corner of the tablecloth, either, to serve their purpose.

No Bare Backs

HANDBAGS, cigarette cases, powder compacts, gloves, umbrellas, all are brought into use for autographing purposes. Sometimes the signatures are given willingly, often grudgingly, or occasionally they are completely refused. Fred Astaire, once chased all over Madison Beach by an admiring fan, finally turned round and gave the fellow a punch on the nose for his pains. Don Ameche made himself thoroughly unpopular, too, when he refused to autograph a woman's bare back with an indelible pencil.

Whatever may be the opinions of the stars, their studio bosses are all in favor of their compliance with the fans' requests, and have instructed their contractees that they are to do nothing that may incur the displeasure of the public or bring them adverse publicity.

Another racket
the Hollywood
Stars have to
contend with

SHORT-PERIOD Marriages Rule In HOLLYWOOD

Fairbanks-Pickford Divorce Started a Landslide

★
By... Joan Sebastian
from
HOLLYWOOD

CONSTANCE WORTH,

Australian actress, recently crashed moviedom's headlines to the roar of a propeller as she and George Brent winged their way to Mexico and matrimony.

Now, again, the pair hit the front pages with their announced intention of petitioning the courts to set off a legal torpedo under the frail bonds which unite them.

THE speed with which the romance came down to earth—ten days was the duration of their wedded bliss (?)—emphasises anew the startling flimsiness of Hollywood's marriage fabric.

In its bee-line from the marriage bureau to the divorce court, the film colony is adding a new definition to the shortest distance between two points.

The Brent-Worth crack-up, coming as it did right on the heels of two other short-duration marriages—those of dance director Dave Gould and Helen Burgess, which lasted two months and ten hours respectively—set me wondering just exactly what period of time represents the expectation of married life in Hollywood.

Accordingly I hid myself over to a statistical expert in one of the studios and he, after consulting his graphs and charts and things, presented me with the startling fact that the duration of the average Hollywood marriage has, since 1933, declined from four years to two!

From the way things are going, I should say the figure may soon fall to six weeks or the duration of the honeymoon!

Emotional Reactions

THE percentage of divorces in Hollywood has always been considerably greater than elsewhere, the film colony being what it is and the folks therein being what they are. Charming folks, talented folks, but terribly individualistic folks, egotistical folks, proud as Lucifer, full of the most emotional reactions to every little spat and quarrel common folks forget while dinner is cooking.

In your home town, after a trying day, papa says mamma does not look so snappy, and why in the dickens doesn't she go to a hairdresser? Mamma wipes away a surreptitious tear, talks it over with her mother, who tells her all men are brutes, but that at least her John is a good husband and a good provider, and to forget it.

But in Hollywood? She says to him: "Oh, yeah? Well, Sam Goldwyn has a big part in mind for me and I'm taking a test to-morrow. As for that cheap extra girl you insisted on having for your leading lady in your last picture, I hope to tell you you are only number eight on her list, and the last one before you are a waiter." And she hits into the night. Bang goes a home!

All her friends gather round and say, "My dear, imagine you taking talk like that from that cheap ham: everybody knows he only gets by because he is your husband."

And his friends say, "She's getting impossible to get along with since she's done all that dieting. Don't take all that temperament and nag-



• JOY HOWARTH, now known as Constance Worth, latest victim of the Hollywood fashion for brief marriages.

ging; it will wear you out so that you will have nothing to give to your work. You owe it to yourself to cut loose!"

And the recording devil chalks up another goose-egg on the matrimonial score-board of Hollywood!

There's another potent reason for the big parade of mangled marriages which forever marches past the California judiciary. For in glorious, golden California, divorces can be obtained with laughable ease.

Marriage, elsewhere in the United States, is appallingly simple. Two dollars to the State, to the clergyman or J.P., a few mumbled responses and the felled deed is done. Divorce, contrariwise, is made tolerably tough for those wishing to crack the celestial contract. In many States it requires the fracture of an important commandment. In others, a resounding punch on the nose or withholding the Little Woman's pin and rent money is necessary.

But consider the case of sunlit California, the blessed state of "mental cruelty!" Good old "mental cruelty!" How

many Hollywood teams have come unstuck with thy gentle aid!

Remember the historic case of Mr. Lew Ayres and Miss Lola Lane? It was, in its way, a minor classic. The unhappy child-bride, frock drenched with tears, appeared before a learned jurist and prayed her freedom on the grounds of "mental cruelty." It appeared that young Mr. Ayres, in a particularly brutal moment, had said something to her like, "Oh, you little bit of fluff!"—and he hadn't smiled, stranger, when he said it!

"Mental Cruelty"

THE kind old judge, after recovering from his swoon of pity, freged the unfortunate little woman instantaneously, and another pair of love-dovies were at liberty to romp in pastures new.

"Mental cruelty!" What a multitude of poppycock it covers! At one period I made a collection of such cases to satisfy my own morbid sense of humor and to amuse incredulous friends. Among such I note that in her suit for divorce from Kenneth MacKenna, Kay Francis, who has been named among the ten



• CAROLE LOMBARD AND BILL POWELL. Break-up of this marriage came after only two years of wedded life.

best-dressed women of Hollywood, accused her husband of finding fault with the type of clothes she wore.

Ina Claire, filing suit against John Gilbert, intimated that some of the mental cruelty consisted in Jack's saying that she was "too intelligent." And a famous glamor queen complained that her husband didn't speak to her for forty-eight hours, and instead of piously thanking heaven she complained and was unhitched.

Another was loosed because her good provider said something like, "Oh, fury!" in an especially vicious and menacing manner. More recently, Elaine Barrie obtained a divorce decree from John Barrymore (a decree which was later dismissed when the pair were reconciled) on the grounds of extreme cruelty. Elaine alleged that Barrymore had used foul language to her in the presence of guests.

It is all sickening and silly. These conditions have always existed, however, and do not explain why the last few years have made Hollywood divorce history. That, I think, can be attributed to the breaking up of the Pickford-Fairbanks marriage. These two were yanking at the hymeneal halter for some years before the divorce actually became a fact.

Only the dread of breaking the heart of the world and their public really kept them together for a long time. They figured, perhaps rightly, that a Pickford-Fairbanks divorce, in the public eye, would be like the President and Mrs. President telling the judge that they were jolly well bored and would like a new deal.

When the big split finally came, it touched off the greatest eruption in Hollywood's volcanic history!

Its effect on the straining teams was devastating and instantaneous. Couples who had merely scowled at each other over their morning cereal ran foot-races to their lawyers. If Filmdom's Sweetest Romance could be broken, no marriage was worth the telephone bill. And the fun was on!

The reverberations had scarce died away before Mr. William Powell and Miss Carole Lombard, after two years of wedlock, decided that the state's matrimony was something less than holy. Mr. Hoot Gibson and Miss Sally Eilers began crooning "Let's Call It a Day." Mr. Richard Dix and his beautiful life-partner of a year or two decided that married life wasn't worth the wear and tear on their peace, or piece, of mind.

Laws Abet Divorce

IF you doubt that the Pickfair blast had an immediate and terrific psychological effect on the highly-strung couples of Hollywood, you're—well, you're apt to be wrong.

And so it has gone on, until legal splits are now commoner out here than "hangovers." Moonstruck men and made keep on getting married, and when the moon goes over the mountain they trot to the bar of justice with the mildewed balderdash about "mental cruelty."

There's nothing amazing in the current divorce plague in filmland, started three years ago by Doug and Mary, and abetted by the delightful laws of the Golden State.

The only wonder is that as many as two people are living together in Hollywood peacefully, sweetly, and legally!

Even so, fellow cynics, it may not be long for those two! Any day, now, papa may leer at mamma.

TYPIST LEARNS ACCOUNTANTS' SECRET



DO YOU KNOW—I BELIEVE
IT'S THE STRAIN OF THE
EXTRA WORK THAT'S
GIVEN ME INDIGESTION

QUITE POSSIBLY!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY BONOX?
MY DOCTOR PUT ME ONTO IT
AND IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME



BONOX, UNLIKE ORDINARY BEEF EXTRACTS,

IS AMAZINGLY rich in the valuable elements of beef which stimulate the digestive juices. That's why I give it to my patients. In addition, of course, it contains Predigested Beef, which is absorbed almost at once into the bloodstream, with no strain on the digestive organs. With the help of Bonox

you get more actual value from your food, thus building up resistance to cold, flu and winter illnesses. Bonox makes the most delicious Beef drink or soup you ever tasted—try some to-day and have it regularly all winter.

FREE!

It costs you nothing to prove what Bonox can do for you. Go to your nearest Retailer and buy a 2 oz. bottle of Bonox. With it you will receive a big trial bottle, absolutely free. Use the trial bottle, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return the 2 oz. bottle unopened, and your money will be refunded.



LISTEN TO THE KRAFT MUSIC PARADE.
SYDNEY, 2UW, every Tues., 8.45 p.m.
MELB., 12DB-LK, every Tues., 8 p.m.
PERTH, 6IX-WB, every Tues., 8 p.m.

THIS SIMPLE HINT gave me NEW HEALTH



"Constipation was undermining my health. Harsh laxatives gave me relief—but it was only temporary. In a day or two headaches, a coated tongue, and a depressing constant tiredness would tell me that constipation was at work again. What a difference since I was told about Figsen. Almost at once normal bowel action was restored. Constipation disappeared."

There are times with everybody, when nature needs firm but gentle assistance in clearing out "waste matter". When bowel action lags and constipation clogs the system and poisons the blood. These are times when you need Figsen. Figsen is used in preference to other laxatives, because it does its work so gently and naturally. It is a wholesome combination of safe natural laxatives. That is the reason why Figsen works so easily. It clears up a blotchy skin. Figsen corrects indigestion and biliousness, because it removes their cause—constipation. Pleasant to take, good for children and adults. Sold by all chemists.



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Please send me free Sample of Figsen.

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FOR CONSTIPATION**

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendocin, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendocin is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, may breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendocin from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.

free, FRIENDLY
ADVICE
on all Travel subjects

**WOMEN'S WEEKLY
TRAVEL BUREAU**

St. James Building,
Elizabeth St., Sydney.

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY, Our Hollywood and London Representatives

JOAN CRAWFORD was very annoyed the other day when she learned an entire office force had been listening in on one of her private phone consultations with her broker about a big business deal.

Seems the broker's switchboard girl had been boasting to her fellow workers that she often heard Crawford talk over the phone. They didn't believe her, so the girl made bets with all of them, and the next time Joan called left the switchboard phone turned on so all and sundry might hear the star's voice and be convinced. Nothing is private in Hollywood!

JUDY KELLY, Australian film star, bids fair to become one of the screen's most glamorous.

After her hit on the West End (London) stage, she has gone to play a leading part in B.L.P.'s new picture, "Over She Goes," with Bobby Howes and Clare Luce.

LOTS of people will be sorry if comedian Gregory Ratoff sticks to his word and really does leave acting for the writin' and directing business.

Already Greg has had success in these lines, having written the scenario of "Café Metropole," a recent hit, and now being engaged in directing "Lancer Spy" for 20th Century-Fox.

However, the fact that he wrote the best part in "Metropole" for himself would seem to indicate he is reluctant to give up acting altogether—maybe he just wants to give himself better breaks!

A YEAR ago Alice Payne was just another song and dance girl, doing most of her emoting in second leads for unimportant films.

Since the release of "Wake Up and Live" Alice has become one of the most sought-after stars in Hollywood. She has acquired a new contract, a rise in salary and promised leads in several big productions.

The first will be "Pigskin Parade of 1937," in which Alice co-stars with a new male star, Tony Martin, with the Ritz brothers adding comedy touches. This piece of casting is extremely timely and interesting, as Alice and Tony have been indulging in a very serious off-screen romance for several months now and have gained much publicity as a twosome.

Sonja Henie had Hollywood politely giggling over a mistake she made the other day. Seems Sonja, who had never, never been associated with the police department except as bodyguard, was given a ticket for parking on the wrong side of the street. Terrified, she rushed to her lawyer's office for advice. He calmed her nerves, told her the parking fine would be just twelve shillings—and his fee for advice would come to two guineas!

GEORGE RAFT and Dorothy Lamour should make an interesting team, and soon we'll have a chance to see them together on the screen as dancing partners in "Eisenstadt," a musical built around the famous resort of that name in Mexico.

George, who was a professional dancer before entering the movies, and is said to have taught the Duke of Windsor something of the terepshorean art, hasn't had a dancing role since "Bolero" and "Rumba," with Carole Lombard.

Dorothy hasn't given a demonstration of her dancing on the screen so far, but as soon as she finishes her role of the native girl in "Hurricane," she'll start tuning up her feet for the role opposite Raft.

THE sudden popularity of Russian Mischa Auer's comic antics was evidently not just a flash-in-the-pan, for producers are still fighting for his services.

Mischa hasn't had an idle day since his historic portrayal of the melancholy musician in "My Man Godfrey," and his next job will be at Columbia, where he'll play with Francis Lederer and Madeleine Carroll in "Thanks for Nothing."

DOTS... and DASHES

during tender love scenes. **Leslie Howard** giving up his beloved polo along with Spencer Tracy, because of scared studio bosses. **Dick Powell** getting a batch of playmates for his cocker spaniel, Brandy, and announcing he will go in for breeding the species. **Anita Louise** learning to play the zither because she can't carry her harp around to parties.

• M.G.M. planning six more films in the depth-giving sepia tone used in "Good Earth." • Kay Francis getting the idea of working behind screens.

THOSE temperamental lovers, John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie, are back in marital harness. Returning from a brief trip Ariel (Elaine Barrymore) stepped off the train and into the arms of her Caliban.

The 37-year-old actor wore an open shirt, without benefit of tie, and an unpressed suit. He embraced his young ex-wife before a corps of photographers. The famous profile suffered a total eclipse.

Douglas Montgomery had a neat comeback when they kidded him about his flash new car with its liveried chauffeur. "I'm not making enough money yet, to drive a cheap car," quipped he. You see, all the top stars of Hollywood run around in two-year-old Ford roadsters.



He Gets Younger Every Day!

SEE that walk, that twirling stick, those merry eyes—there's no mistaking Grandpa. His health shines through! It never varies—he's always bright and cheerful, always well. The common ills of life pass Grandpa by. Headaches, indigestion, backaches, rheumatic twinges, constipation—he's a stranger to them all. A simple rule of life protects him—Kruschen every morning.

A Daily Tonic which Keeps You Young

Kruschen keeps you young, because every dose you take contains those vital mineral salts—proportionately balanced—which Nature decrees as essential to good health. The "little daily dose" of Kruschen gives your system a chance to maintain itself in good working order, helps liver, kidneys, and bowels to eliminate regularly and thoroughly the poisons and waste products which, if they are allowed to accumulate, lead to illness and premature old age.

When your system is doing its work properly, your bloodstream is cleansed

of all impurities, and clean healthy blood goes coursing through your veins, filling you with a feeling of youthfulness and energy—that Kruschen feeling! You say goodbye to headaches, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments which rob you of health and vigour.

Lively at 82—Free from Gout and Constipation

Read how this man keeps lively and active despite his 82 years:—

"Some years ago, I was subject to attacks of gout that nothing would relieve. Moreover, I suffered from obstinate constipation. On the advice of my son, I decided to try Kruschen Salts. Since then, I have kept perfectly well, and I am active and lively again, despite my 82 years. I have no trace of gout or constipation. I do my own gardening, and walk long distances without fatigue. But, I never forget my 'little daily dose' of Kruschen."—(Mr.) L.

Kruschen Salts is taken by millions of people throughout the world. Why shouldn't you join that happy band? Get a bottle of Kruschen to-day, and start to-morrow morning.

Kruschen Salts

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.



WAR FILM



★

"THE ROAD BACK,"
that fine novel
by the German,
Remarque, has
now been made
into a film of
the same name.
Appearing in it
are: Morris
Murphy and
Barbara Read
(top left);
John Hunter
(top right);
Richard Crom-
well and John
King (middle
left); and Slim
Summerville
with Louise
Fazenda.



20, 30, 40 —
which age
would YOU
choose ?



If you could choose an age and live always at that, never becoming older, which age would you choose? Many will at once say "20!"—but think! Consider how dissatisfied youth can be! Some say 40 is best, for then one's ideas are more settled; one has poise, tolerance, and tact. And what of the happy medium—30—is not that the Golden Age? Who can say? This much can be stated—to-day a woman has it more within her power to "choose her age" than at any time in the world's history. By the use of clever modern rejuvenating beautifiers, of which Kathleen Court's Facial Youth is the great outstanding example, any intelligent woman can quickly look from five to fifteen years younger than she otherwise would.

CHOOSE THIS AID —

THEN CHOOSE YOUR AGE!

Facial Youth charms from the skin the enemies that age it, restoring to the skin the factors it needs. It corrects moisture-balance, so that, if your skin is too dry, its oil supply is aided, while if it is too oily, that is normalised by the skillfully contrived balancing function of this wonder beauty cream. Another point about Facial Youth is that it is devised so as not to disturb the natural and essential acid coating of the skin—in itself a strong recommendation. Facial Youth retards hair growth on face, neck and arms, while it prevents and "whitens out" freckles, banishes blemishes and holds powder faultlessly when powder is needed. Facial Youth is an instant-action beautifier—it makes you look adorably young, fresh and lovely the moment you use it. Its day cream form is three sizes—handing tubes at 1/2, large tubes at 1/3, and jars at 2/6. The cleansing cream form of Facial Youth comes in jars at 2/3, small jars at 1/6. Chemists and stores everywhere now supply.

facial youth
BEAUTY CREAM

★
a bright star
among the
many brilliant

kathleen court

Modern Mothers

Rub Away Colds



WITH THE 3-Minute VapoRub Massage

FIRST—rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.

NEXT—rub VapoRub briskly on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades.

THEN—to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.

It takes so little time, and does so much, so quickly—this 3-Minute VapoRub Massage. It is so safe, too, for there is nothing to swallow, and so nothing to upset a child's delicate digestion just when all his strength is needed to fight off the cold.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat, and chest.

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation,

loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

For Grown-Ups, Too

You never grow too big to welcome the warm comfort of a VapoRub Massage, and the quick relief of its powerful, head-clearing vapours. No wonder, then, that VapoRub has become the preferred treatment, in 71 different countries, for all the colds in the family. More than 26 million jars are used every year.

Ideal for
Children's Colds

VICKS
VAPORUB

... Just as Good
for Grown-Ups

Add Bovril Consistently

The A.B.C. of
Good Cookery



Bovril greatly improves the flavour of soups, stews, sauces, curries and other savoury dishes. It also helps you to obtain full nourishment from all other food.

PRIVATE VIEWS

★ ★ I MET HIM IN PARIS

Claudette Colbert, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas. (Paramount.)
THERE is an exhilarating quality about this picture.

It is an amusing comedy of a two-man pursuit of one woman, enacted against the intriguing background of a Swiss winter resort. Brilliant photography has caught the very Alpine atmosphere and given it a gay Continental flavor. Here you see magnificent sweeps of snow, skinned by flying, expert skiers, thrilling neck-to-neck races with horse sleighs, the rink crowded with well-dressed, competent skaters. One scene in particular stands out: Claudette Colbert on skates being put through her paces by Melvyn Douglas on a still, clear morning—a picture of grace and neat competency.

The story is slight, but affords plenty of opportunity for amusing situations and smart dialogue. An American girl (Claudette Colbert) vacationing in Paris meets a susceptible novelist (Robert Young) and goes with him to San Moritz. Melvyn Douglas takes himself along as self-appointed chaperon, and self-acknowledged wet blanket.

There are some dull moments. The wrangling between the two men some-

Week's Best Release

"I MET HIM IN PARIS."

Paramount feature. Amusing comedy against a magnificent background.

times becomes tedious. And Melvyn Douglas, as the self-centred, philosophic playwright, does not give a convincing performance. But for all that it is well-spiced, well-dressed, raucy comedy, ideal entertainment for adults in relaxed moments. — Prince Edward; showing.

★ ★ THE MAN IN POSSESSION

Jean Harlow, Robert Taylor. (M-G-M.)

AS Jean Harlow's last picture, "Man in Possession" takes on a special significance. A rollicking, romantic comedy, strong in adult entertainment, it provides a memory of Miss Harlow as the public best knew her.

Slow to start, it soon warms up into a tingling love-story with generous slices of good, old-fashioned comedy and a peppering of smart dialogue, sometimes risqué. Merryman Robert Taylor in pursuit of a beautiful widow on her uppers (Jean Harlow) gets himself made sheriff's officer and takes up residence in her home until she can pay off her bills. A piquant situation is thus created and the lady's change from indignation to keen interest in the pursuer is cleverly and entertainingly worked out.

A dinner party scene at which Taylor buttes to his people, pure burlesque, is a highlight of the piece. Lionel Braham and Barnett Parker, taking off typical English types, are outstanding.

Robert Taylor, in a typical Robert Montgomery role, shows a nice feeling for comedy. Others in the cast who contribute to the fun are Reginald Owen, Henrietta Crossman, E. E. Olive, Cora Witherspoon, with special mention for Forrester Harvey as the bailiff, and Una O'Connor as the nagging, bad-tempered maid.—St. James; showing.

★ WOMAN CHASES MAN

Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea. (United Artists.)

THERE are plenty of amusing lines and situations in this picture. Quite enough to honor it with its one-star decoration. But it is wordy comedy, with its sphere of action so confined as to make it monotonous and often dull.

It is the story of a penniless girl-architect's wiles to make a young man lend his father 100,000 dollars with which to build a model village—and provide her with a little honest employment. Except for the opening scenes and one or two intermittent excursions outside, the whole action takes place within four walls.

As B. J. Nolan, the lovable old eccentric parent, Charles Winninger as usual does good work. Miriam Hopkins as the girl is not seen at her best. Her voice is too flat, her acting stereotyped. Joel McCrea, the conventional boy who decides that the

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

exciting life is best after all, is unconvincing.

This picture is fair enough entertainment until the final scene. Without going into details, except to say that the action takes place up a tree, this is without doubt as silly a scene as I've seen for a long time.—Plaza; showing.

★ TURN OFF THE MOON

Charles Ruggles, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs. (Paramount.)

IT is Charles Ruggles' portrayal of the superstitious department store owner, who rules his every action by the stars, which provides the most amusement in this little picture. Before he can marry his secretary, according to his astrologer, he must bring together a pair of young lovers.

This provides the lead into a fairly bright, inconsequential musical-comedy, featuring Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney in a tolerably adolescent romance, with pleasant song-and-dance numbers. But Charles Ruggles, the benign abettor to romance, and Marjorie Gatensohn, the woman who has had to wait fifteen years for her proposal of marriage, make a far more interesting romantic couple than these two juveniles.

There are two bright spots deserving mention—an impromptu take-off by Romeo Vincent of Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh, and Ben Blue doing a mock Cossack dance.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS

Warner Oland, Katherine de Mille. (Fox.)

THERE have been more exciting Charlie Chan pictures than this rather clumsy tale of the rounding up of a gang of international spies who steal a secret radio control device from the U.S. Government.

Clear, easily distinguishable plot is the most essential quality of a murder mystery, and it is in this respect that the picture fails. A greater emphasis on important minor characters and less time spent on showing Charlie as a philosophical fisherman and indulgent parent would have improved the plot considerably and raised the pitch of the excitement.

Warner Oland gives his usual good portrayal of the Chinese sleuth. Two players deserve mention:

Katherine de Mille, competent as the exotic international spy, and Layne Tom, as Charlie Chan's junior, a Chinese youngster with an irritating American small-boy manner, who should have been thrown from the cast, neck and crop.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ MYSTERIOUS CROSSING

James Dunn, Jean Rogers. (Universal.)

ANOTHER one of those straightforward, swiftly-moving little murder mysteries that provide a strong first half for any programme.

Getting off to an unexciting start, it soon jumps into the business of presenting in logical manner the story of a newspaper freelance (James Dunn) who noses out a mystery and beats the police to its solution. By no means an unusual theme or a novel treatment, its neat compression of action into fifty-odd minutes' screening never allows interest to flag.

Romantic leavening is supplied by Jean Rogers, in the person of the murdered man's daughter. Supporting cast includes Andy Devine who, as the singing hillbilly sticking like glue to Dunn throughout the piece, becomes rather tedious, and Henry Eldridge, the two-timing friend of the family, whose smooth tongue early marks him the villain of the piece.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

One night last week I saw "Captains Courageous" for the third time.

My first opinion stands. It is the most exciting and moving drama of the sea that has ever been screened.

Kipling's best loved story has been filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with such faithfulness that the characters step right from the book and into your heart.

Freddie Bartholomew's "Harvey" is the best thing this boy has ever done. In the early part of the picture (as a spoiled child) you want to spank him heartily. His transformation through adversity and adventure shows Freddie to be a real actor.

Spencer Tracy should win the highest award for his performance of Manuel, the courageous fisherman. A lovable character . . . a song in his heart, a prayer on his lips, he is dynamic and full of fire when the occasion demands.

Lionel Barrymore as the captain of the "We're Here" is superb as usual. Melvyn Douglas and Mickey Rooney also have prominent parts.

In filming the marine sequences of "Captains Courageous" M-G-M used for the first time the gyroscopic camera. While the "We're Here", and the other vessels used in the picture were tossed in a treacherous storm, the camera remained steady and motionless, with the result that sensational and vividly real effects have been obtained.

"Captains Courageous" will be first screened at the Sydney St. James following the current season of "The Man in Possession" (Jean Harlow-Robert Taylor) and "Good Old Soak" (Wallace Berry).

"The Man in Possession" is soon to be seen at Melbourne Metro and at Brisbane Melbourne.

Meanwhile, "The Good Earth" (Paul Muni-Luise Rainer) rolls merrily along at the Liberty Theatre, Sydney, where it has set up new records for attendances.

If you desire a 20-page souvenir of "The Good Earth," send 7d. in stamps to

Yours for entertainment,
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PW
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WB
38

FRIENDS Soon FORGET

HE took off his glasses and polished them on a silk handkerchief. Without them his face was rather nice. Very whimsical and gentle, she thought. He had exactly that sort of smile. Why had she ever thought he was like something that came in to the lamp? He was the only real man amongst the lot of them. He sat there, biting the stem of his empty pipe, smiling at her.

"I think this is splendid of you, Jane. You really are a sport to take it up seriously like this. I wonder if you could teach me?"

"Why not?"

"Let's fix it up. I'm getting a bit stodgy and out of date. I never go anywhere."

They sat side by side, talking of old days, but he did not allude to the moonlight picnic. In the end he departed, arranging to come to her Tuesdays and Thursdays.

He was nothing much of a pupil, for his feet had an independent way of knotting themselves up, but she looked forward to his visits for all that. He was the only one who seemed really glad to see her, whose friendship was not all humbug. He still behaved as if she



FRANCES DRAKE chooses an unusual printed organza of white, sprinkled over with green flowers, to wear over a slip of green taffeta, for this ultra-smart dinner gown.

was courted and sought after, a social success. It never seemed to dawn on Dannie that things had changed. He still asked her if she could possibly spare an evening to dine with him, he rang her up days ahead to book dances, just as if her programme was still so full that he hadn't a chance unless he did.

She got into the way of looking for him at the parties, but he didn't go about much. She had to ask Ken to take her to the riding picnic, which was to be the last of the bright young parties Jane ever attended, though she never knew it at the time. She knew that they eyed her coldly. She heard someone say, "Who brings all these old folk? About as invigorating as a slice of bread and butter."

Ken said, "Heard about poor old Alison being in hospital?" Jane hadn't heard. "Poor darling, yes, pneumonia. We forgot her, that night, isn't it too shame-making? We all went home, and it seems she had cramp and sat on that buoy and shouted. We thought her screams were just owls. A milkman found her next morning when he went down for water to put into his milk. He thought she was a milkmaid of the lake, I believe, and did push to her."

"Ken, how dreadful. I kept on saying—"

"Yes, I distinctly remember you kept on saying something. I thought

you rather a bore at the time, I remember, but it seems you were right. Poor Alison. I wrote her a note and we sent her some gramophone records from us all to cheer her up. She'll get over it. She is tough as reinforced concrete. We told her we missed her. I don't see what else a chap can do. Do you? Or do you?"

Moonlight turned the jungle to fairyland around them. Jane rode in silence with the others. She thought: "If I fall off they will just ride over me, not noticing. All the better, one girl less. That is what comes of all this equality; it leaves you clinging all right to a buoy, whilst it eats sandwiches."

Kenneth said savagely, "Rather silent, aren't you, Jane? Not very joy-making. After all, one does not come for a moonlight picnic to think, does one?"

He left her for Thelma. Jane thought.

"No, I shan't come again. That's that."

Dannie came for her unexpectedly the following evening.

"Can you come for a drive?" he said. He said it pleadingly as if he were asking her to give up a dozen more interesting engagements for his sake. This very simplicity in Dannie, which once they had so laughed at, was what made him so lovely. There was nothing bogus about him, thought Jane, unconsciously adopting the jargon of the day.

Going out of town they got jammed in a crowd of cars all going in one direction. "A party," thought Jane, "that I have not been asked to." All the ladies of the village were there, wearing dark suits and good ties. Thelma drove past with Higgins. She carried a bunch of flowers and wore a becoming hat, and they were talking together with so much animation that Jane said:

"Oh, Dannie, I believe they have got married."

Dannie said:

"Didn't you know? It's poor Alison's funeral. Why, Jane, I'm sorry to shock you, but I thought you knew. Yes, she died this morning. Rather awful, isn't it? Ken came round this morning, for subscriptions for a wreath. He had a scheme for a very large, luxurious one. But he couldn't get any flowers anywhere at this time of year."

The quiet scorn in Dannie's voice was not lost on her. She sat, feeling a little sick, feeling very old and very disgusted.

"Never again," said Jane.

They came at length to where the sunset was mirrored in the waters of the lake.

"Do you remember that moonlight picnic years ago?" said Dannie, biting his pipe.

So he hadn't forgotten. He had been letting her down lightly. No use being proud about it now. She said:

"Yes, I remember, Dannie."

"Insufferable young pig, wasn't it?" said Dannie, cheerfully, "with my 'woman's place is the home,' and all the rest of it. I don't wonder you pushed me into the water. What's more, you've proved amply how wrong I was."

She stared at him. An amazing old cuss, Dannie. You never knew from what strange angle he saw a thing, and he always had a surprise up his sleeve for a girl.

"I mean, succeeding like you have, standing on your own feet, and being perfectly happy about it. And there was I—A woman wants a setting like a jewel," or words to that effect."

"Oh, Dannie," she wailed, "you weren't wrong. One of the things I've found it hardest to bear all these years is your horrible righteousness."

"What?" he said. "Is it a failure, then? Aren't you happy? Oh, Jane, darling. Then it's all perfectly simple, isn't it?" He took her in his arms. "I thought I'd have to wait for years and years. Oh, Jane."

It was quite a while later that Jane dried her eyes, and said:

"It wasn't such a failure, after all. My come-back which I staged as significantly."

And after another while she said:

"We won't ever, will we?"

Dannie said: "What?"

"Be happy," said Jane.

(Copyright.)

WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN President Astrological Research Society

Leonians Make the World A Nice Place to Live In

Much is said of the more dominant nature of Leonians, but not all those born under this royal sign of the zodiac (which governs between July 23 and August 24) express the harder side of their make-up.

There is a very gentle and hesitant type of Leonian—persons of quiet ways, soft speech and great shyness. True, they are not often met with, but when they are, they are not easy to forget.

ALL those under this magnetic and vital sign of the zodiac possess a goodly measure of charm, but whereas the dominant and self-confident Leonian attracts by his assurance, strength of character, hospitality, and generosity, the shy and diffident type earns the love of others through quiet friendliness, kindness, and intense loyalty.

All Leonians tend to become "tongue-tied" in moments of stress. This can be a physical as well as a mental disability. At such times they find themselves absolutely unable to say what they wish, and in extreme cases will revert to stammering or to long pauses between words.

Judge a Leonian by his deeds rather than by his words—whether those deeds be friendly or the reverse. Es-

pecially is this the case with the more brilliant, volatile and assured Leonians. To them, with their amazing personal charm and magnetism, deeds count more than words, for such people often, and quite deliberately, cultivate an attractive manner and a delightful turn of speech which sweep the more casual person off his feet.

Amusement, pleasure, and a delightful feeling of welcome will cause a glow of well-being in the visitor. The host or hostess will usually outshine the visitors in every way, but resentment will be impossible. It is just the Leonian's way of being "on top" in her own particular world.

People born at this time of the year are often extremely artistic.

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

Good Entertainers

LEONIAN women can be even more attractive than the men, and seem to make the world a nicer place to live in. They like to entertain and to please. They are often excellent cooks, and take real pleasure in producing appetizing dishes. Their parties are usually well worth attending.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): This work can prove immensely important for you. Plan to begin new and important ventures on August 6 and 7. Live cautiously on August 18. Ask favors and seek advancement on your good days. Opportunities are possible. Be ready for them.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Live with extreme caution on August 6 and 7. Delays and obstacles may cause much worry. Handle work best. Take no risks.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Quite fair on August 3 and 10.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Just fair on August 4 and 5. Poor on August 10.

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 24): This is your time to shine. Be sure to start important enterprises on August 6 and 7.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Fair on August 8 and 9.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Fair on August 2 and 10.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be on guard. Attempt no new ventures and make no changes. Difficulties and delays will thwart your desires. Be particularly careful on August 6 and 7. Even routine tasks may suffer and annoyances prevail.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 21): Be ready to make the most of your opportunities. Set high goals and go after them. Ask favors, make changes, seek advancement. Work hard and late on August 6 and 7. The stars favor your affairs then.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 20): Unpleasant. August 8 and 9 best.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): You must be extremely cautious this week, especially on August 6 and 7. Losses, partings, disappointments and opposition may occur. Take no risks. Ask no favors, for they will probably be refused.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Heavily work should be your lot, though August 4 and 5 can be quite fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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NEW

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS

Season, 1937-38

Patterns for all styles
featured in this book
may be obtained on
application to our Pat-
tern Department. For
addresses see page 12.



FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY ——— MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Designed by Our Fashion Artist, Rene

Dashing, Debonair, Exclusive Street Modes



NO WW1786

NO WW1787

NO WW1788

For Everyday

WW1786. — A vivid little street style with contrast cravat. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Redingote

WW1787. — Navy marquisette over red spot underskirt makes this snappy model. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards for redingote, 36 inches wide, and 3 5-8 yards for slip. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Smart!

WW1788. — Novel trimming on a simple frock gives distinction to this attractive afternoon mode. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide and 5-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 12.

More Lovely Designs by RENE

MODEL EVENING GOWNS

Faultless in Style, Classically Moulded

Brief Jacket

WW1783. — A beautifully moulded, graceful gown with the smartest of little jackets. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 51 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww 1785



Sophisticated

WW1784. — The draping of this frock — eminently suited to satin — is one of the loveliest, most unusual features for the new season. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 61 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Flattering

WW1785. — Firmly fitting, with clever introduction of gathering. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 61 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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When You're Stepping Out This Spring!

Three Lovely Models for Gala Occasions

Unique Bodice

WW1708. — Make this lovely swathed gown in heavy crepe. Skirt is becomingly cut. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1706

Modish

WW1706. — Appliqued with gay spring flowers. Observe the harmony of sleeves and bodice. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ww1707

With Gay Embroidery

WW1707. — A gay little frock with embroidered bolero. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards for skirt and bolero, 1½ yards for bodice. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ww1708

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Featuring the NEW JACKET MODE and SLIM FLARED SKIRTS



WW1703

WW1704

WW1705

Colorful!

Spring Model

WW1703. — Jaunty little ensemble in colmarot. Bust sizes, 22 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1704. — Showing an inlet of vivid color in the skirt to match the bodice with Peter Pan collar. Bust sizes, 22 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, patterned, 36 inches wide, and 3½ yards plain. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1705. — A feminine style with a touch of severity given by the buttoned jacket-bodice. Bust sizes, 22 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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Trim

Frocks for Gay Spring Prints



Colorful Jacket

WW1715.—Plain, flared skirt topped with a jaunty colorful jacket.
Bust sizes: 32 to 36 inches.
Material required for 36-inch bust: 1 7/8 yards for skirt, and 2 1/2 yards for jacket, 36 inches wide.
PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ww1715

ww1716

ww1717

Smartly Simple!

WW1717.—This charming little style has a very becoming bodice treatment, and is right for office, spectator sports or afternoon wear.
Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches.
Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.
PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Ideal For Business

WW1716.—With buttons all down the front panel and a youthful Peter Pan collar. Make it in one of the new spring cottons. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



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SMART TRIO OF DAYTIME FROCKS

*They Will
Serve You
Loyally
Through
Spring and
Summer*

For Dressy Occasions

WW1719.—With its clever contrast treatment this is a distinctive style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 31 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Striking!

WW1717.—Afternoon mode, cut on well-fitting lines, right for all daytime occasions. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 41 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1719



WW1720

Spectator Sports

WW1720.—Stripes have been introduced in unique effect in this mode, and so placed that they definitely slim. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 31 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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Cool, Crisp, and Dainty for Warm Days

Trim Suit

WW1721.—Moulded to the figure and very debonair. Wear with spotted cravat. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Beltless

WW1723.—A very new vogue, made for floral design, beltless and with buttons all down the front. Has extended shoulder line. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-in. bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Make Them In Gay New Spring Checks, Stripes, and Florals

Lovely In Floral

WW1722.—A youthful, short-sleeved style with becoming neckline. A useful business frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Attractive!

WW1726.—Plainly cut, feminised by frilled pockets and sleeves, and soft bow at the neck. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Cravat Style

WW1724.—A dark-tinted cravat with a light-patterned fabric for this stunning little frock. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Business Style

WW1725.—A brisk little frock for everyday wear, particularly suitable for business. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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JACKETS, BOLEROS and SUITS

Smart Bolero

WW1711.—Charming with or without the bolero, which is one of the most important notes for the coming season. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Spring Suit

WW1709.—A well-fitting little suit with a dainty front. Coronation-blue is suggested. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Just Right For Spring!

Quaint Sleeves

WW1712.—For a really dainty afternoon mode, choose this youthful style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Frock And Jacket

WW1714.—Softly-draped jacket tops a simple floral afternoon frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide for frock, and 1½ yards for jacket. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Old World Influence

WW1710.—With skirt fullness falling straight from the high, tucked waist. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Model Suit

WW1713.—Straight from the Parisian salons, with novel treatment on the little coat. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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PETROV DESIGNS

Three Enchanting Bridal Gowns in Chiffon, Satin, and Flat Crepe.

Satin Bride

WW1779.—Make this attractive, graceful bridal gown of reversible satin. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 1-8 yards trimming. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1777

For Satin and Chiffon

WW1777.—Make this in satin with inlet of chiffon on bodice and skirt. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Demure!

WW1778.—For flat crepe or any rich material. Note the unusual sleeves. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ww1778

ww1779

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4 AUG 1937
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

SOCIETY MAN

By PHYLLIS GORDON DEMAREST

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—
MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.



COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1937-08-07

Page 78

Missing Page, Supplement: Society Man By Phyllis Gordon
Demarest

SOCIETY MAN

By Phyllis Gordon Demarest



SHE never had been weak before. She always had known her own mind. Until her meeting with Michael Hamilton. It was then that a strange metamorphosis took place inside Lavinia. Unaccountably her will, which had hitherto managed to flourish so staunch and gallant, withered up inside her like a stricken plant.

The very particular evening began innocently enough. When the curtain fell for the one hundred and seventh time on Mr. Erik Carlisle's extremely successful "Holidays," the whisper which sometimes guides our destinies was saying to Lavinia: "Now for a nice early evening, a shower and cool sheets—"

But the whisper went fluttering off into nowhere, drowned out by the pleasant voice of Erik Carlisle himself. He was standing just beside the door marked "No Admittance" which led to the stage when she came off.

"Got anything special on to-night, Vinnie?"

He was so tall that she had to tilt her blond head to smile up at him. The black and white of his Tuxedo made him appear more distinguished than ever. She knew that he liked her, considered her one of his stand-bys. There had not been a "Holidays" for three years without Lavinia Terrell in the ensemble.

"Not anything very special," she admitted. "I was just thinking—"

"Good," Carlisle put in. "We're all going over to a party on East Fifty-second. I wish you'd join us, Vinnie."

She hesitated. But when Erik Carlisle said "I wish," his word was quite as potent as anyone else's command. Besides, he seldom made demands on her of any sort, and it flashed upon her suddenly there must be a reason for this one. The reason was revealed a moment later in the sound of a gentle cough.

Carlisle laughed. "Sorry. I almost forgot. Miss Terrell, permit me—Count Raoul Corillo."

Through faintly lowered lashes she studied the "reason." He was slender, dark-skinned, his teeth almost too white, the lids heavy, drooping slightly at the corners. He must have been on the late side of thirty, she thought. Not exactly handsome, yet eminently presentable. Visions of a cool shower and restful sheets floated off into thin air with the lingering touch of his hand.

"Delighted," murmured a husky voice. "I had so hoped—I mean, I prayed you would do me the honor this evening, Miss Terrell—"

She said airily, making up her mind: "I couldn't very well disappoint a prayer, could I? I'll try not to be long dressing."

"I can wait." He shrugged good-humoredly. "I have already waited years, you see."

She raised golden brows the fraction of an inch. "Years?"

"Ever since the first moment of the curtain's rising to-night," he assured her gravely.

"Off with you," said Carlisle, pushing her gently into the elevator already crowded with principals in the show.

Upstairs the dressing-room rang brightly with girlish laughter, white young figures flashed in the mirrors. Lavinia sat down at her own table, pinned back her hair, and began hastily to cold cream her face.

Pat Kane, she of the red hair and gay lips, leaned over and borrowed Lavinia's powder puff.

"Going out with Corillo? I saw you talking to him. Nothing less than a count, eh?"

"Of no account, I expect. He has too genuine an air to be anything except make-believe."

"Vinnie," admonished Pat severely, "just because you're about to turn box-office on your old room-mate after all these years, you needn't turn cynical at the same time."

Lavinia laughed. Her soft, clear beauty in the glass laughed back at her. The rich, generous mouth, the fresh skin, and the deep hazel of her eyes. She put up her hand, felt the smooth, tawny gold of her hair with innate satisfaction.

"I'm not turning either, darling. Carlisle roped me into this affair."

"Careful," warned Pat, quite low. "The dictograph—"

"Oh, he isn't in his office. I left him talking with Count Pistachio, or whatever his name is. You needn't wait up for me, Pat."

The disturbance at the door of the room at that moment resolved itself eventually into a large white box on Lavinia's dressing-table. She regarded it speculatively for an instant, while the girls crowded, chattering, around her. Then she opened it and read the card.

"Dear Raoul!" She smiled away their admiration, pinned the six glowing orchids to her left shoulder. They lay there blooming against the flesh-colored chiffon of her gown.

"The count?" Pat was bubbling excitedly. "No less." Lavinia stood up, and the mirror gave back a slim reflection of radiance.

Pat sighed. "The perfect beginning!"

"They always begin well, child. It's the end that matters." She picked up a velvet wrap, threw it over her arm. "Night, girls. Happy landings."

COUNT RAOUL CORILLO had a long-nosed foreign car waiting outside the stage door. When Lavinia stepped into it, no one would have imagined she had ever heard of a Ford. The count gave instructions to the well-groomed chauffeur, leaned back in his own corner, and regarded her in the half-light.

It would be much more intriguing to say nothing, she knew. So she kept rigid, discreet silence.

"Your eyes are a long way off. What are you thinking?" he asked at last curiously, with his almost indefinable accent.

"Oh—things." Secretly she was rather amused at her own manoeuvres.

"Anyone who can look like you has no right to think."

"Really?" She was sweet, but distant.

"No. Whoever heard of a lovely status thinking? Its beauty alone is sufficient."

She said, startling him, as she had known she would: "Sincerely, Count, I'm sure you're much too intelligent an individual to spout that kind of drivel."

"I beg your pardon—" he said uneasily.

"Not at all." After a time she turned to him as he sat in amazed silence, smiled disarmingly. "Thank you for the orchids. But I really prefer green ones."

"Green ones it shall be henceforth," he said firmly. He had recovered himself by now. He reached through the cushioned dimness for her hand. "Lavinia, do you really insist we go to this absurd party?"

"Of course not. I never insist."

"Then do you object if we go some place a little—well, more quiet?"

"Where we can talk and become more easily acquainted?"

"Exactly." The pressure grew on her hand.

"And you had, of course, your apartment in mind, Count?"

"Lavinia," he said softly, "I begin to admire your insight tremendously. I retract what I said before about your resembling a statue. You are more than that. You are very charming, and very human."

SHE laughed. "Thank you. I admire my insight myself sometimes. That's why," she added, withdrawing her hand lightly, "I'm not going to your apartment."

"Almost, but not quite, he stammered: 'But you said—'"

"My dear Raoul—it is Raoul, isn't it?—you must never believe anything I say for very long. I am a very changeable person."

"I perceive," retorted the count, a trifle grimly, "I should have sent you camellias instead of orchids."

"Oh, no. Your metaphors," Lavinia corrected him kindly, "are somewhat mixed. It is the chameleon that changes its color, not the camellia. In case you've forgotten, the chameleon is a sort of lizard, a sort of—"

"And you," interrupted the count, "are making a sort of fool of me."

"Please," she said pained. "Oh, please."

"And I"—he chuckled suddenly—"am sort of liking it."

When they arrived at the house on Fifty-second Street, Carlisle was standing in the entrance hall, an arm thrown about two

of the girls from the show. He gave Lavinia an approving smile.

"Everything under control?" She smiled back. "Quite." She glanced about her curiously. The place resembled a converted speak-easy more than anything else. Men and women in evening dress spilled into the large rooms, moved in rhythmic, colorful line up and down the stairway. There were glimpses of a bar, and an alcove where a pretty girl relieved the guests of their wraps. On all sides were paintings flooded by tiny electric lights. She turned to find the count, slim, shadow-like beside her. "What on earth is it?" she asked in a low voice.

"A photographer friend of Carlisle's owns the place," he explained. "Shall we try it upstairs? Perhaps we can breathe there." Up the wide, marble stairway they went, found their way to a room above. It was not quite so crowded, but the room itself was quite amazing. Long and narrow, there was, for no apparent reason that Lavinia could think of, a grand piano at either end. Paintings in profusion again here, bronze statuettes, and a sparkling fountain beneath a balcony to complete the picture.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of it?" "Awful," she shuddered. "Living in a museum would be restful after this." He looked down at her, a deep, searching regard. "You know, you astonish me more and more. What will you drink?"

She sank into a gift chair, crossed slim legs. "I'd like a cigarette, first."

"I beg your pardon?"

She took the case he offered, stared at it intently. "Is this your crest?"

"Yes, Why?"

"Oh, then you really are a count?"

He seemed amused. "What did you think I was?"

"A fake," she answered candidly.

He did not appear in the least offended. "Would you do me a favor?"

"If I can."

"Then please keep the case as a memento of my appreciation of that very rare quality—honesty."

Lavinia looked at him, wondering whether he were jesting or not. Then she opened her small white bag, slipped the case inside.

"Done!" she announced gaily.

His dark eyes, boring into hers, sparkled whimsically.

"We are going to be friends, are we not, Lavinia?"

She felt the smooth charm of the man, felt herself cradled in it. And in that instant caution sang its warning. Fencing with him would involve care. She would have to be ready to step aside at any moment before he could whisper "Touché!"

She knew that; knew, too, that danger was sending an exhilarating stream through her blood. She said:

"Yes, I think we are going to be friends, Count."

He leaned nearer. "You called me 'Raoul' before."

She smiled. "Very well, then, Raoul."

LAVINIA was still smiling when he left her, gone on his mission of finding drinks. She was thinking, peculiarly enough, that she had never been in love. But at twenty-one it was high time she tasted the core of the fruit. Her senses soared above the clatter and turmoil of laughter, the moving figures and the room became enmeshed in thick, white dreams.

"I'll give you fifty dollars a week, but no more."

The dream broke, flickered, died into forgotten fires. The young man was standing directly in front of her, and there could be no doubt from his intense expression that he had levied his remark at her. She stared at him above the last embers of the dreams.

"Did you hear me?" he demanded, the least bit impatient. "I'll give you fifty dollars a week, but no more."

Instinctively she slipped a little farther back in her chair, as if to elude those keen grey eyes. Yet she was quite sure, somehow, that he was sober. She wasn't nearly as certain though that he wasn't mad. Now that she considered it, there was a slightly wild look about him. A little over medium height, his shoulders were broad, the features regular, and just saved from severity by an incredibly well-cut mouth. His hair was straight, a light brown, and at the moment a trifle untidy.

"Well," he asked, "why don't you answer me?"

She drew in her breath. "I would if I knew what you were talking about."

A smile shot swiftly to his mouth. "Oh, it's quite simple," he assured her. He dropped into a vacant chair beside her. He had on a suit of light grey tweed, and he was probably the only man in the house not attired in evening clothes, but he seemed perfectly at home. "Confound the thing! Where is it? Ah, here. My card."

She took the proffered card, regarded it. "Michael Hamilton," she read. An address on Central Park West followed beneath.

"Thank you," she said politely, detached, and made to give the card back to him.

He waved it aside. His hands were long, expressive.

"No, no, I want you to keep it. You see, you're going to need it."

"I don't think so," said Lavinia quite clearly. "And now, Mr. Hamilton, will you please go away?"

He made not the slightest move to obey.

"You needn't call me 'Mr. Hamilton.' You can call me 'Mickey.' Everyone does."

Lavinia stared, half fascinated. His eyes were strange. They seemed to look not so much at her as through and beyond her, as if the scope of their vision were so much wider than a solitary object could encompass.

Finally she shrugged. "If you've anything to say, for heaven's sake, say it and get it over with. And would you please talk English? So far you've been talking Greek, as far as I'm concerned."

His chin shot forward then, aggressive. "Look here, Miss—"

"Terrell," she admitted with reluctance.

"Miss Terrell. I'm not a child. I object to being spoken to in that fashion."

Her mouth fell slightly open. "You object!" And again, quite furious: "You object!" Any moment now this amazing young man's keepers would be barging in, manhandling him and bundling him off to the lunatic asylum from which he had escaped.

But the next instant an astonishing change took place in his manner.

"Sorry," he said. His voice had quieted considerably. "I really didn't mean to lose my temper."

"Do you," Lavinia asked faintly, "often have these spells?"

He laughed. His laugh was full, vibrant. She almost forgot in the pleasant echo it left in her mind that a minute before she had been willing to choke him.

"No, not often," He looked a little

rueful. "Anyway, this is what I wanted to explain." He leaned forward earnestly. "I followed you up here. I've been waiting a chance to talk to you. The instant I caught sight of you downstairs, I knew you were the girl I've always been looking for."

"All your life?" asked Lavinia languidly.

He nodded. "All my life. Your features, your skin, your figure—You're beautiful," he finished triumphantly. "If you were the least bit taller you'd look like a blonde goddess."

Disappointment stung her. She sighed. "I thought you were crazy enough to be original. But apparently you aren't."

He ran a hand through his hair, rumpiling it more than ever.

"But look here, I'm not trying to make love to you!"

"Aren't you? Then why the usual preliminaries?"

"I didn't realize—I mean"—he laughed suddenly—"I'm offering you a job. Fit—"

"Fifty dollars a week. Yes, I know," said Lavinia thoughtfully. "I think you've said it three times. That makes a total of one hundred and fifty. No, Mr. Mickey Hamilton, I'm afraid it won't do."

"What?" he said, aghast. He hesitated, stubbornly. "All right. I'll make it sixty."

"I don't need a job, and there isn't enough money in the world to make me want to work for you. Is that clear?"

"I tell you, I won't make it a penny over sixty!"

"Excellent! Good-bye, Mr. Hamilton. It's been lovely, meeting you." She turned her gaze deliberately, once more took in the gaiety about her.

And still he made no move to go. "All you have to do is pose!"

She looked at him again slowly. "Oh, then you're an artist?" She laughed. "I might have known!"

He seemed upset. "Haven't you ever heard of Michael Hamilton?"

"No." She shook her head. Where was Raoul?

"Listen," said the young man so desperately she almost felt sorry for him. "I must see you—somewhere we can discuss this thing more calmly."

"I am calm. You're the one who's excited."

"Only because I can't bear the thought of losing you. Listen, Miss—"

"Lavinia," she prompted, sighing.

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"Lavinia," she prompted, sighing.

"I'm very, very tired, Raoul." She made to brush past him.

"Look here," said the Count, bewildered, "there's been some mistake. I came up before with your drink and this—this young gentleman inadvertently knocked against me. I've had a terrible time cleaning my suit."

Lavinia suppressed a mad desire to giggle. "Really?" she said, concerned. "That's a shame. Only it's quite late, Raoul, dear. So if you'll excuse me—I'm sure you don't want to leave yet—"

"Lavinia."

"Good-bye." The word floated back with lingering tenderness over her slim shoulder. "Do call me soon."

LAVINIA spent the next quarter of an hour sitting beside Mickey in his roadster, determinedly saying her prayers. How they ever managed to arrive at the quiet little restaurant without tearing down some of the city's finest lamp-posts, she never knew. Still, there they were, sitting in a corner safely enough, drinking champagne cocktails over a checkered cloth. And Mickey was talking. He talked, it seemed, a great deal. Mostly about himself and his work. After a time his voice became like the soft rustle of a lake.

Lavinia watched his eyes. They were never still, and they flickered constantly into light and change as he spoke. They were like the reflection of a quick and restless spirit within.

"What do you do?" he asked, abruptly.

"What? Oh! I'm in Carlisle's 'Holidays'."

"Carlisle? Splendid! Couldn't be simpler. I'll arrange it with him so that you can step back into the show any time you wish. Come on, is it a bargain? You can always quit, you know."

Lavinia stared back at those troubling grey eyes. There was power, and warmth, and eagerness in their depths. She felt herself caught up in a strange current, as if life were suddenly opening wide to her. All at once the future was no longer rushing on trembling wings to meet her. It was here, close, for the reaching out of her fingers. Glamour and adventure stretched in glossy vistas before her. The glow of the unknown beckoned in the distance. The new glory swallowed her up, held her laughing in its flame almost before she knew it.

She said, curiously breathless: "I—I'll try it."

Mickey's hand stretched across the table, engulfed hers. Only then did she know a swift, frightening instant—at his touch. Something pierced her heart, something oddly like the flame she had felt a few moments before.

An hour later the car was whirling them softly homeward down Riverside Drive.

"It does something to you, this Drive," Mickey said. His voice seemed to her dreamy, a long way off. "At night alone, I mean. The water silent in the shadows. That tiny tugboat over there. And the shore studded with strings of diamonds beyond. It isn't real, somehow. It's too beautiful. So beautiful that it hurts. Ever been to Monte Carlo?"

She shook her head. She felt very quiet now, content to listen.

"At night there you can stand on your balcony and gaze out at the Mediterranean for miles. It's the bluest water in the

world. Oh, I don't mean this is anything like it. But there's that same weird feeling of immensity, that sense of knowing there can be so much in the world you'll never touch, never see. Heavens, it does something to you, doesn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Lavinia, and wondered fleetingly that she did nothing to him. But only fleetingly, for, of course, she would not have wanted him to be different.

In the polite confines of her apartment house lobby they faced each other. His lips parted engagingly.

"To-morrow, then, at eleven," His palm pressed hard against hers. "Night, Lavinia."

He was gone. And she was left staring after him, suddenly not at all sure there was such a person.

Lying in bed beside the tumbled figure of Pat Kane, she found herself trying to reconstruct his build, his features. But he was elusive, vague. She could hardly remember half he had said. Yet the vital spark, the quality of him, persisted in her memory.

She turned over on her side, impatient. Pat stirred.

"Hello," came her sleepy voice. "How was the Count?"

"The Count?" repeated Lavinia absently. "Oh, yes, the Count—"

WHEN she awoke the next morning the exotic fragrance of the evening still seemed to linger in her nostrils. But it was only Pat tickling her nose with a huge sheaf of crimson roses.

"Mine?" she demanded, sitting up delightedly.

"You've got him, darling! You've got him!" Pat danced gaily about, waved a card over her riot of red curls.

"Got whom?" Suddenly it was very important to know. "Oh—!" She had caught the card deftly as Pat tossed it. "With the compliments of Count Raoul Corillo." And underneath: "My heart rules my pride. May I take you somewhere for dinner to-night?"

She flopped back among the pillows again. A light seemed to have gone out inside her. "Stick those things in water, Pat, there's a dear."

"Heavens! Aren't you at all excited about—?"

"No," interrupted Lavinia, yawning. "I'm not. Is the coffee on?"

But it was at that moment the telephone rang peremptorily. Lavinia was conscious of the swift tattoo of her heart beneath her sheer alightdown. Her fingers reached out for the instrument.

"Where the devil are you?" demanded an irate voice. "It's twelve o'clock."

Mickey's voice came back to her with a queer shock. It was not at all as she had remembered it. "I'm awfully sorry. I overslept."

"Well, you can't do that sort of thing and work for me, you know."

Her chin lifted. "All right. I'm not working for you any longer."

A crisp snort from the other end. "I've already arranged everything with Carlisle. If you insist—frigidly—I'll make it seventy-five. You have exactly one hour to get here." Click!

"Nuts!" said Lavinia impolitely to the receiver.

Pat had perched, interested, on the end of the bed. "Who was that?"

"Some idiot called Hamilton who wants

to pay me seventy-five dollars a week to pose for him." She stared thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"Not Mickey Hamilton?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Well, there's only one Mickey Hamilton. You know, scion of an old and wealthy family decides he wants to make a name for himself doing commercial art. But, Vinnie, you're not quitting 'Holidays'?"

"Pat," said Lavinia, stretching, "get me a clean bath-towel."

A moment Pat paused, uncertain. Then she rose with alacrity. "O.K. Seventy-five is not fifty. True, Mickey's got the reputation of being a little nutty, but all you have to do to get along with him is just give him his own way. Rita le Ray did some posing for him and she told me—"

CARLISLE was on the stage trying out some new lighting effects when Lavinia approached him exactly half an hour later. Attired in a yellow smock, he had a faunlike, yet, nevertheless, dignified appearance.

"Morning, Vinnie." He waved to her. "Joseph, would you be so kind as to give me those bunch lights a little farther to the left? Thank you. Brown. Brown up there, can you hear me? I'd like that amber spot dead centre, if you please."

Lavinia hesitated. "Mr. Carlisle—"

"What is it, Vinnie? No, Joseph, more left— Yes, Vinnie? Oh, I remember. Young Hamilton called me. It's all right." He imprimé a chaste salute on her cheek, gave her a God-bless-you sort of look, and smiled her away.

Prompt at one-thirty Lavinia rang the doorbell of Mr. Michael Hamilton's penthouse apartment. A Japanese manservant opened the door to her, ushered her into the long, spacious studio living-room. Clad in paint-bespattered trousers, white shirt open at the throat, Mickey rose from before an easel to greet her.

"You're just in time," he remarked severely, apparently unaware that she wasn't. "I wouldn't have waited a minute beyond the hour."

And that, thought Lavinia, was that. Her gaze took in the untidiness of the room, the furnishings in excellent taste. Pictures, some framed, some unfinished, made brilliant litter of the place. More than half the walls gleamed with shining windows. A skylight overhead made a haunting canopy of turquoise. Yes, she thought, it was just the sort of unique, unexpected setting she might have imagined him in.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he asked, sharply. "Let's get started. Take off your hat."

Her fingers rose obediently, paused then in mid-air. A queer misgiving had shaken her all at once.

"Take off your hat," Mickey said again, this time as to a child. And as she eventually obeyed: "Now your coat."

Her lips moved to a half smile. "I would—only it happens to be a dress." Now she was grave again, studying his face.

"Here! Give me your things." He swept the hat and bag and gloves from her hands.

Somehow, she found it easier to say with his back turned.

"No, Mickey. I'm not going to do it. I couldn't."

He spun around rapidly. "Now what is it? Do what?"

She stared quite firmly at the Chinese carpet. "Nudea."

His burst of laughter made the room

ring. "You young idiot!" he exploded. "Who the dickens—What the—Listen, get up there on that stand, and just sit, will you? And do me a favor, don't talk! I'm only interested in your face. Disappointed?"

She had two desires then. One was to slap his grinning face, the other was to pick up her things and walk out. What she actually did was to get up on the stand and pose as he directed. She posed, as a matter of fact, until she finally toppled over, faint from hunger. And was rewarded by a glass of ice water dashed in her face.

"You poor kid!" Mickey bent over her, penitent. "I should have taken it easier the first day. But when I work, I guess I forget everything. Here, take this money for a cab, and get yourself a nice hot dinner."

When she managed to reach the apartment she was more exhausted than if she had put in twelve hours of rehearsals.

"Raoul called four times!" Pat was exuberant. "I promised him you'd go to dinner with him."

"I won't! I'm dead!" The bed looked inviting.

"Shut up," ordered Pat. "You're going."

She went. The evening glided along smoothly on Raoul's fascinating courtesies. But suddenly there was no animation in her, except to wonder into whose eyes a pair of sullen grey ones were gazing.

ALL her life Lavinia had rebelled against routine. It was in inherent defiance of it that she had run away from her father's comfortable establishment in Gatesville. Her father had been kindly enough, brilliant enough, too, as country doctors went. But he did everything, it seemed to Lavinia, to the sound of an invisible clock. She had never seen that clock, but she grew up convinced of its existence and that it chimed at regular intervals in her father's life. And then it chimed, spontaneously died in its echo. Life became dreary, unimportant. And because she loved the sweet unexpectedness of living, wanted to preserve it, determination led her on to escape.

New York, ever kind to the young and lovely, set her deep in its crown of fancies. And there she remained, mistress of the situation, until that cataclysmic night when Mickey Hamilton precipitated himself into her life.

From there on she was faced not with the old bugbear of routine, but with its opposite, confusion. Such complexity and disorderliness ruled her days that she sometimes wondered wildly why she continued to work for him. Mickey's life was a jumbled, chaotic, and he applied the same desultory practice to his art. He worked in spasms. Either for hours until every bone in her body seemed ready to snap, or whole days not at all. Quite often she would arrive at the studio only to find him flown on a week-end jaunt. And yet again he had the pleasant little habit of telling her he wouldn't need her, and then calling at her afterwards for not being there.

She had been working for him two months before it occurred to him to ask her to go out with him. When she went home to change her dress for the evening her heart had an incredulous little lift in it. Her wardrobe was neat, unprepossessing. There didn't seem anything quite good enough to wear to go out with Mickey. On an impulse she dashed out to a store, selected a navy-and-rose chiffon that made her look altogether too fragile and slim.

When he called for her, even Mickey was inspired to some trifling compliment. The moments sailed past her on a thousand moons of enchantment. Music, dancing, all had new cadence for her in the electric stir of Mickey's nearness. She did not speak. But surely he, too, must feel this precious depth into which she was sinking, this warm rush of freedom sweeping her up, up.

When they came out on to the street again it was just beginning to rain. Mickey glanced up at the heavy dark-blueseness above, sniffed.

"Smell that? That rain—it's so fresh and clean. Come on, hon, let's walk in it a bit. Gets the dust out of your soul."

"But, Mickey—" Lavinia began, and stopped. She was thinking of the new dress and her best hat. She slipped her arm through his and they began to walk, the soft spring rain slanting down into their faces.

An hour later they were still walking. They were in Central Park now, and, laughing suddenly, he took her hand and began to run. The paths were slushy with mud. Her hair felt damp and stringy.

Suddenly the high heels turned under her. She tripped, fell headlong into the sticky wetness of the soft earth. Mickey was abject contrition.

"Hon, I'm so sorry! I'm a brute—it was such a pretty dress, too! Never mind, I'll buy you a new one to-morrow."

She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. But he looked so helpless and upset making futile attempts with a clean handkerchief that she finally shook back the hair from her face, and laughed.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. But, please, could we take a taxi now?"

In the taxi, Mickey said abruptly: "Don't go home yet, Vinnie. Come up to my place. Togo'll have that dress presentable in no time. Besides, I've the awfulest Japanese kimono—"

Slipping her arms into the soft silken thing in Mickey's apartment, it seemed as if the glow and color of the kimono were seeping into her. The bedroom mirror reflected a new flare, showered back a bloom to her lips, a sheen to the loose waves of her hair. In the kitchen she could hear Togo singing over her dress. A smile spun its web about her mouth, caught the song and echoed it in her heart.

When she came into the living-room, Mickey rose. A heavy ivory pipe paused halfway to his lips.

"I know you would look like that in it," he said.

She came toward him, turning slowly. "It is lovely, isn't it?"

"No," said Mickey, "you're lovely. I didn't turn on the lights. Do you mind? I wanted to be alone with the moonlight."

THE night shone clear after the rain. Outside a high moon had risen, sending translucent streams of pale light into the room. Lavinia was aware of it touching her hair like a dim aura, filling the silence with strange music. It played upon Mickey standing there, on his long, strong hands and his face fresh from the rain. His features seemed chiselled, clear-cut in the glimmer and all the pulsating vivacity of him rushed over her with breathless force.

And then he said, breaking the witchery: "I must paint you in that, Vinnie. Can't you see the picture it will make?"

And suddenly it was just a room and the moon had lost its magic. But she might have known. Might have known Mickey would see nothing more human in her than a model to be painted.

He took her hand, led her over to the couch. "You must be tired, hon. Togo is fixing us something to eat."

"Yes," said Lavinia suddenly, "I am tired." She dropped to the couch. Before she knew it, Mickey had bent, swept her feet from the floor, was arranging the downy cushions at her head.

She didn't know how it happened. But his breath brushed against her cheek, made her catch her own involuntarily. And all at once his arm slipped around her waist, held her close as if he could never let her go. His mouth came down on hers, shutting out all but ecstasy and the moonlight, binding them as one in a spirit of fire.

"Mickey—oh, Mickey!"

"Vinnie—dear!"

Glory held her in its spell, beat in her heart like a tom-tom. She sat up abruptly, the feel of the spell still clouding her eyes. She laughed.

"It took you a long time to get up enough courage to do that, Mickey!"

He brushed a hand through his hair, smiling, vaguely troubled. "It looks that way. But, honestly, I never thought of it before."

"DIDN'T you?" She stared at him. She wanted to tell him that she had thought of it for weeks herself, ever since the first night of their meeting. But something pressed the words back in her throat.

"No. You see, I don't—"

"Mix business with pleasure? It isn't a very good idea as a rule, I know. Only isn't it rather wonderful—our both being young and together?"

"I suppose so." His laugh was uncertain. "But really, I shouldn't have, you know. I mean, don't think I asked you up here to-night just to make love to you. Only you looked so lovely and sweet lying there, your hair gleaming about your shoulders."

"Mickey!" Something was stiffening in her heart. She added, slowly, faintly: "I thought you meant it."

"Of course I did, you silly child! Didn't it feel as if I meant it?"

She did not answer. Her lashes were lowered, hiding her eyes. Suddenly she rose, walked away from him, stood with her back to him in the shadow. Her heart was bursting in her throat. It was an effort to speak. She was glad that he could not see her face.

"Mickey," she said, in a low voice, "do you care?"

"Vinnie, listen—"

"Please answer me."

The room seemed heavy and still with waiting. At last, he said: "Yes."

She spun round trembling, lips parted. "Mickey—"

He rose. There was something in his eyes she could not fathom, something dark, unreadable. It frightened her even before he spoke.

"I do care, Lavinia. I didn't know it until just now. But—" He halted, added quite steadily: "It isn't going to make any difference."

She could not tear her gaze from him. She felt curiously stifled.

"I don't think I understand."

"Simply this, Vinnie. You and I are going on, working together, as if nothing ever happened." He paused, as if giving her time for the words to sink in. "Good Lord, Vinnie, can't you see what I'm trying to tell you? I don't want to be in love with you. I don't want to be in love with any woman, ever."

She was cold now, ice-cold. "Did you

any love? Don't let's discuss the thing, please."

"No. It's better for us to get it over and out with. We'll feel better afterwards. Vinnie, I'm terribly fond of you. Perhaps—more than that. But I've felt this same kind of thing before. It always passes. That's the way I'm made. And I'm afraid of marriage." He smiled, a trifle ruefully. "I'm a selfish cuss, but I've got just enough sense to realise it. I like myself and my work too much. I couldn't tie either of 'em down to a little platinum circle. You see, I'm so darned concerned with my own happiness, I wouldn't know how to make any woman happy."

"No," Lavinia murmured, eyes faintly narrowed, "I don't believe you would."

His sigh had relief in it. It brushed away the last glimpses of the beautiful.

"I'm sorry I kissed you like that. But it's best this way, believe me. Things will be just the same as ever."

"I see," she said tonelessly. But she saw nothing except that he was deliberately shutting himself away from her. In his own very hard, complete shell. Complete—yes, that was it. Mickey was the kind of man who would always remain complete in himself. He didn't need love. He didn't yearn for that tender oneness she herself craved so madly. She walked past him, head high, into the bedroom, closed the door.

THE darkness of the room pierced her like a sudden loss. And she had lost something—that subtly which she had imagined her own to—a few brief, magic instants. Her teeth came down over her lower lip savagely. She flung off the brilliant kimono, got into her dress lying there ready for her on the bed.

When she came out Mickey was smoking again. The room in the half light was a purple haze.

"Going?" He seemed surprised.

"Yes. Here." She threw the kimono across the couch. "Thanks for the loan of it."

"But I wanted you to keep it."

"No. Good night, Mickey."

"Wait—I'll take you home."

"You needn't bother. I'll take a cab."

She moved past him. He ran after her, caught her by the shoulders. "Vinnie! I haven't offended you in any way, have I?"

Her smile flashed, bright, mechanical. "Don't be silly. You were merely being honest."

"Then will you take this?" He held out the kimono.

Lavinia looked at the colorful thing a moment. Almost, but not quite, her courage deserted her. She pushed it away swiftly.

"No," she said in a choked voice, "I hate it!"

She was gone like a gust of storm-swept wind.

She would never go back—never. She sat staring out of the window at the soft spring night, telling herself that for hours. But the morning was another day, another hope. It set her heart aflow again and her feet turning towards Mickey's studio.

For a whole week she posed for him in the Japanese kimono. But it was the kimono which had given her a single rare moment of delectation, and as swiftly snatched it from her. She could neither forgive the beautiful garment nor forget it.

It became to her a living thing, hateful,

menacing. Every time she stepped into it the tautness grew inside of her. And finally snapped—loosing a rebellious flood, sending her down from the stand in sudden resolution.

She heard herself announce coolly: "I'm taking a vacation."

Above the easel, Mickey's glance widened at her. "But you can't!" he expostulated. "Not now. You can't walk off in the middle—"

Lavinia laughed. It was a hard, metallic laugh, not at all like her own.

"Why can't I?" she retorted, with some of her old flare. "If death can take a holiday, why can't I?"

Mickey rose, gaze ominous. "I'm in no mood for flippancy. We're going to finish this picture to-day, if it's the last thing I do. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Lavinia replied. "I understand." There was a reckless tightening within her. She couldn't bear to have Mickey looking at her in that cold, impersonal fashion. Yet wasn't that all she had ever been to him, a piece of clay to be moulded at his touch? Well, she would show him he had a human being to reckon with, not a Galatea of his own making. She took off the Japanese kimono, stood there an instant a slender strip of a girl, in a pink slip, defying him. Then she suddenly bore down upon the lovely robe with all her strength, ripped it clear down the centre. The sound of it was like the tearing of something else, some stranglehold that had held her in its grip these few days. "Now," she said triumphantly, "finish your picture!"

He stared first in amazement, then in horror. And slowly she saw the dark crimson of anger mount his face.

"You little—!" His white teeth bit sharply at his lips. "I'll make you pay for that kimono!"

She tossed the torn thing from her. She was glad—glad! She had broken its sorcery.

"You do," she retorted, "and you'll look for another model!"

"I am looking already! Get out!" he shouted.

His anger struck deep, glanced against her own. "How dare you—how dare you speak to me like that?" All at once the tempest burst within. A white haze suffocated her. Her fingers closed over a book with sudden violence. Then she had picked it up, heaved it at him. It struck him full in the chest.

Mickey said nothing. He merely stooped rapidly, lifted the book from the floor, and threw it back at her with all his force. She felt it strike against her arm.

They stared at each other in the crazy, tumbling silence, their gazes flashing fire. Then Lavinia turned stumbled into the bedroom, hurried into her dress, and left the studio without a word.

FOR a whole two weeks she hung about the apartment waiting for him to call her. There was no fury in her now. Only a terrible, aching void. She had not believed she could feel like this—white empty. She hovered over the telephone, hoping, praying.

But Mickey never called. It was as if the unknown had gathered him up. When she couldn't stand the waiting any longer she was driven to call him. She sat down at the telephone, snatched at it quickly with fingers cold from nervousness, dialled his number.

"Hello, Mickey?" Her own voice sounded distant, queer.

"Yes. Who is it?"

She trembled a little. "Lavinia."

"Oh." No encouragement there.

"I thought—I mean—that is, I'm terribly sorry for the way I behaved. I shouldn't have torn the kimono and I shouldn't have thrown the book at you—even if you did throw it back."

"Well, what is it?"

It was torture, but she plunged, nevertheless. "Mickey, I'd like to come back and work for you if I may. You see, I can't—I just can't go on like this."

"Borry," his voice came back to her over the wire, dry, distant, reared. "I've got another model. No nonsense about her. And besides, as long as you're silly enough to entertain any romantic illusions about me, perhaps things had better remain as they are."

Lavinia slowly put down the receiver. For a long time she sat there, motionless. The blankness inside of her was filled now—pain-filled. She felt as if the door of life had suddenly closed in her face.

Oh, she had to do something! She couldn't go on, couldn't stand any longer the heartache and suffering she had been through the past two weeks. Turning, she rushed blindly towards the window.

PEOPLE jumped out of windows sometimes when things grew too much for them and they felt themselves sinking in chaos, didn't they? But that was silly. A boy and girl were strolling down the street, arms linked happily. It meant nothing to Lavinia except that she would never walk that way with Mickey again. He had shut himself off from her utterly.

Waves of appalling loneliness rushed over her like a dark sea. The web of heartbreak engulfed her in a shroud. She was lost in the frightening march of life without Mickey.

There was no star in all the blackness. There was no Mickey. And suddenly there were not enough tears in all the world to wash away her hurt.

A long time later, when the coldness had passed a little and the warmth of living was creeping slowly back into her soul, she dragged herself over to see Erik Carlisle. He took her return unconcernedly enough. The present edition of "Holidays" was nearing its close, but he was reading a musical comedy to follow immediately after. Gratitude set a mist in her eyes, made her stammer her thanks.

Gradually, almost without her realising it, her days began to take on the same colorless order as before she had known Mickey. Only now she was more poignantly aware of that colorlessness than ever. For if Mickey had given her nothing else, he had brought buoyancy and exhilaration to existence. He had lent to every moment the revivifying throb of excitement, but he had only lent these elements to her life, she must remember. And in remembering forget him.

"You are not at all happy," Raoul Cortijo said to her one evening. His glance was quizzical.

They were having dinner and Lavinia looked across the table at him, conscious all at once that he had been very kind, very considerate of late, as if he sensed she were under some strain.

"Dear Raoul!" She smiled a little. "I have treated you very badly, haven't I?"

"Very badly," he agreed. "I must be quite a fool about you to stand for it. Tell me something, honestly. Are you in love with anyone, Lavinia?"

She rested her chin on her hands, looked

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beyond him distantly. "I was," she replied. She must get used to thinking of Mickey as something past.

"Isn't there anything I can do for you, my dear?"

"Thank you, Raoul," she returned gravely. "But, really, there's nothing."

"You are wrong. Some day, in Italy, my wife will grow tired. She will give me a divorce. Until then—"

She studied his face. The dark animated gaze and attractive features. She smiled again, shook her head.

"I know you mean well, even if it is in a twisted sort of fashion."

June came, and the summer was upon them. And with it her birthday—with that, too, a beautiful diamond wrist-watch from Raoul. Lavinia returned it to him, her note polite, regretful. But he sent the present back to her with the one word, written on his card, "Please!" And so she finally kept the expensive trinket, unwilling to offend him.

The summer, which she had always loved so well, seemed void of brightness. For still Mickey's peculiar, vital magnetism lingered like a strong, aromatic perfume even in the very air she breathed. She would lie awake in the darkness, remembering how he looked with his collar open at the throat, his glance piercing, his brown-blond hair which he was always rumpling and his long, expressive hands. And that one evanescent spurt of passion that had made him seek her lips. It seemed to her as if all the ferocity of reality had flamed to life—and death—in that instant. All else, beyond that was vapid, meaningless.

Two months had drifted by into the nowhere when suddenly at breakfast one morning Pat gave an exclamation from behind the newspaper, then was silent.

"What is it?" Lavinia asked, over her coffee.

"Nothing," Pat replied, but she did not look at her. "Not a thing. Do go on with your coffee. We'll be late for rehearsal." Carole was putting on his new show, and he did not tolerate laggards.

"What made you cry out?" Her tone was lazy, amused.

"Nothing, I said. Hurry, will you?"

SOMETHING approaching alarm tugged at her heart. "You'd better let me see it, Pat. I'll only buy a paper if you don't."

"Oh, all right." Pat's cup came down with a clatter. "If you insist, I suppose you've got to know. It's Mickey."

"What about him?" She wanted to smile, but her lips were stiff.

"Poppycock!" snorted Pat. "I told you that's what all his talk was. And here's the proof. Right in large-type letters in the society column, darling. He's engaged," she added bluntly, "engaged to be married—to Miss Ursula Waldron, of the Waldron millions. Well, I must say, he did himself well!"

The river of her thinking dried completely. There was nothing to think, nothing to say. She sat silent, as if the edges of life were trickling off into the distance, leaving her sharply suspended on some alien plane.

"Vinnie!" Pat's voice came to her, crisp with fear.

Still she said nothing. And then she lifted her hands, covered her face with

them. When she drew them away at last she was laughing.

"Sorry," she apologised. "Only it's actually—funny, don't you think?"

"No, I don't. I think it's a rotten deal." Pat's gesture was helpless, vague. "Vinnie, it beats me."

"Lots of things beat you," said Lavinia. There was not the slightest trace of emotion in her tone. She had stopped laughing now, and her face was a mask, strange. "Life beats you."

"If you let it," agreed Pat gently. "But, I think, you aren't going to let it, are you?"

"I don't know. I don't think I care, any more."

"Vinnie, think! You're young yet. Twenty-one. That's something to be glad about, isn't it? It's a grand age and there are so many grand things left in the world to happen."

"Are there?" Lavinia asked, and smiled oddly.

"You'll get over it now," Pat nodded with conviction. "Now that you know he's out of your reach. See if you don't."

Lavinia's chair scraped back. She rose abruptly. "Come on. We'll be late." She stood there, still smiling in that twisted way. "And the show must go on, you know, even for chorus girls."

THE dust had gone from her vision, and she saw everything clearly now. Not because of an innate prejudice against marriage had Mickey been so fearful of falling in love with her and sent her away.

It wasn't, in fact, any of the reasons he had claimed so glibly. He merely had not considered an ex-chorus girl and artist's model good enough to uphold the tradition and social prestige. Doubtless this girl, Ursula Waldron, with her background and heritage and financial ease was far more fitted to confidently grace the house of Hamilton than she, Lavinia, ever could be.

Mickey was a snob. So much so that he had allowed his instincts for propriety to rule her out of his heart. Not that she had ever been more than a trembler at its iron portals. But she had found a glaring flaw in her idol at last, and she clung to it tenaciously.

Somehow, it helped her across the desolating hurt. And she emerged storm-tossed, yet strangely freer than she had been for months. It seemed as if the invisible hold on her emotions had been lightened. Incredibly, that self which she had given to Mickey and which he had thrust aside so carelessly, that self which had been so completely submerged in him, returned to her on silent wings.

But it was another Lavinia she knew now. A new-old Lavinia, grown surer, harder even, from the crust of the world's wrongs. There was nothing even left for her to remember. When she thought of Mickey at all, it was only with scorn, a vague lingering bitterness. There remained to her only a soft spring night and a drenching walk in the rain and the memory of a lot of bewildering, childlike fancies that had somehow been drowned out in that rain.

She really had no intention of going out on this particular night at all. But Raoul had called her and oddly enough she wanted to avoid Raoul, for the time being at least. And so with some dim notion of escape she went to Pat's party with some of Pat's friends. They were nice young

men, wealthy for the most part, but there was no one she cared for especially. They seemed to have an idea of taking to all the night clubs in town. They had been to four of them already, and the hilarity was still going strong. She felt herself aloof from all the gaiety, charming and yet distant.

It was at the Chez Louis, one of the most extravagant and popular places in the city, that a tall young man in a beautifully-fitting swallow-tailed suit sauntered up to their table, shook hands with some of the men, then nonchalantly sat down next to Lavinia.

"Hello," he said, looking at her. He swayed the least bit in his seat.

"Hello," she answered indifferently.

"What's your name?"

"Lavinia."

"Mine's Laurie."

"How do you do?"

He held out his hand and she shook hands with him solemnly.

He chuckled. "Lavinia and Laurie. Sort of euph-euph—"

"Euphonious," Lavinia prompted, helpfully.

"At's it! Wonder if it means anything?"

"I shouldn't think so."

Earnestly he leaned toward her. "What can I buy you?"

"Nothing, thanks. I've had plenty to drink." She imagined he had, too.

"I didn't mean that. I meant I'd like to buy you something big. The world, for instance. How'd you like to have the world, beautiful?"

She laughed, amused. "What on earth for?"

"I don't know." He shrugged. "Because you're that kind of girl."

"You don't know what kind of girl I am. We weren't even properly introduced."

"Yes, we were. Only you were too busy to notice. Your eyes were far off in a strange land. Please, Lavinia, let me buy you the world."

She raised her brows. "On a silver platter?"

He shook his head.

"Not good enough. On a gold one, if you like."

THEY were talking nonsense. But it was a light enjoyable nonsense, trothing pleasantly against her ears. For the first time she regarded him with care. He was much younger than she had thought, a mere boy, not more than twenty-two or three. His hair was almost black, shining, his eyes an innocent blue, and heavy-lashed. She had never seen anyone quite so handsome. His smile had a delightful quality. All in all, he was quite a charming, likable person.

"You see," he said, "I should like to do one good deed before I die."

"Are you thinking of dying soon? I shouldn't. It isn't the season."

"Oh, no. Only the good die young. I've never done anything good in my life." He seemed quite serious about it.

"And now you want to turn Boy Scout—all for little me. Really, you know, it's very flattering."

"Think I'm joking? Well, I'm not. I'm not drunk either—very. Look here, Lavinia, ever meet a rotter before?"

"One or two. Why?"

"Well, that's me." He tapped his chest almost proudly. "No good."

"Have you any credentials?" He was so young she felt as if she must humor him.

"Certainly. I stick pins in babies, drown widows, and when there's nothing else to do—as there usually isn't—I get tight. And I've so much money it just makes me a natural candidate for a rottership."

Her gaze rested on him severely. "That isn't very funny. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

He waved his glass in the air.

"Why should I make it unanimous? Everybody else has already."

She had to laugh. "Go away," she told him. "You're just a silly little boy."

He took a long drink out of his glass, undisturbed. "I knew you'd get used to me. People always do."

"All right. But you'll have to stop talking about being a rotter."

"I could prove it instead," he suggested. "Have you an apartment?" she asked sweetly.

He nodded, gaily glinting in his blue eyes. "Pictures on the walls, n'everything. You ought to see 'em."

"I don't like pictures."

"O.K. You can look at the walls instead. Something very romantic about walls, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes," she agreed. "Walls and—water hydrants."

"Who cares about the old moon, anyway? Nothing like a fine water hydrant to bring on a good dose of romance."

They looked at each other suddenly and laughed. "You're impossible!" she declared.

"Sh! That's one of my best qualities."

When they left Lavinia found her arm tucked securely in Laurie's. She made no movement to withdraw it either. Somehow she hadn't felt as unbelievably young and invigorated in ages. There was something engaging and different about this boy. He was like an early-morning sea breeze wafting across the tired confines of her being.

"W

AIT a minute," said Laurie, in the lobby of the Chez Louis. "I've got to collect the chapeau." He came toward her a moment later, a silk hat perched jauntily over one eye.

"Good heavens," said Lavinia, in awe, "do you always go around in this fashion?"

"Nope. Just came from a wedding or something. How do you like the topper? If you like it, I'll will it to you."

Lavinia giggled. "You look awfully silly in it."

"That's dignified to what I feel. Come on, you're not going with them. I'm taking you home. Wonder where the dickens I left that car of mine? Never mind. Here's a taxi. One, two, three, jump."

But it turned out after all that Laurie didn't take Lavinia home. She took him. For in the taxi he suddenly curled up like a long-legged spider, dropped his head against her shoulder, and promptly fell asleep. He must have been drunker than she thought, for she shook him just long enough to hear a Fifth Avenue address murmured, then his lids closed down tightly again. Lavinia leaned forward, directed the cab driver. Then, instinctively, she slipped an arm about the boy's

shoulders, rested his head more comfortably against her. The touch of him made her feel indulgent, protective.

At the Fifth Avenue apartment house the doorman hurried over immediately, offered assistance. He seemed to have had experience of this sort before.

"Please see that this young man gets to his apartment safely," Lavinia said.

"Yes, Miss." The doorman smiled broadly. "I've taken care of him before, Miss." He took a firm hold of the swaying figure of the young man beside him.

"Hey, wait a minute—Lavinia—I wanna see you—see you home."

She slammed the door of the cab, leaned from the window. It really was a shame. He was so young, too. "Night, Laurie. Don't worry about me. You go to bed." The cab jerked forward.

"Lavinia!" His voice came after her in the whirl of dust from the wheels. "Lavinia—come back—I'm gonna buy you the world to-morrow."

CARLISLE'S musical was nearing its final rehearsals. For hours Lavinia had stood having costumes fitted. She was tired with the endless drudgery of rehearsing. When she came home and found messages to the effect that "Laurie had called," she tore them up, thinking absently he must have learned her address from the men she had been with that night. Laurie seemed curiously unimportant. He had been an evening's pleasant interlude. But now she had neither time nor energy for carefree tomfoolery, enlivening though it had been at the moment.

For a week the telephone messages continued. Then abruptly ceased. Lavinia smiled a trifle whimsically to herself, dismissed Laurie from her thoughts.

And then, Pat came into the dressing-room where the girls were changing from practice things to street clothes after rehearsing late one night, tossed a pair of tap shoes under the shelf.

"Laurie's here," she announced.

Lavinia frowned. "What do you mean 'here'?"

"Just that. He's downstairs, waiting for you in his car. He asked me to tell you."

"Of all the persistent young idiots! I've never answered any of his messages. He must know I can't be bothered."

"Might do you good to go out with him."

Pat kicked off her bathing-suit, slipped into a wrap. "He's a nice kid. He'd be even nicer, handled right," she added, sagely.

Lavinia yawned, stretched. "Oh, tell him I have a toothache."

Pat said nothing for a moment. She stared thoughtfully into the mirror. Then, levelly: "You're an awful fool not to go out with him. I suppose you know who he is?"

Lavinia laughed. "He's the boy who wants to buy me the world. Or, so he says."

"Does he really? Now isn't that interesting?" Pat was still staring, preoccupied, into the mirror. She added, quite slow and impressive: "Of course, you know he has money of his own to burn. His name is Laurie Waldron."

The hand with which Lavinia was whipping her hair into place paused, arrested. An involuntary impulse jerked within her. She put the comb down, spoke with a steadiness that surprised herself.

"You mean—the Waldrons—the girl Mickey's engaged to?"

Pat nodded. "Laurie is Ursula's brother. I thought you knew."

"No," Lavinia murmured. "I didn't know. I didn't know such odd things really happened." She sat for a few moments very still, a thousand half-whispered immendoes and possibilities beginning to come alive in her mind like fireflies darting through the night.

"Well?" Pat said presently. "Do you still want me to tell him you've got a toothache?"

Something hammered high in Lavinia. Something remotely like a bird beating, fretting against its cage. Suddenly, as of some esoteric magic of its own, the bird was loose, skimming far out upon its way toward the skies. She felt herself lifted, lifted with it. Her hands shot up above her head. She laughed. Excitement sent her spinning to her feet.

"Quick, Pat—my dress! My shoes! And may I borrow your new hat? Pat darling, do you believe in fate, in destiny?"

"Destiny," retorted Pat practically, "is seated in his car just outside the stage door, and if destiny doesn't fall for you in that outfit, he isn't half as wise as our grandmothers footed him up to be!"

That, then, was the beginning Lavinia had accepted Laurie's invitation that night on impulse, from some odd quirk of adventure she could not resist. But she went on seeing him for reasons more difficult to explain.

For one thing she liked him enormously. He made no demands on her other than good fellowship. He was the most easy-going and charming companion she had ever known. He was extravagant to the point where she was forced to scold him. But he merely retorted, twinkling: "I told you I'd buy you the world—why, I haven't begun yet!"

She found herself sinking more and more luxuriously into the bright vivacity of their hours together. Found herself leaning over more heavily upon Laurie's high humor and verve. After all the dark numbness and desolation he came to her with the freshness of a promise. In his presence her heart threw off its mourning, came alive again. Life was simple, and clear, and beautiful. She had a feeling of striding forward.

When the show opened in Atlantic City it was Laurie who drove her down there. It was Laurie who sent her gardenias and sat smiling at her from the front row Laurie who waited patiently while Carlisle strode up and down the stage afterward before the company, telling them defects asking them to work with him. Laurie who swept her into his car, exhausted, and drove her far, far out into the cool, silver-starred night.

And later on there were whole laughing, sunshiny days spent loitering on the beach together. And evenings the fascination of finding new places to dine, to dance. Somehow, they managed to discover an incredible amount of crazy, ingenious things to do together. The moments, hours, moved easily between them. Lavinia hardly knew what it was. But it had something to do with the illuminated, inspired quality of youth itself. The natural, unfettered pleasure of a boy and a girl at home with each other, unruffled by any deeper entwining sense of drama.

"Laurie," she said thoughtfully one day. "You drink so much. Why? Aren't you happy?"

"Silly question!" He was lying beside her lazily on the sands, his little young body burnished by the sun's rays.

"Then, must you?"

"Don't you want me to?"

"I'd sooner you wouldn't!"

"Vinnie—!" He sat up then, reached for her hand. "You are going to stick, aren't you?"

"Of course." She was almost grave. "You know that."

"It's been fun together, hasn't it?"

"It's been splendid." She drew a deep breath.

He flung back his head. Boyish laughter splintered the air. "All right. I'll quit the liquor if you want me to. You know, I can do anything with you back of me." He sprang to his feet. "Come on, first to the raft gets my high silk topper for keeps!"

Occasionally she wondered how long they would continue in this threatening, sparkling manner. But she did not question. She had small thought beyond the moment. It was full enough to keep her content, stirring enough to shut out all the restless disquiet that might otherwise have raised a cobra head in this Eden of their own making.

And all at once the last night of their stay in Atlantic City was upon them. And Laurie had driven far out, parked his car on a narrow, deserted road set high above the town. All the shimmering body of the sea stretched before them, fashioned into limpid silver. Lavinia leaned back in the open car, relaxed under the downpour of moon-wash. A myriad stars made brilliant witchery in an indigo sky above, dropped their enchantment like sparks from a hidden fire to the earth beneath. A young, ardent earth suddenly aglow.

"It's a romantic night," Laurie remarked, above the smoke of his cigarette.

"Yes." Her laugh was faint, uncertain. "Too bad we aren't romantic." There was too much of every distraction here to feel entirely herself.

"But we are," said Laurie softly. He tossed away the cigarette and kissed her.

His lips on hers were cool, smooth. Lavinia drew back, not frightened, but a little regretful. She felt as if some of their gaiety had been lost in that kiss.

"Please, Laurie—"

"Please, Lavinia," he mocked, and then quite gently, humbly: "Will you?"

She stared at him. His hands were brown in the moonlight, his mouth smiling. Yet she had known it was coming. She turned her eyes to the water, but his words were reflected there, soft pools of delight rippling in moonshot circles. They seemed to her emblems of the satisfying contentment she had known all these last weeks with Laurie. Her "No" would be like a pebble thrown into their midst, dispersing them forever.

"It isn't much to ask you," he said, with a matter-of-fact drawl. "You might do a fellow a favor and marry him once in a while."

She turned her head slowly. "You're sweet, Laurie; but I'm sorry—"

"What you mean is," he broke in cheerfully, "you don't love me. Well, I haven't asked you any questions, so you need tell me no lies. The only important thing to me is I've got to have you. You may as well make up your mind to let Vinnie."

Panic swept into her. Almost too, a feeling of guilt. "Laurie, I can't. . . I've got to tell you—"

"Tell me 'Yes,'" he begged. His arms went around her. She felt the hunger in

them. It called to something inside of her and something answered. "Darling, darling, what are you afraid of? Why can't we go on having fun like this together the rest of our lives?"

She looked at him. He believed so in himself and in his youth. It wrapped him around like a flame, protected him. She felt herself being drawn into it, warmed. The cold, hard edges of frustration melted beneath it. Suddenly there seemed peace here and danger was afar off, lost in the cool depths of the unknown stars.

"Laurie," she made one last faint effort, "if it turns out for worse, would you care terribly?"

He laughed, exultant. "Not even if it turns out for worse! Didn't I tell you I'd buy you the world some day? But if you want the world, Vinnie, you'll have to take me with it. Well, what shall it be?"

A luminous instant she hesitated. Then she drew a long breath, smiled.

"I'll take the world," she said.

IN two days they were married. And an hour after that they were sailing over calm cobalt waters toward the exotic glamor of Bermuda. By the time they landed, amid the huge rioting hibiscus, the green feathery palm trees, Lavinia knew that Laurie had been right, and that marriage would not alter the smooth-running river of their companionship. Lazing beneath the blazing tropical sun, dancing at night on the roof of their hotel, Lavinia felt herself drowsily steeped in a satisfied glow. The ground was a carpet of flowers at her feet. The ocean made a sapphire pillow at her head.

"Any regrets?" Laurie inquired lightly, after the first week.

She shook her head. "Not a regret!" Life was flaming for her in the perfume of the hour.

"Pala," he smiled, and reached for her hand, holding it lightly.

"Pala," she murmured, returning his grip.

After the third week he said reluctantly: "Darling, it seems sacrilege to break up all this, but, believe it or not, the ancestral home awaits."

"You mean—?" She stopped quickly.

"I mean it's high time we went home and made a semblance of behaving like respectable married people. Oh, don't look so worried. It'll only be pretend. Underneath we'll be as crazy as we like."

Lavinia was strangely silent. She had found it difficult to question him concerning his family.

"They . . . your people, I mean . . . what will they think of me?"

His laugh was reassuring. "Probably the same thing they think of me. Just that you're no darn good to the universe. Sweet, do you think you can stand it?"

"I can stand anything. But I won't have anybody saying you're no good. People have been telling you that for so long you're beginning to believe it."

He nodded, more sober than was his wont. "That's true. I did believe it too, until you came along. Vinnie, you're a wonder, whether you know it or not. You make me want to uphold that trait of yours in me. When we get back I'm going down and see old man Mason, who runs our affairs, and tell him I want to get into the business. Oh, not taking charge. Just standing by and learning things at the start." He chuckled. "The old man'll probably have a fit at the prodigal's return to the fold of decency. To say nothing of Ursula."

Lavinia asked: "Will Ursula have a fit about me?"

"She'll think you're an awful fool, I expect."

She bridled in spite of herself. "But, Laurie—"

"Oh, only for marrying me. I mean, Vinnie, dear, I do want you and Ursula to be good friends. You see," he added lightly, "she's practically the only one of my relations who's done anything to do with me. All the aunts and uncles disapprove, as only the righteous can. But with Ursula it's different. She's two years younger than I am, twenty-two, but she's always felt somehow she ought to mother me, our parents going like that when we were both so young. Oh, you'll like Ursula. There never was a grander sport."

Lavinia said nothing. But she was a little ashamed of herself for thinking she did not possibly see how she could like the girl who was going to marry Mickey Hamilton, even if she were Laurie's sister.

Curiously, she had almost forgotten Mickey in the mad whirl of these last weeks. But as the Monarch of Bermuda sailed into the New York harbor he came back to her with all the unpleasant force of a shock. Then she smiled suddenly. She had nothing to fear from Mickey Hamilton. She was Mrs. Laurence Waldron. How nice that sounded! And how solid and secure and important! No, there was nothing to fear from Mickey. Her head raised itself instinctively on her slim shoulders. Her laughter pealed out through the brittle morning sunlight.

"What's so funny?" asked Laurie, beside her.

"Nothing." Her hold on his arm tightened. "Just a tiny little joke of my own. Mind if I have any secrets, darling?"

"Not if it makes you look as radiant as that. Besides, if you told me all there is to know about you, there wouldn't be anything intriguing left to imagine, and I'd lose interest. That's why I haven't told you all there is to know about me."

But Lavinia had ceased to listen. Something pressed against her brain, cleared all at once. Yes, she knew now why she had married Laurie. Not merely because they were congenial because she was fond of him. Back of all that lurked a deeper underlying motive. Mickey Hamilton had broken her spirit, insensible utterly to her hurt. She wanted to show him that spirit again, whole, upright, unscathed again. She wanted to flaunt it in his face. Only then, perhaps, would this nagging desire to restate herself anew in her own self-esteem be appeased.

HER eyes, glancing toward the nearing shore line, already had the hard steel light of victory.

But first, there was Ursula. Lavinia, leaning back in the limousine driven by the chauffeur Laurie had wired to meet them at the pier, knew a brief spasm of panic. Long lashes trembling a little she glanced sidewise at Laurie. He looked healthier, stronger than ever before. The faint, dissipated lines were gone from his eyes. His face had the gleeful, spirited look of a boy. Her heart jerked, quickened. No, Laurie cared. Needed her. She could never hurt him now.

But the rambling Great Neck estate, with the huge white house set jewel-like between the greenery and the flashing water beyond, took her breath away a little. When the speeding car stopped smoothly in the driveway she stepped down as if upon en-

chaunted earth, turned to Laurie: "Oh, you didn't tell me it was like this!"

"Don't you like it, sweet? We'll have everything changed in the twinkling of a jiffy. You know, like Marie Antoinette and the fountains at the palace of Versailles. There was one spot in the gardens where there wasn't a fountain, so Louis had one erected for her overnight. And when she opened her eyes in the morning there it was. How many fountains shall I order, my love?"

"Oh, Laurie, be quiet." Lavinia was gazing around. "I don't want anything changed."

"Even me?" His teeth shone against his brown skin.

"Even you, ally!"

"Come on, race you! First inside the door gets my old black topper!"

They began to run, while the chauffeur stood by, open-mouthed. But Laurie was too fleet for her.

"Laurie!" she panted after him, laughing. "I'm tired of racing for your old top—never win, anyhow!"

"All right," he called back over his shoulder, "what do you want to race for that you won't win anyhow?"

But at the top of the steps he paused, waited for her. Suddenly he swept her up in his arms, carried her over the threshold into the house.

"Don't think you're going to have a human elevator all the time," he informed her. "This is just a bride's privilege."

She had an impression of a long, spacious room, many-windowed, furniture covered with bright chintz, a gleaming marble fireplace.

"Put me down! I won't be bullied!"

"And this is another of the bride's privileges," he added, unconcerned. "Twenty-one spankings for as many days as we've been married." He set her slim body across his knee, began to paddle her lightly.

"Laurie—stop! Quit, I tell you! I—I'll scream!"

"Go ahead and scream. It's your house."

She reached up then, squirming, locked her arms about his neck firmly. The next moment they were both rolling over the floor together. The room rocked with the sound of their struggle, shook with their laughter.

In the midst of it all a full-throated voice roared suddenly to Lavinia's ears: "Well, well, children, is school out already?"

Lavinia felt her heart stop, resume its beating at a click-clack. "Laurie!" she protested. "Let me up, instantly!" She could just glimpse a pair of trim ankles in low-heeled sports shoes.

"Certainly not—I've got you where I want you at last, my proud beauty! And even true-blue Harold cannot save you this time!"

Lavinia moaned, closed her eyes. "You're practically sitting on my stomach, Simon."

"Excellent morning exercise, stomach-sitting. Hello, Ursula, darling. Every try it?"

"Not since I was grown-up. Good heavens, Laurie, what on earth are you doing to that poor girl?"

"She isn't a poor girl," he sang out. "She's— No, I must say this properly, with the exact emphasis." He gave a dramatic sweep of the hand. "Ursula, meet the wife."

"The—what?" The deep-throated voice rose, incredulous.

"The wife. And don't laugh."

"Laurie, are you kidding?"

"Are you insinuating I'd be so familiar with any one less than my wife?"

"Well, you're treating her as if she were less than the dust, right now. Get off of her, you big idiot."

"There," said Laurie, disentangling himself and helping Lavinia to her feet, "that ought to teach you, Ursula, this is Lavinia. We were married three weeks ago."

"How do you do?" said Lavinia, wildly, and felt her fingers momentarily clasped in firm, cool ones. She herself was hot, dishevelled. The meeting wasn't at all as she had pictured it. But neither was Ursula. She was of medium height, with thin, brown hair waved attractively back from her face. She had a rugged sort of charm, not exactly beautiful, but wholesome. Yet Mickey, Lavinia had imagined, would demand glamor.

URSULA was looking at her seriously. "Are you really married?"

"I'm afraid so." And then, in spite of herself: "Do you mind?" There was that about the candid blue gaze calling unexpectantly for honesty.

"Mind?" Ursula shrugged. "I'm tickled! Now somebody else will have to worry about that wretched brother of mine."

"Now, Ursula! Lavinia insists upon people treating me with respect. Besides, I've given up my hobby of being a rotter. I've quit drinking, if you must know. And I'm going down and see old mat. Mason Monday morning to ask if he can't find me a job as office boy around the place. Hold on, Ursula, don't faint. Remember your breeding!"

"Good Lord!" Ursula looked from one to the other of them, frankly amazed. "How long have you two known each other?"

"Six weeks—forever. What difference does it make?" shrugged Laurie.

"Don't you understand, blockhead?" demanded Ursula. "You've married a miracle!"

Upstairs in the wide, square bedroom with the maple furniture and cheerful drapes and spreads, the two girls faced each other.

"Fancy," said Ursula thoughtfully, arms folded across her yellow sweater. "fancy Laurie marrying a girl like you!"

She felt her heart race warily. "What kind of girl did you expect him to marry?"

"Oh," said Ursula quite seriously, "a fluffy-headed little idiot. He never could stand the girls in our own set. I'd have said it served him right if he got burned. But you—you're real. Lovely, too."

Lavinia laughed naturally, from the heart. She knew that, after all, Ursula's approval was important to her, if only for Laurie's sake.

"You may as well know the worst at once. I'm not one of your set at all. I've never had any money. I've never even been on a yacht. I don't know anything about being in society. My father is just a poor country doctor. When Laurie met me I was a chorus girl in Erik Carlisle's 'Holidays.' I married Laurie because I liked him. I didn't set out to reform him. All that just happened, because he cares, I suppose. I think that's about all." She felt glad she had said that.

Ursula gave her a long, steady look. "It's enough for me. Personally, I've much more use for a shoe-tree than I have for a family tree. Most of the inhabitants of 'em were monkeys, anyway. If you don't believe it, I'll take you upstairs in the attic and show you a lot of pictures of gorillas we keep hidden away."

Lavinia said nothing. But the genuine

unaffected qualities of the girl suddenly rushed over her in an appreciative sweep.

Ursula went on, casually enough: "I hope you won't mind putting up with me for the next couple of months. Then you can have the house to yourselves. I'm to be married, you know."

Lavinia heard herself say, inexpressibly calm: "Yes, I know. So Laurie's told me."

"His name is Mickey Hamilton. He's an artist. You'll meet him soon. He's coming out to-morrow for the week-end."

She turned her eyes slowly. "You must be very happy," she said.

"Oh, yes. Mickey's a darling. You'll like him, once you make up your mind to him. I rather adore him, myself. So pleasant and convenient, too. You know, two old families joining together, and all that. Besides—easily—I have known him all my life. Mickey's as close to me as my shadow. Sometimes I can't be sure which I like better."

Their gazes met then, held an instant. All at once their smiles broke upon each other, warm, suffusing.

"Come on," said Ursula, jumping up and stretching out a sun-tanned hand, "you haven't seen the grounds yet, Lavinia."

"Would you," Lavinia asked a trifle breathlessly, "call me Vinnie?"

SHE heard him come, heard his voice, even while she was dressing for dinner the next evening. His arrival seemed to cause a faint commotion downstairs. She could hear the rowdiness of their chatter and bantering—Ursula and Laurie and Mickey. Their laughter floated up to her like a gay breeze. Yet it left her cold, shivering, almost.

"That's him," said Ursula's maid, beside her, with a satisfied sigh; "that's Mr. Mickey."

"Is it?" She stared stiffly into the mirror at her whitened face. As if she didn't know. She put up both hands to her throat, a steadying gesture. The sparkle of the lovely diamond on her third finger, the flash of the thin platinum band below it, caught in the mirror, reflected all at once in her eyes. "The gold dress, Emma, please."

The soft shimmer of the dress alighted over her figure, fitted snugly against the perfect curves. She had bought it on that wild and hurried shopping tour before sailing for Bermuda. It had seemed a little bizarre at the time, a little startling. But now she was glad. It gave her unexpected poise, assuredness. Lavinia Terrell had never looked like this. This full-flowered creature with vivid eyes and lips. Lavinia Waldron could, and did.

A touch of brillantines to the smooth waves of her hair, a drift of perfume, and she was ready. But it was not even Lavinia Waldron who smiled back at her now from the mirror. It was a being clad in liquid light. She seemed to carry that light with her down the majestic stairway, to the living-room below.

She paused in the doorway. She saw herself as an actress perfectly versed in her part, conscious of her own powers, inconceivably serene. She stood there smiling at Ursula, darkly attractive in her gown of russet hues. But she knew that beside her she was sunlight, and Ursula merely shade. Her lashes came down over her eyes. And in the same instant she was aware of Mickey, his arrested attitude, his dramatic regard.

Then Laurie was moving towards her, glass in hand. "You look," he said, "like a



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could not speak. At that instant she hated him with a frightening vigor.

"Well?" he said. And in the half gloom she saw his mouth slip into a diabolical grin. "How does the situation appeal to you now? Intriguing, what?"

"You congratulated me before. It's my turn to congratulate you. It was very clever of you to think of bringing Raoul here."

He gestured, unconcerned. "Oh, that's nothing. I have even better cards to play in case this one fails to trump your ace, Lavinia. But I don't imagine it will somehow. Did you notice Laurie's face when you were dancing with the Count? Quite interesting."

"Oh," she cried, caution flying on the night air. "I'm ashamed of ever having imagined I was in love with you!"

"So?" He smiled easily. "Then you were in love with me once? What a comforting thought! Well, all's fair in love and war. You mustn't complain if you don't like my tactics."

She said, low: "You're rotten—despicable." "Why don't you order me out of the house? The explanation, particularly the original motive, would sound very pretty to Laurie and Ursula."

Her palm came up, struck him smartly against the cheek. Then she stepped back aghast. Mickey merely stood there in the glimmer, eyes blazing amusedly, lips curled back in silent merriment. She shouldn't have done that. It was a complete confession of her helplessness. She realised, too, that he understood it as such.

"I didn't mean to do that," she said slowly. "And it isn't an apology to you—you don't deserve one. It's an apology to my own better instincts."

"Poor Vinnie," he remarked. "You've held the whip-hand so long in this charming little game of ours you can't bear my finally getting the better of it, can you?"

"This isn't the end—quite, you know. But her lips felt tight for all that. Disaster loomed so perilously close.

"Lavinia—oh, Lavinia!"

She turned a little wearily at the sound of Raoul calling her. He stepped through the trees into the clearing beside them. For the first time to-night he seemed to bring a gust of relief with him. She could hardly have borne this burning intensity between Mickey and herself another second. The fire of it was corroding her soul, breaking down her valiance.

Her lips moved mechanically. "Yes, Raoul. I was just coming back to finish our dance."

"Oh, I am quite used to your running away from me," he said, a little sadly.

Mickey bowed with exaggerated effect. "Never let it be said that I was indiscreet enough to play chaperon to so delightful a reunion."

He sauntered off, his white jacket a fading flash through the black shrubbery. Lavinia put out her hand, gripped Raoul's arm in an unconscious steadying gesture.

IT seemed hours of measured torture to her until the last guest was gone. But now at last they had all left. The house was still, with an unearthly stillness. Alone in her room she slipped off the ivory silk gown, flung on something restful, shimmering. It was so silent in the house that the echo of the music rang, persistent and annoying, in her

ears. She moved across to the long window. Down there, far away by the dock, she could see the dim figures of Mickey and Ursula, lingering in the night. Their hands were clasped loosely. Moonlight touched them. She saw Ursula throw back her head and knew that she was laughing, knew, too, that Mickey was laughing with her. She turned abruptly, came face to face with Laurie.

He stood silent, regarding her as though she were suddenly a stranger. She waited for him to speak. When he did not, the waiting stung her. She said sharply:

"I can't bear it—your looking at me like that. Laurie, say something!"

"What do you want me to say?" His voice was dull, alien. "Did you think your behaviour to-night would make me happy?" He had never appeared so distant.

"That isn't fair! I didn't—"

"That man," he said with queer, uncontrolled fierceness. "Following you around all evening like a dog. Whispering things in your ear. The way he held you when you were dancing together. Oh, yes, I saw."

She knew then that he was more hurt even than she had imagined. Her defence shattered as through an invisible blow. She could only grasp at the broken pieces.

"I didn't ask him here. You must at least believe that."

"Ask him?" He laughed. "You didn't have to. Mickey asked him for you. Your friendship with Corlito was evidently of such public property that even Mickey knew it."

"No! That isn't true. He had no right—" "Shall we leave Mickey out of it? I'm quite sure he meant no harm. Perhaps he had some idea of a practical joke. Well, it wasn't very funny to me."

Her heart contracted, turned over. She bit her lip.

Laurie said slowly, pointedly, as if the weight of the thing were heavy inside him: "What did Corlito mean by saying pearls become you more than diamonds?"

Words fled, voice even. She had never seen Laurie like this before. She had not known his gay blue eyes could gleam like unfriendly metal.

He moved a step toward her. "Did Count Raoul Corlito ever give you diamonds, Lavinia? Answer me!"

Down at the dock Mickey and Ursula were standing hand in hand laughing. She lifted her head, spoke through a suffocating cloud.

"Yes."

"I see." His voice was white, toneless.

"No, you don't! You're standing there hating me, distrusting me, and I thought you cared!"

"Go on," he said. His features were immobile. The map of youth in them seemed to have dried completely.

"It was for my birthday," said Lavinia. "A diamond wrist watch. I didn't want to take it. I sent it back to him. He insisted."

"What else was there, Lavinia?"

She shook her head. "Nothing. Why won't you understand?"

"The way he looked at you," said Laurie. His face was dangerous, the lips thin. "Brusely—not at all as if you were my wife. I should have struck him. I don't know why I didn't."

"Don't talk like that! Please, I can't stand it! Laurie, this isn't you. Not the real you. You're not small. You're not petty."

"Raoul—whatever you call him—he's in love with you, isn't he?"

"Yes—no, I don't know. I don't care. Does it matter?"

"A great deal," he replied with odd quiet, "if we're to go on."

The world sank in sudden mist. "Laurie!" she said, incredulous. "You didn't mean that."

"I think I did." He swept a hand over his dark hair. The movement was tired, ineffably boyish. "Only, I can hardly think any more. These last hours—They've been a nightmare."

She was empty of all but a stark feeling of misery. "We're pals," she heard herself say at last. "You've always said so."

"That seems such a long time ago."

"You can't—you can't let an unreasonable jealousy come between us." But there were no words to span the separate workings of their minds. There was only touch, and she was afraid to touch him.

"But I am jealous," he said, all at once, "horribly." He sank down upon the bed, buried his young head in his hands.

She moved, as if impelled by an abrupt invisible force. She was on her knees beside him. Her arms took him, cradled him. In the swift peace, words were no longer important.

"Laurie! Oh, darling!"

It was a long time before they spoke. The quiet had a tranquil, healing effect. She breathed it in, grateful.

Then he said: "Forgive, Vinnie, will you? It's just that I need you so desperately."

"I need you, too, dear." Suddenly she felt the loneliness of all the heart-starved people in the world. It was only when you were together that you really lived.

"We've built up something, the two of us, haven't we, Vinnie? We won't let it crumble, will we?"

His head sank upon her shoulder. Over it she smiled out into the darkness beyond.

AND yet, her victory against Mickey this time seemed curiously bare. It had in it a slight bitterness and a faint, uncertain remorse. Perhaps she thought wearily, all this secret strife would wreak more havoc in all their lives than was worth the gain.

If only she had the courage to go to Laurie with the truth. Tell him everything from the start, and beg him to carry her far, far away from Mickey's overpowering resentment.

But she couldn't do that. She realised it almost instantly. For if Laurie's jealousy had flared so unaccountably against Raoul who was nothing to her, how much higher would it blaze against Mickey, whom she had loved? And, too, there was Ursula. She did not want to hurt Ursula, who had given so freely of her sympathies, affections.

It was not destiny, after all, who had waited for her in Laurie's person outside the stage door that first evening. It was chance—and she had caught at the tail end of chance and allowed it to lift her kiltlike into unknown spheres. Until now she was surrounded, trapped, as if by a maelstrom. And there was no path out of the maze. Only an endless turning and the belligerent pressure of an unseen driving energy.

And then wildly, fantastically it came about so that neither Lavinia nor Mickey made the next move in their hazardous game. Without warning they found themselves pitched violently forward. It was

as if the gods had laughed down at them from above, and the hot breath of this laughter had sent the earth whirling from beneath their feet.

Mickey came down to the house one day in high glee. It seemed he had been commissioned to do an exceptionally cherished piece of work—a life-sized oil painting for the new home of a famous financier.

"It isn't as if," he explained proudly over the dinner table that evening. "It were a question of friendship, or anything like that. That's why I'm so especially elated. He happened to see a water-color thing of mine—'Girl in a Japanese Kimono'—and gave me the order right off."

"Darling"—Ursula looked at him indulgently—"now I know who you remind me of. Peter Pan. You grow exactly like him."

But Mickey was serious. "You don't understand. This means a great deal to me . . ."

"Telephone for Mr. Hamilton," the butler announced at that moment.

Mickey was absent exactly ten minutes. When he came back all the pleased excitement had been flattened out of him.

"Damn!" he said, and sat down at the table again, crunched his roll moodily.

"Not cancelled?" asked Laurie from the far end of the candle-lit table.

Mickey shrugged ruefully. "Might as well have been. That confounded model of mine had to take it into her head to run off and get married."

"Couldn't you stop her?" Ursula was light, bantering. She always treated Mickey that way. Lavinia found herself thinking—as if he were a naughty little boy. Much in the same manner, as a matter of fact, as she treated Laurie.

"Stop her? She's off on her honeymoon already. I wouldn't care, only here's Randolph waiting the thing for his housewarming. Now I'll have to search . . . for days, weeks maybe, until I find the right girl." His eyes closed to dreamy grey slits. "The heart-breaking part is I know just what I want. Somebody tall, blonde, with a strange mixed innocence and allure."

"Wanted," said Ursula, "one innocent and alluring blonde. Is that how you want the advertisement phrased, darling? It sounds a bit incongruous to me."

"Why not try the zoo?" Laurie suggested. Ursula's voice was twinkling. "Or a convent. You'd at least be assured of the innocence there. And you could teach her to be alluring yourself, Mickey, my love. Think how intriguing it would be!"

Mickey said dryly: "If it amuses you keep it up. Personally, I'm in a hole, and my sense of humor won't rise above it."

Laurie looked at Lavinia, smiling. "Vinnie, you're the only one who hasn't made any helpful suggestions."

"Why should I? I'm quite sure Mickey's clever enough to think up a way out of his own difficulties."

But Ursula was leaning forward. Her eyes had taken on a new sparkle.

"Lavinia! Of course! Mickey, here's your model for you right under your very nose. Can't you see it? Tall, blonde, the exact type you're looking for!"

"That's true," agreed Laurie instantly. "And she is alluring . . . at least to me. It looks as though you're in luck, old fellow."

"Now, Mickey," insisted Ursula, utterly irrefragable, "if you exert all your charm and ask Vinnie in a very nice way, I'm sure she won't mind sitting for you as a special favor, just this once."

But Mickey peculiarly enough appeared to have nothing to say. Lavinia watched him, his startled, taken-aback look as if he were dangling in mid-air. She herself sat altogether still in her chair. The shine of the silverware blurred before her. It was, she thought, as if she and Mickey were suddenly caught up in the indomitable enthusiasm of the other two, as if it were tightening about them like a warm net, leaving them astonishingly helpless.

"No," she said, just once.

And then Mickey, seeming to tear himself from some kind of spell: "No, of course not. I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be fair." Fair, Lavinia knew he meant in more ways than one.

Ursula was frowning. "You're both very tiresome. It's the perfect way out for you, Mickey. And Laurie doesn't mind a bit."

"Of course, I don't. Why on earth should I? I think it's a swell idea." And Lavinia, seeing him shrug, felt him shrug away her last hope.

"I can't," said Mickey, finally, "that is, I really shouldn't ask Lavinia—"

She stared at him. Even then he did not look at her. He slouched forward in his chair, shoulders bent. If it had been any one else she would have said that his attitude was humble. Her throat grew parched, dry. She could not speak. Already in the silence she was aware of the idea clicking pleasantly into shape in his brain.

"Vinnie's a sport. You won't mind helping out, will you?" Ursula set her wine-glass down confidently.

"I—" Lavinia began, and stopped, the protest smothered. She could not for the life of her think of any valid reason for her objections.

"Darling"—Laurie covered her hand lazily with his own—"we'll give them the picture as a wedding present. As soon as it's completed we'll make them cut out all this and start out on their own hook."

She felt the stifled hold on her emotions loosen abruptly. All at once the affair was not half as important as she had imagined. Down the long table her gaze crossed Mickey's troubled one lightly.

"As a wedding present, then," she agreed.

M

ICKEY opened the door for her, collar wide at the throat, paint-stained trousers in evidence as of old. And in that instant Lavinia found herself shaken by the strange illusion that all that had taken place in her life these past hectic months had never really happened. She saw herself again as that agitated, stumbling creature who had knocked on the studio door so long ago. But only momentarily, then she was Lavinia Waldron once more. And Mickey was stepping aside politely, waving her in.

"Am I late?" she asked. She smiled, waited, knowing quite well that she was. She had driven the white roadster into town leisurely.

The studio was the same. The huge windows, the messy paints and canvases. And yet withal that debonaire quality of casual good taste.

"Not so very late. We'll take the thing as easy as you like."

It flashed upon her then that Mickey was actually far more disconcerted by the situation than she. The knowledge rather amused her.

"Shall we begin?" she asked.

He nodded. "Certainly. I thought you might like to rest a moment from your drive." He picked up a brush, ran his fingers smoothly along it. "You'll find some things to wear in there on the bed."

Coolly, she moved across to the bedroom, closed the door. Then she stood quite still. A Japanese kimono gleamed, tinsel-gold and scarlet, from the bed. Not the one she had torn with shivering, angry fingers. But another equally as gay. She picked it up and drew her backward. Suddenly she felt as if there were nothing new, and all that she would experience from now on would be repetition. The thought was a little frightening and she tossed it aside quickly, slipped the thing on and adjusted the sash. The mirror gave back a lovely, immobile Lavinia. A Lavinia carefully devoid of perturbation. She opened the door, walked out into the living-room.

"Ah," said Mickey, and it seemed to her like a sigh of relief. "Splendid! You always were the perfect model, you know." He merely stated a fact without reluctance.

"Yes, wasn't I?" she answered lightly. She shook her head, disregarding his hand, and stepped on to the dais. The old eager glow for his work burned in his eyes.

"Wait a moment," he said suddenly. "Your hair!"

"What about it?"

"Don't you remember? In the water-color you wore it down, loose around your shoulders."

"So I did. I'd forgotten."

He was off like a streak into the bedroom, returned a moment later with comb and mirror in hand. He held the mirror at an angle while she took the pins from her long hair.

"You really didn't have to do this, you know," he said.

"Do what?"

"Pose for me."

"Oh!" She went on combing her hair.

"I suppose you get a great kick out of this—returning good for evil."

"It's a pleasure." She handed him back the comb, smiled oddly.

He stood before her with eyes downcast, almost as if under some strain. He seemed to be struggling with himself. Then he glanced up at last, met her regard squarely.

"You were right about Raoul. It was rotten. Thoroughly rotten. I'm sorry, Lavinia."

Her pulses sang. "It doesn't matter," she said gently.

"In future I'll try to fight more on the up-and-up."

"Mickey, don't you think . . . we might be friends?"

She saw his face harden the least bit. Then a dark fleeting smile broke across his mouth.

"I don't know about that. But I'll tell you what . . . we'll call a truce, until the picture's finished anyway."

"A truce, then?" She held out her hand impulsively.

For the first time in longer than she could remember their laughter rang out serene, unrestrained.

E

VERY afternoon for two weeks Lavinia got into her roadster and drove to Mickey's studio. Sometimes Ursula or Laurie would drop in, stay a while to watch. But whether they were there or not, it made no difference. Throughout those fourteen days Mickey was courteous charm itself. He was solicitous, taking care not to overtire her. He spoke of the picture as "our picture."

"You saved my life," he told her.

And then quite unexpectedly and without

Warning a subtle change became evident in him. He began one morning by not greeting her with his usual agreeable smile. He kept it up through the day in a series of uncalled-for pickings and criticisms.

"You're not doing your hair the same way any more," he grumbled.

"Yes, I am."

"No, you're not."

And so it went. Only each succeeding day it grew worse. It seemed almost as if the effort of being nice to her had proved too much for him. Certainly there was no apparent explanation for the sudden quirk in his behaviour. There were hours when he would not speak. At others, he shouted irritably.

In contrast Lavinia remained outwardly placid. Yet her very armor of wintry indifference through which he could not strike only served to annoy him the more. He was almost intolerable. She clung on obstinately.

"The trouble with you is," he remarked contemptuously one afternoon, flinging down his brush, "you haven't any pride. If you had, you would have gotten as out of this ridiculous situation long ago."

"I thought you wanted to get this picture done as quickly as I do?"

"Of course." He laughed shortly. "But I've changed my mind. I'm going to look for another model."

Her patience snapped. After all these hours of endless sitting—

"You're not!" she said. "You can't."

"Yes, I am." He answered determinedly. "I find you're not the perfect model any longer. Lavinia, Marjorie has changed you. Anyway," he ended flatly, "I can't work with you."

She stepped down from the stand "You're lying," she said deliberately. His eyes were evading her. She knew he had not told her the truth and it was this which angered her more than anything.

"I'm not lying. I've a perfect right to choose my own models."

"You could dismiss Lavinia Terrell if you chose, but you can't dismiss Laurie's wife as easily. At least not without some form of explanation."

"I've given you all the explanation I intend to give," he returned sullenly.

It wasn't merely the moment that sent the red haze gushing up inside of her. It was the rancorous bitterness of all their long enmity. Suddenly there were no more words with which to fight him. She jerked up a cushion blindly spun it through the air. But Mickey stepped aside with a deft movement and it missed him. He stood laughing at her. He laughed as though he never could stop.

"Stop it!" she said, furiously. "Stop it, I tell you!"

When he didn't, Lavinia picked up an armful of books from a table, flung them at him with white heat one after the other. She saw him put up his arms about his head to defend himself. She laughed now herself, went on flinging the books with such wild abandon as if she could have wished they were sharper missiles that would pierce his heart. Only Mickey had no heart. He was not even human. He was a brute, callous, unspeakable.

Her arms dropped to her sides. She stood there trembling, overwhelmed at the thing she had done. Distaste rose up into her soul filled her nauseatingly. Passion left her. She stared petrified at Mickey.

"Finished?" he asked savagely. His face was dark, livid. He advanced upon her. Suddenly she was spent, devoid of action. Let him kill her if he wished. Let those long, slim fingers twine about her throat

— She no longer cared. Anything was better than this consuming sickness of spirit. Even fear was deadened into nothingness.

She flung up her head. For a single instant she was conscious of being enmeshed, helpless, in the dynamic gleam of those keen grey eyes. She averted a little.

Then his nearness was upon her. She was caught in a stronger hold than his gaze. His arms held her vicelike until she seemed to have neither breath nor life left in her body. The threat of his mouth was washed away, drowned out by the bewildering flame of his lips on hers.

"Vinnie," he murmured, curious, broken. "Vinnie." And then so low she could never be sure, she heard the words: "Must it always be like this?"

Darkness pressed against her closed lids. Darkness warm, fragrant. It drained her of thought, of speech, and made her oblivious to all else except the uplift and wonder of his kiss. Two comets seemed to have met in the skies with sudden impact, clasped in swift embrace. Then her hands were raised in breathless terror of this wonder, trying to push him from her.

And exactly at that moment Ursula's voice said: "A lady, I suppose, should always knock. But I should have been very sorry if I had been a lady this time."

THE two stars fell apart, went back to their separate spheres. Very slowly Mickey released her. Very slowly he turned to face Ursula. Lavinia stood there, fingers grotesquely clutching the Japanese kimono at the throat. She was glad now of the wanting afternoon dimness. Behind Ursula, standing just inside the studio doorway, light shone. It gave her an unholy glow. She looked for all the world like a tawny avenging goddess. Her glance measured, lucid, rested upon Mickey.

"At this point," she said quite calmly, "I'm supposed to take off your engagement ring and throw it in your face. But, thank heavens, we're all civilized people. I'll send it back to you at the proper time with a correct note. It would have been an awfully dull marriage anyway. I've known that for some time. Moral—never try to marry anyone just because you've known him so long your friends expect you to." She was not really flippant. She sounded decidedly practical and sane. She appeared, as a matter of fact, the coolest of the three. But her eyes took on an added depth, a pointed frostiness, as she looked at Lavinia for the first time. "I didn't think you were like this Vinnie," she said, then "I'm disappointed for Laurie's sake."

Lavinia leaned against the couch, white, aching. She felt herself strangling in that bleak chill. She opened her mouth to say something, closed it again abruptly. After all, there was nothing she could say. She watched Ursula turn to leave in the haunting stillness.

"Wait!" Mickey's voice broke then, quiet, imperative. "Just a moment, Ursula." He moved towards her. Lavinia could not see his face. But his back in the white shirt and disreputable trousers was straight. Ursula must have felt the hidden power of him at that instant for she came back into the room, waited for him to go on. His words poured out in a rush. "I'm sorry it all happened like this, truly sorry. But there's something I want you to understand. Whatever you think of me—and you're every right to think the worst—doesn't matter. But you're wrong

about Lavinia. Dead wrong. She had nothing to do with this."

The breath caught in Lavinia's throat. Mickey defending her? But this was unbelievable.

She saw Ursula raise a hand, heard her low: "Mickey—"

"Listen!" He stumbled on impatiently. "I tell you she had no more intention of being disloyal to Laurie than you have! I swear it. She—she loves him. I'm the only one to blame in this whole affair. I forced my attentions on her. That's the truth. You can take it or leave it. But if you go back to Laurie with any absurd stories about Lavinia you'll be ruining your brother's happiness. That—that's all."

There was a hot, pulsating silence. Lavinia felt the uncertainty clawing at her eyes, smarting them. Mickey's back was so desperately erect. Then, at long last, Ursula's voice:

"I'd like to believe you, Mickey. In fact, I'd like to so much that I'm going to, Vinnie," she added slowly, steadily. "I'll see you at home."

She turned with a tiny farewell wave of gloved fingers, walked smartly to the door, then was gone.

For an instant Mickey remained where he was, standing slim and upright in the centre of the room. Then, unaccountably, his shoulders slumped. He did not look at Lavinia. He moved across the floor. The tall easel hid his face from view.

"You'd better get your things and go." His tone was weary.

"Mickey!" she said. But when he gave no sign of life she walked over, stood looking at him sideways as he sat before the unfinished painting. "Why did you do that?" There was a wistful pounding in her veins.

"Do what?" His head was bent ever so slightly. The late-afternoon sun trailed across it in filtering ribbons of gold light.

She said: "You know. Save my face like that."

"It wasn't your fault if I was silly enough to kiss you."

"Silly enough—"

His laugh was swift, sharp. "Well, you can't call a thing like that sensible, can you? I don't even know why I did it," he added bluntly. "I must have been out of my head at the time."

Lavinia spoke dimly. "I see. Yes, of course, I see." She said, after a long time: "But that doesn't explain your actions entirely. I mean you had your chance to have me kicked ingloriously out of the Waldron family, and that's what you've always wanted. Why didn't you take it?"

His grin was mocking, elusive. "I guess I let myself down at the finish, after all. I wasn't quite cad enough."

"Do you know what I think you were? I think you were noble. Quixotic almost."

"What a very grand word to use for such a little thing!" He seemed to shrug her away lightly. "And now will you please do me a big favor, and go?"

She went. There was nothing else for her to do. Mickey seemed hardly aware even of her going. He appeared to have forgotten her. He sat dabbling intently at the canvas. Lavinia closed the studio door with a queer feeling of finality behind her.

She stood on the pavement, the knowledge of defeat gripping her. The crowd passed her in meaningless, unreal procession. The world floated by like a distant mirage.

And only one thing was real. Only one

Impression was colored indelibly in her mind, curiously bound up within her defeat. She loved Mickey. And, after all, he had won, though his triumph remained forever secret. Never for a single moment had her love for him really died. It had merely slumbered temporarily beneath the shield of hate. It did not matter what he said, what he did, on the surface. It was the man deep under the shallowness of words and actions that she loved, the man who had walked with her in the rain, who knew the piercingly beautiful in life, whose heart beat warmly, steadily, despite the arrogant exterior. There was no hurt on earth, no bliss either, which could free her of that thrall.

She got into the silk roadster and drove mechanically. But it didn't matter where she went, what she did with her life. Mickey's spirit would be always beside her, a dim spectre ever beyond her reach, blind to her very existence.

That kiss—of course, it hadn't meant anything, though the memory of it sent a yearning stir along her spine. It had meant no more than that other careless carous of his long ago. Mickey would have kissed any pretty girl if she were close enough and he happened to feel like it at the moment. That was just it! There had always been that vital difference of outlook between them. Mickey's feelings governed him for the instant—here, for eternity. Had Ursula after all meant so much to him? Had his love for her ever been deep, binding? Lavinia found herself wondering. Certainly he had taken the break stoically enough.

Her head blurred with the endless circle of her own thinking. The streets and houses dropped past her dully. Life was whitewashed of all beauty. It seemed thin and unimportant as air. Only the trivial things stood out in grave cavalcade. Her mistakes piled up like a high catarract before her. All that she might have done, all that had been better left undone.

Then, quite suddenly, she remembered Laurie. Would Ursula keep her promise, or would she be driven by some disturbing sense of loyalty to tell him the true history of the afternoon's developments? She turned the car homeward in swift panic.

It had not left her when she ran up the wide steps of the house into the hallway. All at once she realized how late it was, past dinner time. The butler was sorting the mail on a silver tray.

She took firm hold of herself. "Mr. Waldron," she asked, "is he here?"

"Mr. Waldron, madam, went out about an hour ago."

"Did he—?" But she had a sinking, lost feeling. She could not go on. The hall darkened in shadow.

"No, Mrs. Waldron, he didn't leave any message for you. He seemed in a great hurry."

"Thank you," Lavinia said in a low voice, and went wearily upstairs.

Lavinia had dinner in her own room. The food hardly touched, she rang the bell and ordered the things cleared away.

"Has Mr. Waldron come in yet?" She could not understand her own timidity, nor why she should hang, dreading a little, upon the answer.

"No, Mrs. Waldron, not yet."

Ursula was out, too. She had gone to dinner with Mr. Glenn Kerr. Glenn Kerr? Wasn't that the tall blonde man she had danced with the night of the party? Lavinia remembered him vaguely, bobbing

up at odd moments about the house. At any rate, she was glad for Ursula's sake the girl had had courage enough to go out instead of sitting home and mourning her lost romance with Mickey.

Lavinia stood at the open window and gazed out upon the river. It had no silver in it to-night. It seemed almost frighteningly black. She turned, impatient with herself, threw off her clothes and slipped into a long white satin wrap. Then she went to the window again. But the water was still dark, unfriendly, with that unwonted terrifying blackness. There were no stars, and only a pale scimitar of a moon shone half-hearted and alone in the sky.

She flung herself upon the bed, closed her eyes. She was alone, too. She felt isolated as never before. She wondered where Laurie could have gone. And in a hurry—such a hurry that he had not had time to leave a message for her. But surely he couldn't be in a hurry all this while. Surely he could manage to telephone her wherever he was if he wanted to.

The house was so still. Not a restless stillness either. But the kind that beat upon her nerves. It seemed to have in it a prophetic significance, ominous, insistent. She put up her arm, shut out the faint light. Her senses rocked drowsily.

She did not know how long she slept. But when she awoke, starting a little, the small illuminated clock on her vanity table told her the hour—quarter of twelve.

She got up and went to the mirror. Her fingers reached out for the electric switch, flooded that portion of the room with a glow. She shook out her hair, combed it, wondering that she could find energy for so ordinary an action when her heart was pounding so uncertainly. She powdered her face carefully, rouged her mouth. Deliberately, she laughed aloud. But the twin ghosts of her eyes continued to haunt her.

Then she pressed the bell, waited. After a while there was a discreet knock. Her maid entered.

"Has Mr. Waldron returned yet?" Her voice was casual now with the constant repetition of the question.

"No, Mrs. Waldron, not yet."

Not yet—Not yet! The words were beginning to have a painful sound in her ears.

"Thank you. That is all."

It seemed ever so much later that she heard Ursula's voice on the stairs. Then her laughter. Then:

"Night, Glenn. It's been grand. Thanks and other terms of appreciation."

A soft pause. "Really—I don't know what I'd do without you."

Glenn Kerr's voice now, quiet, confident. "Don't ever try to find out. Promise me that, Ursula."

"Promised!" Mixed laughter. And Ursula's high-heeled feet running lightly up the wide stairway.

LAVINIA sat, unmoving. She waited, hoping for the pause outside her room. None came. Ursula had passed on. Lavinia heard the door close behind the other girl with a definite click.

She remained where she was for perhaps another minute. Then she rose, walked down the long hallway to Ursula's room. She hesitated, knocked resolutely.

"Come in!" Ursula was standing in the middle of

the floor, taking off her evening wrap. Lavinia paused on the threshold.

"I heard you come in. I hope you don't mind—"

"Of course not. Come in and make yourself miserable. Excuse, will you? Never can feel myself in an evening dress."

Lavinia came in, closed the door not too tightly behind her. If Laurie should come, she must hear him. She sat down on the gold-and-rust chaise longue, watched Ursula slip carelessly out of her frock into tailored silk pyjamas.

"Ah, that's better! I guess I'm only a sweater-and-skirt girl, after all. I hate all this dressing-up and pretending to be somebody." She looked at Lavinia suddenly. "Why so glum and silent?"

"I—Lavinia broke off swiftly. "Nice evening?"

"Very nice. Glenn Kerr is a nice person. Don't know why I never discovered it before."

"I'm glad." But she couldn't go on like this. She hated pretence too much herself. She met Ursula's quizzical gaze, plunged steadily. "I want to tell you. I mean I must tell you how sorry I am—about this afternoon—"

"DON'T be silly," said Ursula quite gently. "I said it didn't matter then. And it doesn't. Did you think I was just being brave or something for Mickey's benefit?"

Lavinia stammered: "But you weren't really going to marry him just because of what other people thought?"

"Oh, dear, where are those mules?" Ursula was down on her knees, foraging under the bed. When she emerged again to full view her hair was tousled. She waved the mules triumphantly, laughing a moment, then kicked off the satin evening sandals. "What were we talking about, Vinnie?"

"Mickey," said Lavinia, "or rather you and Mickey." She found herself looking at the girl in deep scrutiny. She had never seen her more bright and thoroughly unconcerned.

"Oh, yes, of course, Mickey. Was I going to marry him because people expected us to do the usual thing? Now, Vinnie, really do I seem as stupid as that to you?"

"I didn't mean that. But if you didn't love him—"

Ursula slipped her feet into the mules, sighed comfortably.

"Certainly I loved Mickey," she declared. "Still do, for that matter. I love Laurie, too. Don't you see?" she added frankly.

"I love them both in the same way. Does that seem strange to you? I suppose it is difficult for an outsider to understand one's feelings. Only, when I was twelve and Mickey was twenty, he was my hero. A college hero, if you like. And that's just what he's always been to me. I could never love him any less, in spite of anything he did. Nor any more, either. I think he's grand—when he wants to be. And he's real, too, when you know him. He's even romantic and adorable. But we should really have made an awful mess of it together. I think I knew it all along, and so did Mickey, I believe, only we were both too ridiculously stubborn to admit it. You may not know it, Vinnie, but you actually did us a favor. We ought both of us to be very grateful. You see, I haven't any illusions about Mickey. And

one ought to have a few about one's husband, if it's really love."

Lavinia sat in silence a moment, pondering. Her voice came halting, breathless: "Do you honestly mean all that?"

Ursula's laughter pealed out. "You don't imagine I blame you in any fashion because Mickey was human enough to want to kiss you, do you? You're quite a kissable creature, Vinnie. I'm surprised it didn't happen long ago. Or," she added naively, "perhaps it did."

"No—" But Lavinia stopped abruptly on an odd, stifled note. For she had realised all at once she was not telling the truth. The stinging memory of that other kiss, ages ago, rose up to taunt her.

Ursula's regard was tolerant, whimsical. "Of course, I don't mean to intrude on your private feelings, or anything like that, but just how long have you been in love with Mickey, Vinnie?"

Lavinia's back went stiff, her tongue dry in her mouth. But there was something vastly disturbing in the sagacity of that blue gaze. She could not meet it. After a long while, she asked:

"What makes you think I'm in love with him?"

"No girl reaches the age of twenty-one without having her heart broken at least once, darling. And you're not in love with Laurie. Oh, you're fond of him, I don't doubt, probably in much the same way I'm fond of Mickey. But what you hold in your heart for Laurie isn't a mad, overwhelming kind of love. Not the sort of fire that eats into you and makes you want to live and die for a person."

THE truth gushed from her in a rapid overpowering spurt. "It is true, Ursula. I do love Mickey. I loved him before I ever met either you or Laurie."

"What do you mean?"

She was rushing on blindly. She must get this thing out of her system, or else choke with it.

"Before I met Laurie, I used to pose for Mickey. I—I fell in love with him. That's all. There was never anything on his part. I was just a model to him. The perfect model, he always said. But he couldn't see me as his wife. One day we had a fight. He said he didn't need me any more. Two months later he became engaged to you. And then, Laurie came along out of nowhere. It seemed as if Fate were weaving her web right through my fingers. Oh, I suppose you'll think I married Laurie because of that, because I wanted to get even with Mickey. Well, you're not wrong—entirely. I must have started out with that idea in the beginning. But I really cared for Laurie in a sincere, friendly way. He needed me, and I needed him. At first, I thought I should hate you. But I never could. You were so splendid. And after a time Mickey didn't seem to matter very much. I wanted to be a good wife to Laurie, make it all up to him—"

She threw out her hands in a wild gesture of appeal. "Please, Ursula, say you understand!"

There was a hushed quiet. The room seemed to echo her passion. And then Lavinia asked, faltering a little: "Why, Ursula, what are you doing?"

"I don't know," Ursula replied. She sniffed disdainfully. "I think I'm crying."

She fumbled for a handkerchief, blew her nose quite vigorously. "It all seems such a shame."

"Please!" said Lavinia and the next

instant she was across the room, her arms about the satin waist.

For a few moments they sat thus, clinging to each other. Then Ursula drew back. She laughed.

"Sorry to be such a fool, Vinnie."

"No, it was sweet."

"Anyway, I'm a tomb. You can rely on that." Ursula looked down at her, quite grave. "Vinnie, you won't let Laurie down though, will you? I mean, you won't leave him?"

"Laurie?" Lavinia shook her head firmly. "Never. He's always been so very young and dear to me. I'd sooner die than hurt him."

"I'm glad. I hoped you'd feel like that." She felt herself glow in the warmth of understanding. "You didn't tell Laurie then, about this afternoon?"

"I told him I'd broken my engagement. I had to tell him that. He took it lightly, seemed to think it was just a lovers' tiff. Why?"

"Ursula, I'm worried. Laurie went out about an hour before I came in to-night. He was in a hurry and he didn't leave any message. He hasn't telephoned either. It isn't like him. It's nearly one o'clock, you know."

"Your nerves are on edge, Vinnie. Nothing's wrong. Laurie's capable of taking care of himself."

Lavinia rose then, walked restlessly about the room. The window seemed to draw her. She went to it, looked out as one entranced.

"Have you noticed the river to-night?" she asked, oddly. "It's so dark, and distant, and queer—"

"Vinnie!" Ursula broke in sharply. "What is it that you're afraid of?"

She shivered involuntarily. "I don't quite know. But I wish Laurie would come."

"Do go to bed, darling. You need some rest. And for Heaven's sake, stop letting your imagination run away with you."

"All evening long I've had this terrible waiting feeling."

"Waiting? For what?"

"I don't know," she said again. Her eyes were wide.

Ursula went to her. She shook her. "Silly!" But her tone was not quite as confident as before.

Lavinia took a deep breath. "Ursula, do you care? I want to telephone Mickey."

"Mickey? What on earth has Mickey got to do with it?"

Lavinia looked at the carpet. The small design danced before her.

"It's just a strange idea of mine. I'd like to make sure."

URSULA laughed. "Go ahead, call him. He'll probably be furious though if you wake him out of a sound sleep."

Lavinia moved to the white telephone. Her fingers, dialling the number, trembled slightly.

"Hello, Mickey?"—a moment of uncertainty.

Then the dry voice of Mickey's Japanese manservant:

"No, ma'am. Mr. Hamilton not in. Who shall I say call, please?"

"Never mind. What time do you expect him in? Did he go out alone?"

"He not say what time come in, ma'am. He leave about ten o'clock. He go out with Mr. Laurie Waldron, ma'am. You give message?"

Her heart had risen in her throat. "No—"

no message." She put the receiver back on its hook.

"Well?" said Ursula from the bed, knees hunched beneath her chin. "Find out what you wanted to know?"

"Yes," Lavinia replied. She dropped into a chair, feeling all the blood drained out of her fingertips. "Laurie was there. He and Mickey went out several hours ago, together."

Ursula had stopped smiling. "There's nothing so strange in that. Lavinia, why are you looking at me like that? You don't think—" She trailed off then, as if she were no longer sure of herself.

"I can't think," said Lavinia. "That is, I'm afraid to think."

"You're exaggerating. I admit it's funny for Laurie to stay out without getting word to us. But as long as you know he's with Mickey, what are you so scared about?"

"Don't you see?" Her fears tumbled over each other impetuously. "If you could guess I was in love with Mickey, perhaps Laurie's guessed it, too. Maybe—maybe I haven't been clever enough at hiding it after all. Laurie knew I was there this afternoon. He may have put two and two together. He may have imagined all kinds of things. And then, when I didn't come home for dinner—Laurie's so insanely jealous—"

"Don't!" said Ursula crisply, too crisply. Her eyes were shadowed with all the weird unspeakable possibilities Lavinia knew her own mind to be crowded with. She added, determinedly: "You'll see, they'll both come home, wagging their tails behind them. And now, do let's try to get some sleep and forget the thing."

Back in her own room, Lavinia felt the cool darkness embrace her. From where she lay even the peeping heads of the aspens looked bleak against the stark sky. The huge willow tree outside her window was blue-white, shivering in the wind. The night seemed as if it would never change, as if it would go on like this, eerie, heavy, forever.

Her life began to close. She felt herself sinking, sinking—

"VINNIE! Vinnie, wake up!"

She did not know how much later that was for the instant. Then she was clear of drama, conscious of Ursula's voice, tense, insistent. And Ursula herself was standing on the threshold, ashen-faced in the gloom.

"I'm awake. What is it?"

"Vinnie, don't be frightened. They—they've just telephoned that—"

"Yes?" She almost bit at the word.

"Get your things quickly. There has been an accident."

Lavinia felt a sharp pain inside her. Like the swift stab of a knife. She could hardly breathe with it. All her fears rose up crystallised and terrifying in that split second.

"Laurie? Mickey?"

"Both of them. Oh, Vinnie!"

She asked, from the deepening weight within: "Is it bad?"

"I don't know. Car smash-up. A doctor phoned from a New York hospital. Come on! Hurry!"

She had no recollection of getting into her clothes. But at last she and Ursula were moving towards the looming shape of the garage.

"Shall I get Brown to drive?" Ursula was terse, but calmer now.

"No." Lavinia shook her head. "TB

drive." It would give her something to do at least. "Have you the address?"

"Yes."

She nosed the long roadster out into the drive, sent it spinning along the highway. She watched the road curiously, seeing it eaten up like a shimmering snake under the wheels. Her headlights brought the outline of the trees into pallid relief. She drove with assured speed, the night wind whipping the soft hair about her cheeks.

Laurie—Mickey—both of them in the hospital! Lying there, perhaps, broken and shattered, their strong young bodies never to be straight again.

"Don't!" Ursula exclaimed suddenly, beside her. "I know what you're thinking."

Lavinia shook her head, said nothing. After that first unbearable sensation, as though a mountain had been blasted over her head and the rocks were falling, crashing about her, she realised she had been swept clear of all but this numb feeling of inevitability. Hadn't she been aware for hours that something ghastly hovered bat-like with revolting black wings above her? Such instinctive apprehension could not have beaten so alive in her brain without foundation. Her eyes, glued to the road, were grim. Her fingers gripped the wheel. She drove as if the wind whistling in her ears were a screaming demon.

The brakes screeched a rebuke as she drew the car to a standstill in front of the hospital. Without a word she was out, running hatless like a white flash into the building, Ursula at her heels.

The long hallway seemed cold, deserted. Then she caught sight of a sleepy clerk on duty behind a desk. She leaned against it as she spoke.

"Mr. Waldron!" she said, imperative.

The night clerk adjusted his glasses, as if he were quite used to hysterical and frantic-eyed women rushing upon him from nowhere in the middle of the night. He said calmly, picking up a ledger and consulting it:

"Initial, please?"

"L—Laurence Waldron."

It seemed untold ages until he found it. Lavinia resisted a desire to grab the book out of his hands.

"Fifth floor," he informed them, impassively. "Accidents. Doctor Kirby in charge. You'll find a floor nurse on duty right outside the elevator."

The elevator sang them dinnally to the fifth floor. They stepped out. A white-capped nurse sat primly behind a desk, writing something on a chart.

"Mr. Laurence Waldron, please. I'm Mrs. Waldron. Will you take me to him?"

"Sorry," said the white-capped nurse, glancing up. "No visitors allowed Mr. Waldron. If you'll wait here just a minute I'll fetch Doctor Kirby. He will speak to you."

She went away down the long, dim corridor. Lavinia sank on to a bench, motioned to Ursula.

"You'd better sit down. We may need it," she added under her breath.

Ursula sat down. She felt in her bag, lit a cigarette.

"Vinnie, it's awful. I can't bear it."

"We'll know—soon enough." She had almost said, know the worst, but caught herself in time.

"We didn't ask about Mickey."

"No. The doctor will tell us everything. I wonder," Lavinia added dimly, "which one of them was driving?"

They both rose as a tall, hawk-nosed man in white coat approached them.

Seeing him, Lavinia knew a swift gust of relief. He looked alert, capable, his eyes clear under bushy, greying brows.

"Doctor Kirby? I am Mrs. Waldron. This is Mr. Waldron's sister. Please—tell us as briefly as you can—"

"How do you do?" He shook hands with both of them, a strong, friendly clasp. "Briefly, then, it's this. Your husband, Mrs. Waldron, is still in some considerable danger. But he is young and—"

"Yes?" She stood there undaunted by the shock, her eyes on his face. Her feelings seemed to have turned to steel. "I want the truth. I can stand it."

"Well, we hope to be able to pull him through," the doctor finished. "That is practically all I can tell you at present. We are not entirely sure yet as to the exact nature of his injuries. We think it possible he may be suffering from internal injuries. We shall know more shortly."

Lavinia said, her mouth dry: "I should like to see him."

"I think it would be advisable," the doctor returned gently, "if you did not see him for a moment. Any inopportune excitement—"

"I understand." She braced herself. "Of course, we want everything—everything possible done."

"Naturally," Doctor Kirby smiled. "You don't know me, but I happen to be a very old friend of Mickey's—Mr. Hamilton's. It was he who sent for me immediately. There is another consulting specialist here with me now, so you may rest assured that your husband is in good hands. However, if there is anyone else you would care to call in, you are quite welcome to do so."

"Oh!" Lavinia shook her head. If Mickey had asked for this man, she could be certain of his efficiency. She found herself stumbling over the next words: "Mr. Hamilton—Mickey—"

"Is he all right, doctor?" She was grateful for Ursula's intervention.

"His injuries are much less serious than your brother's, Miss Waldron. Chiefly he is suffering from shock and compound fracture of the left forearm."

Lavinia thought ridiculously: Thank God, it's his left arm and not his right. Mickey would have hated that. He couldn't paint. She said:

"Do you suppose we could see him?"

"A little later perhaps. Right now he has been given a sedative. But I see no reason why you shouldn't see him for a few moments when he wakes up. I will ask the nurse on duty to keep you informed. Of course, you'll stay?"

"Yes. Of course."

"I shall let you know then, as soon as there is any slight change in Mr. Waldron's condition."

Lavinia was conscious of putting out a trembling hand impulsively. "Doctor—you don't think—" But she could not go on. Her eyes voiced the question.

Doctor Kirby looked at her quietly without speaking. Then:

"He has a great deal to live for," he said and went away.

T

HE minutes droned by. The gloom of the hospital was unbroken now, except for occasional fleet white figures drifting in and out of doors along the corridor. They sat there, their thoughts caught up with the silence.

"I wish," said Lavinia suddenly, "I wish

I could cry. It might help melt this terrible hard lump inside of me."

"I know," Ursula had smoked one cigarette after the other.

"If anything happens to Laurie—" She stopped, shuddering. "But it won't. It mustn't!"

"No." Ursula's voice was low, soothing. "He's young and he's strong and he's healthy."

In her heart, Lavinia knew she was praying. A prayer without words, so deep and intense it must surely reach out to the infinite.

The floor nurse came toward them quietly. "You may see Mr. Hamilton now, if you wish. He's awake."

From his high stack of pillows Mickey grinned at them when they came in. His face was white, yet his brown-blond hair, rumpled and untidy, gave him a curiously normal look. The night nurse moved silently from the room.

"Hello." He waved his free hand at them. "They tried to put me to sleep, but I fooled 'em. Sorry you both fell in for this. They tell me Laurie's doing nicely. Lucky escape for us, I guess."

"Y

ES," said Ursula. "quite nicely." She turned away, walked to the far side of the room where it was darkest.

Lavinia stood beside the bed looking down at him. "Your poor arm!"

He smiled reassuringly. "Oh, it looks much worse than it is. Don't look so sorry for me, Vinnie. Besides, Kirby's the best."

"I can't help it," she said faintly. "Tell me, how did it happen?"

"I'm not exactly sure myself. I think we must have barged into a truck or something." He seemed careless of the details.

"A truck? And Laurie was driving, wasn't he?"

"I didn't say he was," returned Mickey smoothly.

But suddenly she knew. The night's business stretched before her in a dark unending vista. She said, and it was as if she knew this, too:

"Laurie had been drinking, hadn't he?"

In the thin light of the room Mickey regarded her quite gravely. His eyes were bright, but there were fine, tired lines about the corners.

"Yes," he admitted after a pause, for she had never known him to lie. "I think we'd both been drinking quite a bit."

She felt dizzy and a little sick then, but she had to hold on desperately because in a sick room it would be bad form to faint.

"Mickey, why—why?"

"Time's up," said the alert voice of the nurse behind her.

Lavinia turned, stumbled out, wondering what made her imagine there was so much more in the depths of Mickey's eyes than he had actually framed in words.

The hallway again, drenched in veiled light. And the eternal restless waiting. She sat down on the hard bench once more, her hands slipping pale and lifeless into her lap.

"Vinnie, are you all right?" Ursula leaned toward her, anxious.

"Yes. I'm all right. Only don't you see? He knew. Laurie, I mean."

"You've got to stop it. You've got to stop torturing yourself." Ursula's face was white, unhappy.

"He knew. That's why he went there, to Mickey's. He would never have drunk

otherwise. You know he hasn't touched a thing for ages. Then, when he was drunk, nothing seemed to matter any more. He saw the truck. He thought: Let it go, let it all go. He didn't care any more." Her voice broke, trailed. "Yes, I think that is how it must have been."

"You're crazy," said Ursula, defensively shrill. "Laurie wouldn't, I know he wouldn't. You're going mad thinking such things!"

All of life seemed to have hummed to a sudden stop inside Lavinia. Her mind was a fathomless river, cold and weighted with its own bleak fancies.

"Laurie went mad, too. Whatever happened is my fault, all of it."

Early grey light was just beginning to filter in through the windows when Doctor Kirby's white figure moved silently down the hallway toward them. Something cracked within Lavinia—the hard shell of her courage. She wanted to rise, but there were icy tentacles wrapped about her feet. She could only sit shivering, as if the doctor were a messenger from some distant fate. His voice came to her through a thick haze.

"Good news! We feared at first Mr. Waldron might be suffering internally. But the last X-ray shows about the worst thing we shall have to do battle with is a smashed collar-bone. Here—steady, there—"

The sounds the hall drifted from her in a sharp gust of blackness. A numbness suffused over her body. She felt herself falling down a steep incline without end. The darkness rose up like a sudden wind, and drew her into itself.

WHEN Lavinia knew anything again the smell of ammonia was close to her nostrils. The voices came back to her. She put out her hand, locked up into the face Ursula's frankly tear-stained.

"I'm fine now. Sorry to be such a nuisance."

"Room 317," she heard Doctor Kirby, low. "She may see him now as soon as she wishes. He has asked for her."

Laurie had asked for her! The words rang like soft bells in her ears. After a little she sat up, swung her feet to the floor. Her hands moved to her hair, smoothing it swiftly.

"My bag, Ursula!" Powder on her cheeks, bright color for her lips. Laurie must never see her pale, distraught. There were faint circles beneath her eyes. But the eyes themselves were brilliant, eager.

When at last she saw him his young face cut across her vision with the hurting quickness of a lash. It seemed as if all the laughter were drained forever from those gay blue eyes.

"Oh, Laurie! Oh, darling!" She was beside him in a flash, her cheek pressed against his.

For a moment the room swam in heaviness. She stood up, moved back.

"No," he said, then. "Sit here beside me. I want you close, where I can see you."

Gently she perched on the edge of the narrow white bed. They sat looking at one another. And she could think of nothing more important than a desire to smooth away the unaccustomed strain between his brows.

"I feel so awful," he said suddenly and closed his eyes.

"Yes, I know. Your shoulder—" She could see where the tape bandage stopped at his brown throat.

"It isn't that." His eyes were wide now, full upon her and troubled.

"Not now, Laurie. We'll talk later if you insist. Only really, there's nothing to talk about. Perhaps—some things are better left unsaid."

"No." He shook his head. "I must talk. I must get this off my chest. Vinnie, this is all so rotten for you. How are you ever going to be able to forgive me?"

In that instant he had never seemed so close and yet so strange to her. Close because of her pity for all that she had done to him welling over in her heart, and strange because of the frailty and distance between them. And she thought oddly, only through love could you ever really reach a person.

"But Laurie, Mickey—" She could not go on. Not now, anyway.

"Poor Mickey. I gave him a run time of it. I don't mind about myself, but it was unfair getting him mixed up in it, too."

She said faintly: "You—you might both have been killed."

"Don't I know it?" His smile was wan. "But that's what I get for breaking my pledge to you. God, if I hadn't got drunk last night all this mess would never have happened. I'm disgusted with myself."

She covered his hand with her own. "Don't be. I'm not."

He drew his hand away as if she had stung him. "Don't! Can't you see? You're making it worse, harder for me to tell you."

She said quite clearly: "I don't want you to tell me anything, Laurie."

"We've got to get it over with, Vinnie." His young mouth looked drawn. "Then, if you still want to go on with me, I'll be different. That's your affair."

"It doesn't matter." If she could only make him stop now, before it was too late. Before the truth cut under the slim curtain of his pretence, leaving them bare.

He shook his head, hurried on. "Yes, it does. I thought it didn't at first, too. That's why I never told you. But being close to death makes you want to live so much more. Look at me, Vinnie. For the first time since I've known you I'm going to be honest with you. And it's going to hurt."

"Laurie, no, please—"

He said simply: "I haven't any excuse but the truth, Vinnie. You see, when I married you it was to forget another girl. A girl I couldn't have because her parents didn't believe I was worthy. I wasn't either, then. It took you to make something of me. Yesterday afternoon I met her again by accident. She'd been away. We came face to face suddenly in a restaurant, and it was like two winds meeting. My heart stopped, and I knew all at once hers had, too. We had luncheon together. We talked. I told her about you. She looked at me a long time without speaking, and then abruptly she got up and walked away. I let her go. It nearly killed me, but there was nothing I could do. I went back to the office, trying to concentrate on my work. But all the while I knew we still loved each other. And that now that I'd become something the crazy part of it all was I could never have her."

Lavinia heard herself saying distinctly: "Go on."

"Well, then I came home. You weren't there. I needed you more than ever before. Somehow I kept feeling that if I could see you, touch you, everything would be all right again and as it was before. I waited, but you didn't come. I thought I was

going mad. I couldn't stay in the house, I got into the car, drove to town, and roused Mickey from his lair. He wasn't feeling too chirpy himself, after his bust-up with Ursula. We were wretched, two of a kind, it seemed. We went out on a tear—you know the rest."

A light was burning inside of her. She asked, curiously quiet: "Then, it was an accident? You didn't try to—"

"Good Heavens, no! What on earth for? What in the world made you imagine anything like that?" He looked shocked, upset. "Nothing." Swift relief flooded clearly into her, as if all the wild, glorious moods of the world were singing his symphonies in her soul. "And don't feel badly, Laurie. I'm glad you told me. Of course, I'll get a divorce."

"No." He sought her hand now, held it lightly. "No, Vinnie. We're starting clean from to-day on. Together."

Her eyes regarded him levelly. "I'm afraid that isn't possible. Because I wasn't honest with you, either. You see, there was someone else for me, too."

"You mean—" But he stopped then, on a rising, joyous note, almost as if he dared not continue, as if his voice would frighten away the delicious freedom of the moment.

"I mean, you can't fool love, Laurie. We both tried to, and we failed. Do you understand, dear?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "I think I do."

She smiled, and then with a quick, friendly wave of the hand was gone.

THE next day, when she awoke, there was a note from Ursula: "Gone to the hospital. Thought you could do with rest."

She breakfasted lightly, got into the car, and headed for town. But it was a different ride from the night before. All her fears had vanished like ghosts into the emptiness. The highway shone in burnished sunlight. The sky was clear, bursting with blue. A cool breeze whistled in the branches. She threw back her head, whistled with it.

When she reached the hospital even that seemed cheerier by day. Ursula met her, laughing.

"What do you think? You can't hold a good man down. That wretched Mickey—he's gone! He actually insisted. And off he went."

"Oh!" For the instant she felt blank. "And Laurie? How is he?"

"He'll be following soon. If we don't watch him, Vinnie, I talked to Laurie this morning. He told me—everything. It all seems such a crazy, funny mix-up. But that's life for you. One has to fight awfully hard to get the right person, if ever doesn't one? Of course, I'll hate losing you like the dickens. But as long as you're both going to be happy I guess I'll have to get used to the idea."

"Both?" Lavinia smiled oddly.

"Why not both? I do want you to have Mickey, Vinnie. Somehow, deep down in me, I know he's the right person for you, in spite of all you've both been through—and perhaps because of it. Perhaps that merely proves it. And I'm not being gallant either. Some day I'll really fall in love. With—the blue eyes narrowed brightly—"somebody like Glenn Kerr."

Lavinia shook her head. "Don't be silly," she said. "Mickey will always be unattainable." She turned and walked rapidly in the direction of Laurie's room.

"Lo!" he greeted. He was propped up on the pillows, and the color was back in his face. "The flowers were swell." He grinned. "But they made me feel like an idiot."

"More than usual, darling?"

"Foul!" he retorted. "Never hit a man when he's down."

"I just came to tell you I'm seeing the lawyer to-day. There's nothing for you to worry about. I'll arrange everything."

"You!" He held out his hand to her with a gesture of admiration. "There never was such a peach."

She gripped the hand hard, smiling. "Pals?"

"Pals," he agreed, firmly.

Outside, in the hallway, she passed a tall, pretty girl with a vivid mouth. A capable girl, too, with cool eyes. Yes, she would know how to take care of Laurie. Lavinia turned her head, watched the girl enter her room. She felt a stillness rising up out of her heart, without any prejudice, like a benediction.

It was well into late afternoon before she was finished with the lawyer. The final details would have to be discussed with Laurie as soon as his condition warranted it.

Meanwhile she had something else to do. Whether she had come on sheer impulse or from a searing urge within, she did not know. But there was nothing hesitant about her knock on Mickey's studio door. She regarded him soberly as he stood looking at her in evident surprise.

"Aren't you going to ask me in?" Even her voice had a new timbre to it, a sureness.

"Yes, of course. I wasn't expecting you, that's all." His features were immobile now.

He stepped back and she walked to the centre of the floor. Instantly she noted that the long room was in even more of a turmoil than usual.

"What are you doing?"

"Packing." He indicated the stacked heaps of ties, shirts, suits, the big wardrobe trunk standing wide in the midst of everything. He picked up a handful of ties, began sorting them as if the task were altogether the most absorbing thing on earth.

Lavinia did not look at him. She looked at the big trunk instead.

"YOU make a rotten one-hander," she said, remotely. "Here, let me do that. Where's Togo?"

"I sent him out to do some shopping." He handed her the ties reluctantly. His bandaged arm in the sling looked clumsy against his white shirt.

"Running away, Mickey?" she asked casually.

He bent down, pulled out a drawer. "I don't know what you mean," he said, and his voice sounded muffled. "I'm off to Europe for a change."

"That's funny. I was thinking of going to Europe myself." She held up a creased tie to the light, tossed it aside.

He glanced at her then for the first time, stolid. "You and Laurie?"

"It isn't Laurie and Lavinia any more. It's going to be Laurie and somebody else from now on," she added lightly.

"What are you talking about?"

"A divorce. Haven't Laurie told you?"

"Why should he?" He had dropped his tie, and he bent swiftly. He asked, still lowered: "Is that why you came to tell me that?"

She slipped the ties neatly into a drawer before answering. "Yes."

"Why?" Mickey asked evenly. "Did you think it could possibly interest me?"

She closed the drawer with a determined click. "Yes," she said again, then.

WHEN she looked up his face was white under the tan. But he did not say anything. After a moment he reached over and tried fumblingly to light himself a cigarette.

"Wait," Lavinia said, "let me light it for you."

He handed her the cigarette and lighter. She lit it, her own fingers surprisingly steady, and gave him back the burning cigarette. He took it with a nod, began picking up the suits lying on a chair, and slipping them over the hangers.

"I'll do that," she added, quite low, but it was an order none the less: "No, don't argue. Pass them to me."

He obeyed without a word. She felt his eyes upon her as she worked. But her movements were quite fleet, unheeding. And in the quiet a sudden flash of knowledge burst with blinding insight within her brain. Out all the grim shadows and misunderstandings into the debris of the past. Long ago Pat Kane, meaning well, no doubt, had said to her: "Just give him his own way and you'll get along with him." But Pat had been wrong. And Lavinia knew it now. She had known it from the first minute she entered the room this afternoon and started giving him commands, saw him accept them without demur. It was not merely his broken arm. It went deeper than that. Something that was inherent in his make-up. Mickey didn't want a girl who loved him so much her backbite turned to jelly every time she looked at him. He wanted a girl whose love would be strong and vital, with stamina and a will of her own. Someone who would demand, force, his respect.

"You needn't do this. I can manage well enough alone." His tone was sullen.

"Shut up," said Lavinia, from the newfound knowledge within her.

"What?" She could almost feel him beginning to bristle.

"I said, shut up," she repeated. Astonishingly, he did. After a while she smiled a little. "Of course, I'll see you in Paris? You can take me to dinner at Ciro's, if you like."

"I don't like!" There was a whirl of smoke emanating from his cigarette. "What do you think I'm going to do? Play gigolo for you while you get a divorce so you can marry the Count or some other darn fool? Your plan's all right. The only trouble is you've picked the wrong man as a fill-in."

Lavinia leaned her arms on the trunk, gazed at him with complete calm.

"Isn't it time you stopped pretending, Mickey?"

"I wasn't aware that I was. I thought I was being perfectly frank."

"Really?" She considered a moment.

"Then, why won't you admit that you're in love with me? It's stupid to go on being mulish about it forever, you know. Because I know it. Everybody else knows it. You appear to be the only one who's still in the dark."

"EH? What?" She saw the swift color rise in his cheeks.

She went on, thoughtfully: "That's why you fought me so when I married Laurie. Not because you hated me, but because you loved me, and it was just about killing you to see me married to someone else."

"You haven't gone suddenly out of your head, have you?" he stammered, roughly.

"No, Mickey." Her eyes danced. "I've been this way ever since I met you. It's a very rare and peculiar sort of an illness—love, I think they call it. There's only one cure humanity's discovered for it so far. Marriage. And you'll have a grand chance to effect the cure as soon as Laurie and I are divorced."

"If you think you're going to use me as a kind of patent medicine, I assure you you're greatly mistaken," he returned, stonily. And then, reluctant: "Besides, I'd probably only turn out to be a pill, anyway."

"As long as you feel that way about it, what's a poor girl to do?" She sighed. "You don't want me to die of this strange malady, do you? Well, I see I can expect no help from your quarter. I suppose I'll have to marry Count Raoul Corillo instead."

She saw his face change abruptly, the hard lines soften. "Someone's got to save you from that awful fate, Vinnie. I guess, maybe, after all, I was born to be a martyr."

"You needn't do me any favors, you know," she said coolly, but her heart was beating like a wild thing in her throat. She picked up a book, fingered it with downcast eyes. "Yesterday you kissed me because I flung books at you. Tell me, Mickey, do I have to do that every time I want you to kiss me? I don't imagine your library would prove extensive enough for that."

A SPLIT second and she was against him, his good arm crushing her to him. She felt his lips come down upon hers with a driving ecstasy that set the world spinning. And it seemed as if in that kiss all the old ice-bound barriers between them melted, slipped silently away as if caught on a newer, stronger current. Her heart flickered, lay still, effulgent with the moment. All the unused poetry and beauty of living trembled in the depths of his embrace, waiting to be born.

"Lavinia, dearest, if you've any sense, don't let me talk you into marrying me, for your own sake!"

She lifted back her head. She wanted to see his face, to make sure. Then all at once she was sure. The new power filled her with delicious waves. This was Mickey as she had always known he could be, the grey eyes warm, the mouth tender. She laughed, breathless.

"All right, darling. I'll marry you for your sake, then. Because, you know, you'd be perfectly miserable the rest of your life if I didn't."

"Vinnie, all that you said, every word of it, and more, was true. I did love you right from the beginning. I kept myself aloof and mean on purpose, because I was afraid of my love for you and what it might do to me. And, besides, there was Ursula and my own ungodly pride. How can I make you understand?"

"I haven't heard a word," said Lavinia, dimly. "Except that you love me."

"Hon, fools don't deserve a second chance at life. Vinnie, you'd better listen to me now, before it's too late—don't throw yourself away on a stupid idiot like myself! Don't—"

"Don't talk!" commanded Lavinia.

Her lips made secure the sweetest silence of all.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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Irresistible Maids of Honor!

**Petrov
Designs**



ww1780

ww1781

ww1782



For Satin and Lace

WW1780.—This lovely bridesmaid's frock shows broad bands of satin alternating with lace. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide lace, 2 yards satin. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Youthfully Smart!

WW1781.—Charmingly simple mode with chic contrast trimming. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

New Spring Model

WW1782.—Satin swathed across the bodice in a fascinating new way to the highlight of this model. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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Designed for Matrons and the Not-So-Slim

Smartly Simple

WW1773.—A simple little frock cut on tailored, slimming lines. For everyday wear. Bust sizes: 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Redingote

WW1775.—Redingotes are the latest thing this spring. This one is cut on straight, tailored lines, with stitching for trimming. Bust sizes: 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Buttons for Chic

WW1774.—Another frock that matrons will find eminently suitable for every day, and definitely becoming. Bust sizes: 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Afternoon Mode

WW1776.—Grace and dignity are combined smartly in this little frock for dressy occasions. Bust sizes: 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



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Dance Frocks For Gay Young Moderns



Striking

WW1765.—A fascinating, sophisticated mode, particularly striking when carried out with stripes. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

For the Debutante

WW1766.—Bouffant little style with gay Continental sleeveless bolero, ideal for the young girl. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards for frock, and 1 yard for bolero. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Graceful Mode

WW1767.—A graceful dinner gown trimmed in unusual fashion with lace insertion. Bust sizes: 32 to 40 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 9½ yards lace insertion. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Old-World Grace

WW1768.—This delightful model gown has a colorful dark panel in contrast to the gaily-patterned skirt. Bust sizes: 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1½ yards under-skirt panel. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



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Exuberant, Colorful Enchanting Little EVENING GOWNS

IN THE NEWEST VOGUE

Lovely Skirt

WW1770.—Spring blossoms are sewn on the lovely flared skirt of this exciting new model evening gown. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Gracefully Draped

WW1771.—Subtly draped, and adorned with a vivid contrast sash tied in front. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1½ yards for bolero. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Redingote for Evening

WW1772.—Wear a transparent redingote over a gaily-patterned underdress for a really striking effect. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: For underdress, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. For redingote, 5½ yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Smart, Unusual
WW1769.—This unusual mode would look delightful in striped taffeta and is very tailored and well-fitting. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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DANCE AND DINNER GOWNS

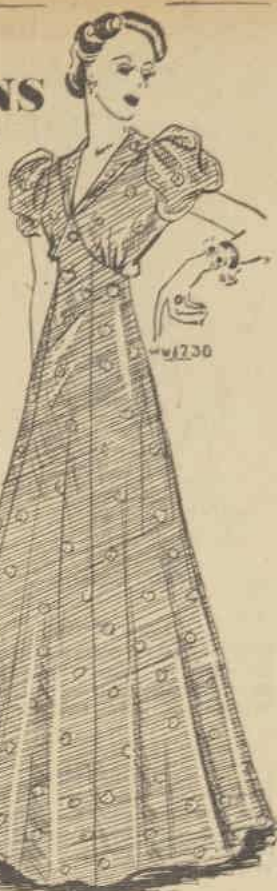
Delightful Modes For The Social Round

Colorful Jacket

WW1727.—Plain dark skirt topped with a colored, flared jacket makes a delightful evening ensemble. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide for jacket, and 3 yards for skirt. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Ideal for the Dance

WW1728.—A delightful evening gown, very flattering with its soft shoulder draping. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1½ yards tulle for shoulder scarf. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Parisian Creation

WW1729.—Beautifully modelled gown in a lovely, individual style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Old-World Gown

WW1730.—Puff sleeves and cleverly moulded bodice harmonises with the full graceful skirt of this old-world evening gown. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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— SNAPPY — Holiday Wear

Smart
Culottes
and Jaunty
Blouses

Give An
Exciting
Touch to
Your Holiday
Wardrobe



Tailored Skirt

WW1744.—Ideal for golf or walking, with its pleated fullness. Sizes, 36 to 42-inch hips. Material required for 36-inch hips: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Sports Blouse

WW1745.—Chic little blouse with circular yoke and open-neck. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



Chic Culottes

WW1746.—A very workmanlike, smart pair of culottes, for golf, tennis, and all active sport. Sizes, 36 to 42 hips. Material required for 36-inch hips: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Sports Shirt

WW1747.—You will find this sports shirt very useful, neat, and well-fitting, excellent for sport. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Smart Jacket

WW1748.—A snappy finish to your tennis outfit, a jacket that you will find most useful on vacation. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Unusually Smart

WW1749.—Snappy little vest to wear over a plain frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Add a flip to your spring wardrobe with distinctive waist-coats and blouses worn with a lightweight skirt. Note the attractive necklines and trim fit of the new modes.



Lacy Blouse

WW1750.—A very lovely blouse with soft, frilly jabot. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

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Joyous Playsuits, Tennis Frocks, and Smart Beach Ensembles

Make them
in gaily
colored
washing
fabrics.

Flared Culotte Frock

WW1740. — The very latest fashion for sports wear, the flared culotte frock. Easy to make and smart to wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1738

WW1739



WW1740

WW1741

Tennis Mode

WW1738. — Attractive short-skirted dress for tennis wear, with flared skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Up to the Minute

WW1739. — Jaunty little model for spectator or sports wear, that will be very useful throughout the season. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1742

ALL PATTERNS
OBTAINABLE FROM
OUR PATTERN
DEPARTMENT.
FOR ADDRESSES
SEE PAGE 12.

New Sunsuit

WW1741. — Colorful sunsuit, comprising skirt, pantie, shirt, and brief bolero. Indispensable for the beach this season. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Playsuit and Skirt

WW1742. — Delightful for the beach, this little playsuit with matching skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Beach Rig

WW1743. — Here is something novel, exceedingly smart, and can be very speedily run up. Splendid for the beach. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1743



DAINTY INDIVIDUAL MODES FOR YOUR SMALL DAUGHTER

*Allowing Plenty Of
Freedom For Active
Young Things*

Pleasing

WW1762.—A dear little style for little girls aged 4 to 10 years. Make it in printed cotton, with flat Peter Pan collar. Material required, 36 inches wide: 1½ to 2½ yards, and ½ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



For Miss 6-12 Years

WW1759.—This dainty little model has a smart tucked inlet of contrast material, and brief, puffed sleeves. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Material required: 1½ to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Cute Little Style

WW1760.—A sweet little style for dimity or printed cotton fabric, with novel collar. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Tailored Mode

WW1761.—Buttoned all down the front, with high collar, a trim, brisk little frock. Sizes, 6 to 12 years. Material required: 2½ to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Bewitching!

WW1763.—With embroidery round flared skirt, Peter Pan collar, and tucking on the bodice, this is a charming mode for little girls aged 4 to 10 years. Material required, 36 inches wide: 1½ to 2 yards. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Pleasing Style

WW1764.—For dressy occasions for the little one, this has a very smart air. Sizes, 6 to 12 years. Material required, 36 inches wide: 2 to 2½ yards. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 12.

Captivating Styles for the Younger Set

Brisk Little PLAYSUITS Trim ROMPERS and DRESSES

For 10-16 Years

WW1751. — A simple, pleasing mode for little girls aged 10 to 16 years. Material required: 2½ to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Quaint

WW1752. — Allowing plenty of freedom for the active little one, with its pleats falling from the shoulder. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard for collar. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



Ideal for the Beach

WW1752. — This dear little romper suit will be very useful for the beach on summer days. Make it in a gay print. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1 to 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Pretty Playsuit

WW1754. — A dashing little style for girls aged 2 to 8 years. Very useful on warm, sunny days. Material required: 1 to 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Wee Rompers

WW1753. — These wee rompers are quickly and easily made from a remnant of cambric or linen, and look most attractive. Sizes 1 to 8 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Tiny

Pyjamas

WW1758. — For dainty dainty this quaint little pyjama suit with puff sleeves. Sizes 1 to 10 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



Sizes 1 to 6 years

WW1750. — A wee model frock for little girls aged 1 to 6 years, with long sleeves and attractive fullness from round yoke. Material required: 1½ to 1 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

Boy's Outfit

WW1757. — A trim little suit for wee tots aged 1 to 6 years. We suggest navy linen for the trousers, light blue or white silk for the shirt. Material required: 1 to 1½ yards for blouse, and 1 to 1 yard for trousers, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



ALL PATTERNS
OBTAINABLE FROM
OUR PATTERNS
DEPARTMENT.
FOR ADDRESSES
SEE PAGE 12.

EXQUISITE LINGERIE DESIGNS

Scanties and Brassiere

WW1731. — Tailored scanties and brassiere, trimmed with lace. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3 yards lace. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Well-cut Slip

WW1732. — Beautifully fitting, graceful slip. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide and 3 yards lace. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Dressing Jacket

WW1733. — This attractive dressing jacket is very easily made. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1734

Trousseau Nightdress

WW1734. — This graceful nightgown has a very delightful neck. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Pyjamas Suit

WW1735. — This snappy pyjama suit has wide legs in the newest vogue. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1731



ww1732



ww1736

Old-World

WW1736. — A lovely addition to the bride's trousseau. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Dressing Gown

WW1737. — A smart, trim dressing jacket for satin or brocade. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1733



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1937-08-07

Page 108

Missing Page, Section: Homemaker Section



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STRAWBERRIES are HERE AGAIN!

... so try these recipes for making the most delicious of sweets and cakes with this luscious fruit

ONCE more the strawberry patch is yielding its succulent red berries—fat, round, and just asking to be eaten. Once again the fruit shops and stalls are arraying boxes filled with this tempting fruit before your eyes.

DON'T resist them, for they taste just as delicious as they look. Try them once more in the old favorite way—strawberries piled in a dish and covered with cream—then try the fascinating recipes given here for using strawberries in every way imaginable, from jams to puddings.

And, by the way, keep in mind that strawberries are most useful for garnishing cakes, sweets, and fruit drinks. They lift the most humble-looking dish into higher realms immediately.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE

Half pound self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3oz. butter, little milk, strawberries, sugar, icing. Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar, make into a dry dough; divide into two. Roll out into a round and bake in two greased sandwich-tins till a pale brown. Turn on to a sieve to cool. When cold, join with strawberry mixture. The strawberries should be slightly warmed, pressed, and sprinkled with sugar. Ice the top and



STRAWBERRY CHANTILLY, a sweet made with meringues, sponge cake, strawberries and whipped cream.

decorate with whole strawberries. Serve on a paper d'oyley.

STRAWBERRY LAYER CAKE

One sponge mixture, mock cream, strawberries, warm icing, whole strawberries. Make sponge mixture. Bake in round cake-tin. Turn on to cake-cooler; when cold, cut the cake through twice.

By
**RUTH
FURST**

Cookery Expert
to The
Australian
Women's Weekly



STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM—an ever-popular way of eating this luscious fruit. Recipes for other delicious ways of using strawberries are also given here.

sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 11 gills milk, whites 2 eggs, strawberries.

Soak gelatine in water for 1 hour. Add it to the slightly-warmed milk with sugar and lemon juice, and when cold add beaten egg-whites. Pour into wetted mould. Set. Turn on to glass dish. Pour custard round and decorate with whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOW

One packet strawberry jelly crystals, fresh strawberries, whites 2 eggs, 1 cup cream, sugar to taste. Make jelly little stiffer than usual, and when quite cold add to the well-whisked whites of eggs, then the mashed strawberries and sugar, and beat till beginning to set. Pour into serving-dish. When firm, decorate with whipped flavored cream and whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY CUSTARD

Two eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, strawberries, whipped cream, grated chocolate. Beat eggs and sugar well; add milk; strain into greased fireproof dish. Bake in slow oven till set. Chill, then cover top with whipped flavored cream, then with strawberries. Sprinkle with shredded chocolate and serve at once.

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT

Three-quarters ounce gelatine (powdered), 1 cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup strawberries, 1 cup cream, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped nuts, white of 1 egg. Soak gelatine in cold water, then stand over boiling water till dissolved; then add to whipped cream, with milk, sugar, and, lastly, well-beaten egg-white. When cold, add the whole strawberries and chopped nuts. Serve very cold in individual glasses.

STRAWBERRY MOULD

One pint milk, 1 pint strawberries, 2oz. sugar, 1/2oz. gelatine, cochineal. Rub strawberries through a sieve. Warm milk. Pour onto dissolved gelatine. Add sugar, strawberries and coloring. Pour into wetted fancy mould and place on ice. When set, turn out and garnish with cream and whole strawberries.

FROZEN STRAWBERRIES

One quart strawberries, whites 3 eggs, sugar to taste. Remove stalks from strawberries. Place in freezer can with sugar and beaten egg-whites. Freeze, using 3 parts ice and 1 part salt. Serve in glasses, garnished with whipped cream and whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY CHANTILLY

Half - dozen small round meringues, round piece of sponge cake, strawberries, whipped cream, fruit syrup.

Place sponge cake on a dish and pour over it some fruit syrup. On this pile ripe strawberries cut in halves (use a silver knife). When well covered with fruit, sprinkle with sugar and cover with plenty of whipped cream. Put the meringues on top, pressing them into the cream. Decorate between the meringues with whipped cream through a forcing pipe. The cream may be slightly colored. Any tinned fruit may be used when strawberries are not in season.

STRAWBERRY BATTER PUDDING AND SAUCE

One cup mashed strawberries, 1 cup sugar, 11 cups self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

SAUCE—1 tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 cup mashed strawberries.

Mix the cup of strawberries with sugar and allow to stand 1 hour. Make a batter with beaten eggs, flour, milk, and butter. Half-fill well-greased mould or small moulds with batter, spread with strawberry mixture, then rest of batter. Cover with greased paper and steam 30 to 60 minutes, according to size of mould. Serve with strawberry sauce.

Make the sauce by creaming butter and sugar well, add mashed strawberries and color a nice pink with carmine if necessary.

STRAWBERRY JAM

Four pounds strawberries, 31/2lb. sugar, juice 4 lemons.

Remove stalks and hulls. Put fruit into preserving pan with lemon juice and simmer till thoroughly cooked; add sugar, stir till dissolved. Boil quickly for 15 minutes; test on a cold plate. When sufficiently cooked allow to cool, then bottle and cover.

STRAWBERRY JAM No. 2

Six pounds strawberries, 6lb. sugar, lemon juice or citric acid, little water.

Cut fruit in halves, cover with half the sugar and allow it to stand 1 hour; add a little water if necessary, and lemon juice. Bring to the boil. Add the remainder of sugar, stir carefully till it boils. Boil quickly about 1 hour or until the syrup falls quite thick from spoon, or test in cold saucer. Allow to cool before bottling. Tie down and store in cool, dark place.

Your family will get all of the nourishment of whole wheat in Kellogg's tastier New Whole Wheat Biscuits.

Order a packet from your grocer right away! Your whole family will love them.

"LISTEN, MUM, WILL YOU DO A FELLER A REAL FAVOUR? LET'S HAVE SOME KELLOGG'S NEW WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS FOR 'BREKKER' TO-MORROW. GEE, THEY'VE GOT A BONZER TASTE! AND TALK ABOUT CRISP! HONEST MUM, THESE NEW WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS THAT MILES AND MILES BETTER THAN ANY WE'VE EVER HAD BEFORE"

NOW TURN Your ATTENTION to the ROSES in Your GARDEN



LOVELIEST of all flowers—roses. Ideal for interior decoration, their variety of shades lend themselves to most attractive color schemes, such as the one illustrated above.

THIS is the time of the year when rose bushes should have special care, combined with careful spraying, if you hope for lovely blooms later on.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

AUGUST—the first month of spring! Every garden-lover looks forward to this time of the year when gardens progress in leaps and bounds.

Trees begin putting on their new coats, and every other growing thing takes on a new lease of life.

Past rains have helped the gardens generally, and although tiresome while they lasted you will now reap the benefit of them.

This is also the time of the year to look over your roses. Pruning having been completed, your attention should turn to the general care of these lovely plants.

They must first receive a good spraying. Lime sulphur (Harola) is the best spray to use at this time of the year. By taking this precautionary measure a great many diseases and insect pests will be prevented from attacking the rose bushes. Spray

climbers as well as the other varieties.

Many roses suffer with mildew in the earlier part of the season. If the plants are sprayed now, then again when they are well-covered with young foliage, a great deal of this trouble will be prevented.

Plain sulphur dusted over the foliage from time to time will also keep down mildew.

The strength to use the lime sulphur is one part of lime sulphur to twenty parts of water; that is to say, one cup to twenty cups. Spray with this strength now, then when the rose bushes are fully covered with foliage, use the solution much weaker, forty parts of water to one of the Harola.

This is the month, too, to commence feeding roses. One double handful of blood and bone mixed with one handful of superphosphate and half a handful of sulphate of potash is a splendid mixture for the rose. Mix these three thoroughly together and then sprinkle a double handful around each rose bush, work lightly in with a fork, then give a good watering. The results should be remarkable.

If you desire roses like those shown

Rose Bush Scale

SCALE on roses can be easily removed by making a spray from glue pearls. Spray on the bush and on the stems or trunks. In a few days the glue will peel off, taking with it all scale and leaving the rose bush thoroughly clean.

in the picture on this page you must work with a method.

During the earlier part of the season the young tender shoots of the rose will often become attacked with green aphids, and if not dealt with immediately they will suck all the sap from the shoots with disastrous effect.

For Spraying

NICOTINE (black leaf 40) is best for this trouble. To every gallon of water use one teaspoon of nicotine, stir well, then spray the bush. A cheaper solution is made by melting one cake of sunlight soap. Mix this with two gallons of water, then add one desertspoon of kerosene. Make a good emulsion of this and spray on while warm.

This mixture will kill the aphids immediately.

Why COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

IS DR. DAFOE'S CHOICE FOR THE DIONNE QUINS

30 baby teeth kept
pearly white with
Colgate's!



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A message of utmost importance TO EVERY MOTHER WHO WANTS HER CHILDREN TO HAVE SOUND HEALTHY TEETH

THE Dionne Quintuplets! What babies were ever before raised with such scientific care! Always they have had the best of everything!

So, when the time came to choose a dentifrice for them, Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's Dental Cream . . . because Colgate's cleans so thoroughly, yet so gently—without the slightest harm to delicate enamel, or irritation to tender gums.

And how the Quins love Colgate's delightful peppermint flavour! Like all children, they really enjoy brushing their teeth with Colgate's . . . and what an important point this is in teaching correct habits of oral hygiene.

A LESSON FOR EVERY MOTHER!

As the specialists in charge of the Quins know so well, early dental care is so important! For the second or permanent teeth are formed in the jaw even before infancy. Thus, defects in the first teeth are communi-

cated to the permanent teeth . . . affecting their colour, shape, quality and position in the mouth. Defects in baby teeth may even affect the general health of the child.

So if you want your children to have fine, healthy teeth when they grow up, how wise you will be to follow Dr. Dafoe's example—and guard baby teeth with Colgate's Dental Cream . . . make daily brushing with Colgate's a rigid rule!

IDEAL FOR ADULT TEETH, TOO

You will want to make Colgate's your toothpaste, too! Not only because its soft, safe polishing agent cleans the enamel to shining smoothness—but also because Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into all those tiny crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach . . . cleans every surface of every tooth . . . keeps your breath beyond reproach!



Lily-of-the-Valley is Easy to Grow

This sweet little plant repays you for a little trouble with a profusion of delicate, fragrant blooms that are charming for either house decoration or personal adornment. Here the Old Gardener tells you how to grow lily-of-the-valley.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY is one of the most popular of this variety of flowers. I think it even beats the popularity of the charming violet.

In some countries lily-of-the-valley grows wild. In many parts of Australia, especially in the colder climates, there is no difficulty whatever in growing this little gem.

With warmer climates, however, there is little difficulty and trouble for lily-of-the-valley, as the name suggests, loves cool shady spots where a little sunlight will penetrate, but not too much.

Best in Loam

THE lily-of-the-valley is not particular about soil, but does best in deep rather rich loam, or soil rich in humus, such as that formed by the decomposition of leaves or by incense-matting dressing—for instance, in old kitchen gardens.

But at no season of its growth should it be allowed to suffer from lack of water.

An annual top-dressing over the crowns is most useful, as the running roots run fast and far. They break up into stems and flower shoots almost at every joint. The plants soon run into a perfect thicket in

which they smother each other. They should often be lifted and divided, and in this way you will always have a good stock of the best quality.

Some home-gardeners in cold climates never think of interfering with lily-of-the-valley, and simply leave them to take care of themselves. But if fine foliage and good flowers are desired liberal culture is needful to obtain them.

Any portion of the garden that is cool and systematically shaded will grow lily-of-the-valley, and no portion of the garden selected for them can be too good to grow them to their highest perfection.

A few patches or clumps can be grown around the shady portions of the house, so that its fragrance may be mixed with the odors of violets, mignonette and jasmine.

Window-boxes on the shady side of the house where a little sun can penetrate will give a pleasing display, and when planted with mignonette the perfume is extremely beautiful.

I don't think there is any plant that can bring into the house more fragrance or sentiment than a few pots or boxes of lily-of-the-valley planted and placed in the windows. Now is the time to plant these beautiful flowers. Try them this season in your window-boxes also, where they will certainly repay you for the little trouble taken.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By
Evelyn

THOSE who want to slim or to improve their health should drink water freely, especially first thing in the morning and last thing at night. Substitute fruit drinks such as orange juice for morning and afternoon tea, and drink at least a pint of milk a day for the protective mineral elements it contains.



Doctors Recommend it!



HEALTH and BEAUTY
now *Completely* protected!

DOES the soap that you use protect your skin? It should, and Protex does. That is why Protex Soap is recommended by the Medical Profession. Its powerful antiseptic content—Ti-Tree oil—guards the beauty of your skin by removing the causes of skin blemishes and irritations. Protex is completely germicidal, but it leaves no medicinal odour. It provides the pleasanter way to avoid offending.

Use Protex Soap in your bath, as a shampoo and every time you wash. Being free from alcohol, Protex is sufficiently soothing for even baby's tender skin, and since a long-lasting cake costs only sixpence, you can afford to make Protex the family soap for every day. The whole family will enjoy using Protex.



PROTEX

MADE BY COLGATE

11 TIMES STRONGER
THAN CARBOLIC
YET NON-IRRITANT

Metaleuca Alternifolia (showing the leaf) from which Ti-Tree oil—the powerful Australian antiseptic used in Protex—is distilled.

6/337

MAKERS OF QUALITY SOAPS FOR 131 YEARS

... Your Diet Must Be RIGHT

If It Isn't Your Face and Figure will Show It and Your Health will Suffer, too.

BEAUTY first comes from within. That has been said before. Nevertheless it is amazing how many women quite overlook that truth and depend on external aids alone.



GRAPEFRUIT is an excellent internal cleanser. It can be eaten for breakfast in the morning, or as an hors d'oeuvre for dinner.

THEY spend pounds a year on cosmetics, on clothes, on having their hair done, but forget that beauty is first based on perfect health and that perfect health is based on three things: right food, sufficient sleep, and proper exercise.

Most important from a beauty point of view is correct eating. For not only does the daily diet affect the contours of the figure, but it also influences the hair, skin, nails and eyes, not to mention the mental attitude.

You cannot overwork the stomach with an overdose of heavy foods; neither can you exist, as so many business girls do, on a meat pie and a cup of tea for lunch, and hope to retain beauty. If you are very young you can get away with careless eating for quite a while, but beware once you pass the middle twenties.

Persevere

YOU may find it difficult to give up a heavy breakfast of bacon and eggs, suet puddings and pastries at lunch, and cake and crumpets for supper, but if it's beauty of face and figure you want, then you must persevere.

Include more fruits and vegetables in your diet, cut down on sweets and starches, such as bread, potatoes, cakes and pastries, and eat less meat. Avoid white bread—wholemeal is better. Eat plenty of lettuce, oranges, and carrots as these are rich in essential vitamins.

If you are bent on slimming, have fruit and milk for breakfast, and tea or coffee if you must, and a whole wheat biscuit if you still feel very hungry.

Substitute fruit juice for early morning tea. Have a light lunch—

preferably a salad of lettuce and vegetables, fruit and an egg if liked. Have a glass of milk if you must drink with meals.

Leave the main meal for the evening and try not to eat between meals. Drink plenty of water, don't go in for fancy diets and do avoid many fried dishes.

Many women eat sufficient vegetable foods to maintain good health, but overlook the mineral requirements of their bodies. Mineral salts are essential in the diet to keep the body running in smooth order.

Calcium and phosphorus are the elements that give strength and solidity to the bones and teeth. Iron is the element that helps the blood to transport oxygen all over the body. It is iron that puts the color into your cheeks and lips.

Milk is the chief source of calcium and everyone, regardless of age or sex, should drink at least a pint of milk a day for the protective mineral elements it contains.

Iron is supplied chiefly by meat, spinach, raisins, milk, cabbage, celery and like vegetables.

Here is the basis for a sensible diet that will not only help those who want to keep their weight down but also those who want to keep in good health. This diet can be used for the whole family, too.

Breakfast: Fruit juice (oranges, tomatoes, or grapefruit, etc.). Oatmeal porridge or other whole wheat cereal with honey and milk. Coffee or weak tea if desired.

Lunch: Vegetable soup. Salad of cooked or raw vegetables. Wholemeal bread with butter and honey or cream cheese. Fruit, milk.

Dinner: Grapefruit. Main dish of fish or white meat cooked with several vegetables, including spinach or some other green vegetable. Stewed or fresh fruit with cream or junket, garnished with chopped nuts. Coffee.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME By A Doctor

PATIENT: How can we be sure that water we drink is pure?

NOTHING can be more important than a pure water supply. Wholesome water may be obtained from reservoirs, which are inspected and supervised, and, as a rule, water from natural springs, deep wells and upland surface areas is wholesome.

Stagnant rainwater should be held under suspicion, also water which drains from cultivated lands. Dangerous water comes from shallow

wells and rivers into which sewage is thrown.

Pure water should be colorless and transparent, and should be free from odor or definite taste.

The best way to purify suspicious water is by boiling. Filtration should also be resorted to as a safety measure.

All sorts of diseases, especially those affecting the digestive tract, and the dreaded typhoid, may be caused by impure water.

Besides, pure water promotes health, and the more you drink of it the better will your tissues function.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOMIE MAKER

August 7, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Homemaker Section

Page One

Coiffures for Spring

Smooth, sleek contours... absence of waves... sculptured curls, or rolled ends... Sketched by Rene



ROLLED COIFFURE. Hair brushed forward and ends curled under to form long roll around the head.



Above: ANOTHER ROLLED STYLE. This time the hair is brushed back off the forehead and ears and the ends are curled up into a soft roll across the nape of the neck and over the top.



SMART and distinguished coiffure in which the hair is curled around from the back into two deep curls over the ears. The top portion formed into another bunch of curls adds attractive balance to the coiffure.

UNEVELY, much-be-waved hair is out! The smart woman of to-day must have her hair smooth and orderly and depend on sculptured outlines and the light and shade of a soft sheen for beautiful effects.



ABOVE: Flattering style with Old-World air. The hair over the forehead is curled forward into two or three soft rolls, while the remainder is brushed softly back behind the ears, with ends curled under slightly.

ABOVE: Fascinating page-boy style. Hair is worn long, and kept as sleek as possible right to the ends, which are curled under very softly.



LEFT: Another page-boy style. Hair, long and sleek, ends curled in just a trifle, and top formed into a long, wide roll across the forehead.

Rene

**OH MUMMY
IT TASTES
*Lovely!***

All food cooked with Laurel's "live heat" is invariably more toothsome! The reason is that Laurel burns as a GAS—with a HOT, blue flame that is absolutely free from even the suspicion of smoke, soot, or odour. No higher quality kerosene may be had, and with food, one can never be too careful. Use Laurel for cooking and you will be using the kerosene most popular with all housewives.

LAUREL
KEROSENE
For Lighting, Heating, Cooking, Cleaning

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 6

AND after a very few minutes I fell asleep. I afterwards found that I had slept for an hour and a half, but when I awoke with a start—for I had meant only to doze, so that I might be in attendance directly my lady came down—Caroline was there sitting before me and waiting for me to wake up.

"Good Lord," said I. "Where's Brenda? I told her to let me know the moment you waked."

Lady Caroline smiled.

"I overruled your orders," she said.

She had changed her clothes and was wearing a full-skirted frock which fell perhaps three inches below her knees. This was of linen, embroidered in red; and I afterwards found that it was the dress of the country and came out of Brenda's drawer.

I begged her to excuse me a moment and stepped to the stream. There I laved my face and my hands

and then came back better fitted to tell my tale.

I took my seat before her and waited for her to begin.

"I'm told I can trust you," she said. "How do I come to be here, instead of at Brief?"

I took a deep breath. Though I had hoped she was wrong, it seemed painfully clear that Brenda's mother was right.

"I asked you," I said, "I asked you to let me bring you. And when I had told you why, you gave your consent."

Lady Caroline frowned.

"What was the reason you gave me? You see, I can remember nothing from the moment I took my toss. That's sometimes the way of concussion. Did you pick me up?"

"It's a curious story," said I. "May I tell it in my own way? And I'll

answer what questions you like as soon as I've done."

"That's fair enough. Will you give me a cigarette?"

I did as she asked, and then I told her my tale, beginning from where we had sighted the closed and numberless car and ending with Herrick's account of its occupants' consternation on finding their victim gone. She never interrupted me once, but sat very still with her beautiful eyes on my face, and she showed no emotion at all, except that once or twice she knitted her brows.

When I had done, she lifted her head to the sky.

"I should like to thank you," she said, "before I say anything else. But for you—" A tremor ran through her. "That change of marked clothes sounds ugly. I was

to be passed off as somebody else. Never mind. I'm very grateful. I think you've probably saved far more than my life."

"That's my good fortune," said I. "I just had the luck to be there."

"I don't admit that. However—how do you happen to know my cousin?"

"I don't," said I. "I only know him by sight. We were both in the same hotel about three weeks ago. In England, that was. And one doesn't forget his face."

"How did you know who I was?"

"I knew you existed," I said, "and I thought that you lived at Brief, and so the moment I saw you I guessed who you were."

She nodded, as though satisfied. Then she drew up her little feet and laced her delicate fingers about her knees.

"And now for the omnibus question—why were you and your friend on my father's estate—at four o'clock in the morning—taking care not to be seen?"

I put a hand to my head. Tremendous fences were coming; if I was to clear them all they must not be rushed.

"We were there," I said, "to try to discover some place from which we could watch the castle without being seen."

"Why did you want to watch the castle?"

"Because I had reason to think that between the count and your cousin your life was—well, not too easy—not what it ought to be."

Her eyes on the blowing meadows, Lady Caroline Virgil lifted her delicate chin.

"I want to be fair," she said quietly. "But don't sail too close to the wind. I'd like to hear you out, but you can't expect me to listen to—sheer impertinence."

"I know," I said, flushing. "I'm sorry. But will you please believe that I came from England on purpose to do what I've done to-day? I didn't know that your cousin would go so far. But I knew that he might. I knew that you stood in his way, and I knew that he and his father—"

"His father? His father is dead."

I got to my knees and put out my hands for hers.

"Take hold of them, please," I said. "I'm going to give you a shock."

Her eyes never left my eyes, but she did as I said.

"A year ago last April your father died in my arms. He was the Count of Brief. The man you call father is your uncle, and your cousin his only son."

EYES shut, head back, her underlip caught in her teeth, she held to my hands as though she would never let go, and her breath was whistling in her nostrils and the blood was out of her face.

"What—proof—have—you—of these things?"

"I will go and get it," I said.

"No, no. Don't leave me just yet. After all, I've had proof enough ever since I could think for myself. Why didn't my mother live?"

"My mother died young," I said. "I was two years old."

"As I was." She covered her face with her hands and bowed her head.

"Will you tell me about—my father?"

"He was very gentle," I said. "I had no money then, and neither had he. We lived and worked together for nearly two years, and he never once complained of his bitter fate. I never knew his story until the night he died."

"Did he charge you to come and tell me?"

"No."

"Then why are you here?"

"Because I saw your cousin. No one could see your cousin and not be sure that he was a dangerous man. And I knew that you stood in his way—that but for you he would one day be Count of Brief. By then my luck had changed, and I had money to spend and nothing to do. So I came to see for myself. If I'd found you safe and happy I should have kept my counsel and gone away."

"You say that—that this man is my uncle, and not my father at all; that he is Percy's father?"

"Yes," said I.

"I can well believe it," she said. "But then you say that this man is not Count of Brief."

"He never was," said I. "He was and is Count Ferdinand, the younger twin. He dispossessed your father twenty-two years ago."

She drew in her breath.

"Does my cousin know this?"

"I shouldn't think so," said I. "That's the kind of secret which a man not only keeps but does his best to forget."

She nodded thoughtfully. Then:

"Will you show me the proof you spoke of? When you say that this man is my uncle, I know that's true. I mean it explains—everything. But I cannot realise that he is not the Count of Brief. And what of my mother? Wasn't he married to her?"

I got to my feet.

"Your father's statement," I said, "will make everything plain." I hesitated. "Only please don't hope for too much. It'll prove what I've told to you, but it won't cut much ice in a court of law."

"I don't care about that. I want to be sure myself."

"So you shall be," said I, and made my way to the house.

On the stairs I met Herrick, and told him what I had done.

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Please turn to Page 61

PRACTICAL ADVICE on Children's CLOTHING

By MARY TRUBY KING

The main purpose of clothing is to keep us warm, and outdoor clothing, as well as indoor clothing, should be as light as possible, consistent with warmth. Most of us tend to pile too many garments upon our children.

FOR girls, on warm days, all that will be required will be an Aertex or cotton singlet, cotton or silk bloomers, and a frock. Sandals, but no shoes. Socks are not necessary on warm days until the child is of school age.

For boys, on warm days, an Aertex or cotton singlet, and pants, covered by a linen or cotton suit. Sandals.



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Address of pattern department will be found on Pattern Page of this issue. When ordering, quote numbers of designs.

Each garment should be made so that the child has complete freedom of movement. Be particularly careful with little boys' trousers. They should not be too short in the leg or too highly hitched up to the upper garment. Linings of trousers should be fixed so that they can be easily taken out and boiled.

Knitted suits are most attractive for the toddler; but be sure that the child wears at least one garment which is not wool with the suit, as knitted suits give little protection from wind.

Out-of-doors Wear

FOR out-of-doors wear, the little girl will need a topcoat of serge or cloth. Also a warm hat or two. A raincoat or sou'-wester and rubber boots are useful for bad weather, so that the child may get out for her daily walk, even should it be pouring. Shoes should be worn instead of sandals on wet days, and stockings in place of socks if the weather is very cold.

For out-of-doors the little boy will require a coat of cloth or serge, but he need not wear a cap unless the weather is very inclement. Good stout boots which are at least half an inch longer than the feet will be needed. Also some pairs of thick woollen socks.

BOTH boys and girls should possess "sun-suits"—of cotton or linen (wool is too irritating to the skin for this purpose)—and sun hats for beach wear. If there is no beach near, these sun-suits are excellent when the child plays about in a park or your own garden on warm spring days. These suits leave the child quite unhampered and allow the beneficial rays of the sun to play on the skin.



On cold days, singlets and vests may be of a silk-and-wool mixture. Little girls may wear fleecy-lined bloomers with a knitted or flannel frock; and little boys underpants, serge or flannel trousers, and a woollen jersey or flannel shirt.

Socks, as well as sandals, may be worn on cold days.

There is no need to burden a child with the old-fashioned garment

called a petticoat, though a silk "slip" may be worn when the frock is of a very thin material.

Do not forget that a thin, undernourished child needs more warm clothing than a healthy, normal-weight child.

Have the clothes made so that the child, from the age of four, can put them on and take them off himself. This gives him a sense of independence, and saves the parents' time.

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3. Rinse three times in lukewarm water.
4. Squeeze out water—don't twist or wring. Roll garment flat in turkish towel and tread out moisture.
5. Place garment over pencilled outline and gently pull into shape.
6. Dry flat away from excessive heat.



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She asked, after a pause: "Does it hurt you—to see me happy?"

He placed the back of his hand to his mouth—that slender, powerful hand she had always admired—and yawned.

"My dear Lavinia, nothing about you concerns me in the least."

"Then why do you hate me so?" "I don't hate you," he shrugged. "Hating is a compliment of sorts."

"Mickey," she said, with well-controlled quiet, "why don't you accept things as they are, and let it go at that?"

His face darkened. "I'll never accept you as my sister-in-law, if that's what you mean."

Anger laced itself into her eyes. "Snob!" she flung at him.

His laugh came, sharply satirical. "Nothing of the kind! You insinuated yourself into this family under false pretences. I don't intend to let you get away with it, that's all."

And there she was forced to let the matter rest. Mickey was adamant in his antagonism. She could not move him. She wondered absently why she even tried. Perhaps because the feeling that he was always there on the outside, waiting, waiting, watching her every effort to be a good wife to Laurie, with subtle disdain, had begun to pound at her.

And, maybe, after all, she wasn't entirely happy over this intricate, complex state of affairs she herself had contrived.

IT was at a party Lavinia gave, her first really important affair, that Mickey finally struck. He had phoned Ursula earlier in the evening, explaining he would not be able to arrive in time for dinner. Work had unexpectedly detained him, but he would be there later, he added.

The evening had mellowed into full swing by the time Mickey put in his appearance. The Waldron pearls fell cool and lustrous about Lavinia's throat. Her gown was a silken ivory sheath. Never had she felt so alive, so intoxicated by the glamor of her own creating. The music swept up at her and the soft swish-swish of the guests dancing. Echoes of brightness floated to her on streams of laughter. Outside, in the moon-sprinkled gardens, she could see the twinkling lights placed high in the trees like colored stars. Pale silver-and-gold balloons swayed in the summer dimness. Down below, the river shot back luminous reflections of the night revelry.

Ursula danced past in the arms of a tall, blonde man. Lavinia had met him before. His name was Glenn Kerr.

"Where's that errand knight of mine?" Ursula called lightly.

"What's the hurry?" the blonde man demanded. "Why make your anxiety to be rid of me so obvious?"

Ursula lifted her brown head back at him, laughed. They lost themselves in the crowd, the brown head and the yellow one close in symphonic rhythm.

Beside her, Laurie was clasping Lavinia's hand. "These old rafters are ringing to-night," he grinned down at her. "Can't you hear 'em. They're saying, 'Lavinia—Lavinia—'"

"Lavinia!" said a familiar voice at that moment, and the crowd parted like a wave in front of her, disclosing the figure of Mickey. His shoulders were broad, erect in his white mess-jacket. The long, dark trousers beneath made him look unusually tall. There was something, however, even more unusual about him than that. He was smiling at her. Not the secret, ironic

glint he reserved for her as a rule, but a frank, warm smile. He took her hand, held it. "I want to congratulate you," he stared down at her, eyes intent with laughter. "They tell me everything's a huge success. There's somebody else here to-night who'd like to congratulate you, too. An old friend—"

Lavinia glanced up—straight into the dark, intense features of Raoul Corllo. The sweet, heavy scent of the flowers came suddenly in a duxing rush to meet her. The room, aglow with people, faded momentarily in the sharp sense as of something unpleasant enfolding her.

Then, she had extended her hand. Raoul was bending low, lingering a shade too long with his lips on her fingers.

"Raoul," she murmured, "how nice of you."

"I couldn't resist, Vinnie, my dear." His eyes were sweeping her, enigmatic, almost sly. Suddenly she was acutely conscious of the extreme low cut of her gown. It was as if she had nothing on but the pearls which had belonged to Laurie's mother. She seemed to be swimming in the dark insistence of that gaze, caught up with it as if it were black water. "It was so long since I had seen you."

She knew intuitively that from the first instant of the man's arrival Laurie had gone stiff, silent, beside her. She wanted to put out her hand, to touch him. She ached to assure him that it was all right. "I had a devil of a time getting him here," Mickey was saying, oh, so modestly, as if he were proud of accomplishing some great thing. "But I finally succeeded in persuading him you'd always be glad to see old friends—"

"Lavinia," Laurie had broken in suddenly, with such coldness in his voice as she had not believed him capable of, "hadn't you better introduce me to the gentleman?"

"Of course—I'm so sorry!" In her confusion she had completely overlooked formalities. "Laurie, Count Raoul Corllo. Raoul, my husband." The two men bowed. "I had forgotten you didn't know each other. As a matter of fact," she added distinctly, "I didn't know the Count and Mickey were so well acquainted, either."

"Now, now!" Mickey's voice was carefree, teasing. "You can have all the little secrets of your own you like, but you can't expect to know mine, too."

That he was enjoying the situation hugely she knew. But she would rather have died on the rack than let him see that she knew it. Deliberately, she smiled at Corllo.

"You're looking exceptionally well, Raoul."

"You look—what can I say?—too beautiful. You should never wear anything but pearls. Diamonds do not do you justice. I can see that now."

Lavinia felt the thunder rising in her heart. Her laugh rose, forced above it.

"Shall we dance, Raoul? I can see that you're going to ask me." She turned to Laurie, standing there strange, white-lipped. She must get Raoul away from here. "Do you mind, darling?"

"No. Of course not." The words came clipped, despite his smile.

A brief instant she allowed her gaze to rest in Mickey's. "Ursula is looking for you," she said coldly.

She slipped into Raoul's arms. The dance crowd caught them up, carried them away. But the music had become a meaningless blare in her ears. Momentarily she hated the brilliancy, the vivacity about her. The flowers stinked her. The colored lights were eyes taunting her. She wanted to be

free of them all. She wanted to smooth away the hurt from Laurie's face with soft, heartening kisses.

"Are you angry?" Raoul was looking down upon her soberly.

"No. Why should I be?" But her tone was impatient.

"I had to see you, Vinnie. You don't know what I've been going through all these weeks."

She shook her head fiercely. "Raoul, don't—I won't let you!"

"I beg your pardon. But I cannot help my feelings. Do you want me to leave? If you say so, I shall go immediately."

"Go?" Panic shook her. "No, no, don't go. It would only make matters look worse."

"Lavinia, when you ran away like that and married that boy, I thought I should kill myself."

"But you didn't," she could not resist pointing out. "You look perfectly alive and healthy to-night."

His eyes were mournful. "Cruel and wonderful as ever."

"I didn't mean to be cruel." She shrugged, distracted. She could not see Laurie anywhere in the room. "I never meant to. You know that."

"Yes, I believe you," he said simply. "I had no wish to intrude upon your happiness. But when Hamilton telephoned me and said that you wished to see me—"

"Mickey did that?" Lavinia drew away from him, startled.

Raoul nodded. "Yes. But I knew the moment I saw you with your husband to-night that it was not true."

"Thank you." Her mind whirled and the room dancing before her whirled with it. Mickey—Mickey had done this thing on purpose.

Raoul's voice murmuring in her ear was like the faraway rush of the night. It came to her through restless darkness.

"It is so beautiful to dance with you again, Lavinia."

Then, all at once, she caught sight of Laurie. He was dancing with a small blonde girl she did not know. There was something reckless in his carriage, something too studied in the way he carefully avoided her own regard. She felt a vague stab of pain.

"Excuse me," she said to Raoul wildly, and left him in the middle of the floor.

But when she stood on the side lines, eyes aching, searching, she could no longer discern Laurie in the crowd. He had disappeared. She turned with some dim notion of finding him outside, brushed straight into Mickey. She stood still, staring at him through quivering lashes.

"Enjoying the evening?" he asked casually.

She would have moved past him then without speaking. His hand on her arm stopped her.

"Don't go, Vinnie," he said laconically. "We haven't danced together yet." His face was a challenge.

She threw back her head, then. "Shall we sit this one out?" she asked.

THEY left the lights and flowered scents, the music and moving figures. Lavinia walked proudly, led the way to a quiet sequestered spot in the grounds. There in the shadows, dappled with faint starlight, she faced him. Alone with him her anger spouted high with the rush of a cascade. For a moment she

dream—a dream in gold. Lavinia, this is Mickey Hamilton. Mickey, I want you to meet my wife."

Lavinia felt herself propelled forward, grace itself on air. Her hand was held out. "I am so glad to meet you, Mickey. I've heard so much about Ursula's fiance."

It took him the fraction of a second to collect himself. To set his glass down, a trifle clumsily on a table, clasp her outstretched hand, the keen grey eyes she remembered so well staring at her with astonished brightness. Yet even under such stress she caught the marked, controlled note in his voice, saw his face settle into a polite mask.

"So this is Laurie's wife, eh?" She held her breath, waiting for his next words. And then, amazingly enough, he turned to Laurie, and laughed. "My congratulations, old chap. I see you've made a good job of this marriage business."

"Thank you," Lavinia murmured, and withdrew her fingers gently. The moment of tension had passed like unseen lightning. Beyond the deep, boring glance of his eyes Mickey had betrayed neither of them. Yet despite this she was critically aware of the electrifying current rising warlike between them. But it was her moment, nevertheless. Victory swelled up into her throat, flooded into her smile. "Shall we," she asked composedly, "go in to dinner?"

"One moment!" Mickey's voice cut across the room, edged metallic. "Haven't we forgotten something?" He turned, filled four glasses swiftly. "Come on, good people—a toast to the bride!"

It was not until much later in the evening that Lavinia was alone with him. Ursula and Laurie had settled down to a game of backgammon. Lavinia rose, sauntered out into the garden. The house was built high on a hill, and the grounds sloped gradually towards the waterfront. Down at the dock she could see the thick, laced shapes of the trees, saw them again silvered in the water. The stars seemed jaunted into the sky. The moon stood out away from it, like a pale balloon set adrift. The light wind rocked gently about her ears.

Suddenly, without turning, she knew that Mickey was beside her. The familiar feel of his presence was wafted to her.

LAVINIA turned around; regarded Mickey Hamilton calmly—the strong individualistic face, the heavy furrow between the brows.

"Well?" she said.

"What are you going to do about it?" It was not the same tone of voice he had used to her earlier in the evening before the others.

"About what?" she questioned lazily. "This . . . this impossible situation."

"I wasn't aware of anything impossible in it."

"You're evading!" he retorted. "I repeat, what are you going to do?"

She allowed her eyes to rest on him idly for a moment, then turned them back to the river.

"Nothing," she murmured.

Standing so close to him she could almost feel the rising fire of his anger, his breath like a spark against her bare shoulder.

"What do you expect to gain out of this, anyway?"

She shrugged. "Why not find out for yourself?" Red wine sang its elation in her veins. For the first time in all her dealings with him she was conscious of having the upper hand.

"You know," he drawled suddenly, "I

shouldn't have thought you were the fortune-hunting kind. But it seems you never can tell."

She drew herself up taut. In the half light she could see the irate twitch of his mouth.

"I had hoped you'd take my marriage to Laurie sensibly, and that we could be friends." She had not really meant to say that, but the words came out like drops of ice against her will.

His laugh rang, cutting. "I've always found you've got to be able to trust your friends," he commented dryly.

She felt herself flare at that. "Listen, Mickey! You could order your paid model around as much as you wished. You could even fling books at her if you felt like it. But the present state of affairs happens to be entirely different." She was in her glory now, but the woman in her made her feel she could afford to be lenient. "Please, Mickey, won't you shake hands with me and wish me luck?"

"Certainly not. I wish you nothing of the kind."

"But you're going to be my brother-in-law, you know."

"Am I?" His smile was sharp, ironic.

"Not if I can help it."

She drew in her breath. "What do you mean?"

"It would be quite amusing if I told Laurie the truth, don't you think?"

Her laugh sounded, whiplike on the night air. "What are you going to tell him, Mickey? That I was once silly enough to entertain childish illusions concerning you? That you once kissed me and then very kindly explained that marriage was all right for the rest of the world as an institution, but you didn't believe in it for yourself? You see how tame it all sounds?"

He waited a moment before answering. "Very well," he said then, on a brittle note. "But what did you imagine when you married Laurie? Did you think for a single instant that I would stand for it?" "I didn't think," she said quite seriously. "You see, things you think about clearly, you so seldom do. Because there's no mystery attached to them, there's no desire for accomplishment."

"Very philosophical, I'm sure! But it doesn't quite clear up matters as far as we're concerned. In which case, I propose to take the affair into my own hands."

She mocked. "Aren't you rather taking things for granted?"

"Not at all," he returned coldly. "But this much you may as well understand, Lavinia. This family isn't big enough for both of us. One of us has got to step out, and I assure you," he added, eyes piercing in the gloom, "it isn't going to be me."

Abruptly he turned on his heel and she watched him striding back toward the house. Silent, rigid, she stood there in the dimness. Only the uncompromising wrath of his tone lingered like acrid smoke about her.

IN the days that followed her first bitter clash with Mickey, since her marriage, instinct kept Lavinia on the alert. Perhaps her early won victory over him might, after all, prove short-lived. She told herself that she would have to move warily with care. She must not forget that Mickey was there, stalking the background of her life with waiting malevolence, determined to strike from the dark. Knowing him, she did not believe he would rest lightly under defeat.

Yet she had one undeniable advantage over him. Rant and rage as he chose, he

could not get away from the fact that she was a Waldron. He could not overshadow Laurie's devotion. To Lavinia, Laurie was the tree of youth. His arms were the firm, strong branches. And she leaned upon the tree as she would a staff, so that its petals dropped upon her in a splendid shower. As long as it was there close to her touch, terror would remain an unimportant phantom. Let the phantom lurk, ghost-like, in Mickey's smile. She did not care.

WITH Ursula behind her, offering frank guidance and assistance, the doors of the finest houses swung open to Lavinia. She had taken full charge of the house now, presided over it as its mistress. Steadily she saw her authority and position in the family growing. Her spirit soared to zealous heights with the knowledge. Hours sped into days, passing in calm, assured flight.

Occasionally she would see them together, Ursula and Mickey. Their heads bent in short, laughing whispers as lovers do. Or dancing, his arm about her close, protective. In those times she wondered at herself. At first she had seen Ursula as an enemy, a usurper. Now she realized, watching the two with unresentful gaze, that she liked the girl too sincerely for envy to enter in.

And Ursula was grateful.

"You've done the unbelievable with Laurie Vinnie. You've turned him from a drunken wastrel into a worthwhile person."

For Laurie had kept his promise. He had gone into the firm, humbly, starting at the bottom. Already he was making ardent progress.

"It's for you," he said simply. "I do so want you to be proud of me."

Lavinia reached up, ruffled his dark hair. "I am proud of you darling. I've got the handsomest, most adorable husband in the world."

She meant it. There was not a single whim of hers that Laurie was not quick to gratify. Her allowance was extravagant. Her clothes were luxurious dreams. She had a long white sports car of her own, a string of pearls that had belonged to his mother. Spontaneous and easy-going by nature, Laurie seemed to have made a clean sweep, content to allow the dark wanderings of his past to efface themselves. In short, Lavinia told herself, her life stretched ahead with the elements of perfection shining like cool jewels along the roadway.

She could, too, hold her head high now, look Mickey Hamilton stonily in the eye.

"I wish you'd stop trying to interfere," she said to him smoothly one afternoon. "It won't do you a bit of good. I'm having the living-room done over in the fall. The interior decorators are coming out to arrange things with me to-morrow."

"I didn't try to interfere," returned Mickey, ice in his voice. "I merely made the remark at luncheon that I thought the idea silly and unnecessary."

She said evenly: "This is my house, Mickey. And if you think you can undermine everything I choose to do in it, you're vastly mistaken."

He did not reply, but a sardonic smile flicked itself across his lips. She bit her own, a trifle vexatiously. It was one thing being in love with him, feeling her innermost sensations entwined under that peculiar, embracing magnetism of his. It was another, standing aside coldly and seeing him in the unkind light of clarity.

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Pudding and Sweet Section

FROZEN ICE-CREAM SWEET
Two layers sponge cake, 1 pint coffee, caramel or vanilla, ice-cream, 1 cup finely-chopped walnuts, ice-cream sauce.

Choose square or oblong layers of sponge cake and cut to fit freezing-tray in refrigerator. Line tray with wax paper. Fit in layer of cake. Top with ice-cream, packing down smoothly. Put on second layer of cake and freeze for 1 hour. To serve, slice and pour over ice-cream sauce. Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

ICE-CREAM SAUCE
Three tablespoons butter, 1 cup icing sugar, 1-2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 egg, 1 cup chilled sugar syrup. Cream butter and gradually work in

sugar, nutmeg, and egg-yolk. Then fold in stiffly-beaten egg-white and beat in chilled sugar syrup. This is made by boiling together 1 cup sugar and 1-2 cup water for 3 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Hannaford, 11 Rawson St., Rockdale, N.S.W.

Cake Section

ORIENTAL FRUIT CAKE

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 6oz. raisins, 6oz. currants, 6oz. sultanas, 3oz. dates, 3oz. dried figs, 4oz. almond kernels, 3oz. lemon peel, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 16oz. plain flour, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger.

Beat butter until soft, add sugar by degrees, beat well. Eggs well beaten, are now added. Keep mixture as smooth as possible. Should it curdle, beat quickly and add 1 dessertspoon of sifted flour, and beat till smooth. Add fruits, spices, and treacle when evenly mixed. Stir in the flour with the carbonate of soda and salt.

Bake for 2½ to 3 hours in moderately slow oven.
1/6 to Mrs. R. W. Harris, Goolwa, S.A.

Jam Section

LEMON MARMALADE

Six Lisbon lemons. Water.
Sugar.

Slice lemons finely, removing seeds and pith.

To each cupful add 3 cups water, and allow to stand at least 12 hours. Boil up briskly for 10 minutes, then allow to stand a further 12 hours.

To each cupful of mixture add 1 cup sugar and boil up briskly about 1 hour. It will be a light lemon color and sets beautifully.

2/6 to M. Speechley, 1 Halley Ave., Resley, N.S.W.

THIS WEEK:

ORANGE RECIPES

Here are some new and delicious ways of using that most valuable fruit, the orange, which is so rich in the vitamins essential to good health.

THE recipes have been sent in by our readers and are all worth trying.

Every week in this section our cookery expert selects a popular subject from recipes submitted by readers and for every recipe published a prize of 2/6 is awarded.

So send in your favorite recipes now!

STEAMED ORANGE PUDDINGS WITH BURNING SAUCE

Four oranges, 2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1 egg, pinch of salt, milk to mix.

Brush a 4 to 6 small basins with melted butter, and have ready 4 to 6 pieces of paper brushed with melted butter. Slice four and salt into basin. Add breadcrumbs. Make a well in the middle, pour in the egg, melted butter, and orange marmalade mixed together. Mix to a soft dough, adding a little milk if necessary. Put into prepared basins, making each one some three-quarters full. Cover with paper and steam half-hour. Turn out and serve with burning sauce and cream.

BURNING SAUCE

Two tablespoons of orange marmalade, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, juice 1 orange, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup butter.

Put all ingredients into a caldron and let them simmer on a very low fire for 30 minutes. Pour over pudding.

1/4 to Mrs. J. Lee, Western Line, Chisholm, Qld.

ORANGE PUDDING

Two cups milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1 egg, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter.

Beat egg-yolk and sugar together, add orange juice, and mix and melted butter. Mix thoroughly. Then beat whites with 1/2 cup sugar, beat on top and beat in plain water or add when till meringue is well cooked.

2/6 to Miss C. J. Telle, R.N. Hospital, Chisholm, Qld.

ORANGE MERINGUE

Three oranges, 1 pint boiling water, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup sugar.

Economical Dinner Section

Pea Soup: Tasty baked cheese, baked pumpkin, savory tartlet, beans, mashed potatoes, steamed chard, pudding with chocolate sauce.

Pea Soup: Prepare stock day before with 4lb. beef bones, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 swede, 2 parsnips, 1/2 lb. ham, 1/2 lb. mutton, 1/2 lb. pork, 1/2 lb. fat, 1/2 lb. salt, 1/2 lb. pepper and herbs. Simmer for 3 hours. Leave till next day and take off any fat. In another saucepan place 1 cup split peas, 1/2 cup carrots and 1/2 cup green beans, with 1/2 pint water, and simmer for 2 hours or till peas are cooked. Then add to strained stock and heat thoroughly.

Tasty Baked Cheese: 1/2 lb. beef chops, a large onion, pepper, salt. Thin fat from chops and make of baking tin with onions, sliced over, pepper and salt. Then pour over sauce made with 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 1/2 tablespoon vinegar, 1/2 tablespoon flour. Blend these together, adding more water if necessary, and when well blended pour over meat. Place in moderate oven, stirring and turning occasionally, and cook for 2 1/2 hours, leaving tin to brown before serving.

Baked Pumpkin: Cut pumpkin in pieces about 2 or 3 inches square. Peel and remove soft pulp and drop into cold water. Wipe dry, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put in baking dish, with fat, and cook 2 hours, turning once. Drain on kitchen paper and serve.

Savory Tartlet: Boil 1/2 cup split peas, 1/2 cup carrots, 1/2 cup green beans, with 1/2 pint water, and simmer for 2 hours or till peas are cooked. Then add to strained stock and heat thoroughly.

Mashed Potatoes: Cook potatoes in usual way, strain, and add to dry for few minutes. Mash well, adding knob of butter, pepper, and 1/2 tablespoon of milk. Whisk briskly with fork until light and fluffy.

Steamed Chard: 1/2 lb. beef chops, a large onion, pepper, salt. Thin fat from chops and make of baking tin with onions, sliced over, pepper and salt. Then pour over sauce made with 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 1/2 tablespoon vinegar, 1/2 tablespoon flour. Blend these together, adding more water if necessary, and when well blended pour over meat. Place in moderate oven, stirring and turning occasionally, and cook for 2 1/2 hours, leaving tin to brown before serving.

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You Must Use These Coupons

You MUST cut out these coupons and pin one to each entry in the £500 Recipe Competition.

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State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

7/8/37

2. ECONOMICAL DINNER RECIPE

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3. PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

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4. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS

Is this your own recipe?
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

7/8/37

REMEMBER—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £500 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly, Full address is at the top of Page 1.

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